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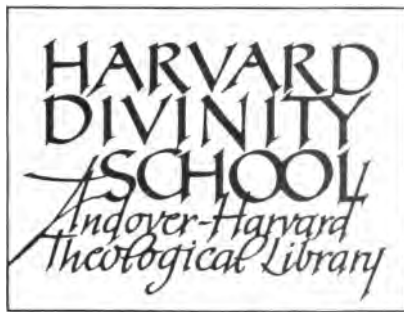
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The
HYMNS *and* HYMN WRITERS
of
THE CHURCH
By
CHARLES S. NUTTER & WILBUR F. TILLET



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1000 104

Continental
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**THE
HYMNS AND HYMN WRITERS
OF THE CHURCH**

THE
Hymns and Hymn Writers
OF
THE CHURCH

AN ANNOTATED EDITION
OF
The Methodist Hymnal

BY
CHARLES S. NUTTER, D.D.
AUTHOR OF "HYMN STUDIES," "HISTORIC HYMNISTS," ETC.
AND
WILBUR F. TILLET, D.D., LL.D.
DEAN OF THE THEOLOGICAL FACULTY OF VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY
AUTHOR OF "OUR HYMNS AND THEIR AUTHORS," "STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE," ETC.

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DEDICATION

TO
THE MINISTRY AND MEMBERSHIP
OF
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
AND
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH
IN THE HOPE AND WITH THE PRAYER THAT THEY MAY BE ONE
NOT ONLY IN THE SONGS THEY SING BUT IN ALL THINGS ELSE
THAT TEND TO PROMOTE CHRISTIAN FRATERNITY
AND INCREASED EFFICIENCY IN FULFILLING
THE WIDENING MISSION OF METHODISM IN
THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. (1 Cor. xiv. 15.)

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." (Eph. v. 19, 20.)

PREFACE

I AM pleased to have a part in preparing a book for people interested in hymnody.

The plan of the book is much the same as that followed in *Hymn Studies*, but this work is far more elaborate and valuable than that well-known book. The hymns are given in full, with careful criticism and historic notes. The book contains also biographical sketches of all the authors of hymns and composers of tunes.

It is one of the duties of the pastor to be familiar with his Hymnal, and it is the privilege of the intelligent layman as well. This work contains many valuable facts and opinions, criticisms and approbations that can be found nowhere else.

The *Methodist Hymnal* is a valuable book with a remarkable history. Before the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church several hymn books of Wesleyan origin were used in this country. Among these were *Select Hymns*, *Hymns and Psalms*, *Redemption Hymns*, and Mr. Wesley's first *Pocket Hymn Book*; but the Methodist people in America had no book in common.

At the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1784, *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for the Lord's Day* was prepared for the new organization. It was printed in London in 1784, and came to America in sheets with the famous *Sunday Service*. The "collection," however, contained only one hundred and eighteen selections, and was altogether inadequate to meet the needs of the growing Church.

About 1790 a *Pocket Hymn Book*, printed in Philadelphia, appeared containing a pastoral letter to the "members and friends" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and signed by Bishops Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury. It contained some three hundred hymns, and was sold for half a dollar. This book was essentially a reprint of a *Pocket Hymn Book* edited and published by Robert Spence, a Methodist class leader of York, England. All subsequent official hymn books of the Methodist Episcopal Church are enlargements and improvements of the Coke-Asbury book.

The editorial work of preparing this annotated edition of the *Methodist Hymnal* has been very great, as can readily be seen. Dr. Wilbur Fisk Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has been associated with me in this work, and much of the value of the book is due to his careful and painstaking labor.

We send forth this work confidently hoping that it will be appreciated and praying that it may be of some use in advancing the kingdom of our Christ in the earth.

CHARLES S. NUTTER.

4 BERWICK PARK, BOSTON.

(vii)

INTRODUCTION

THE Hymnal of the Church, in its religious and moral value to Christian believers, is second only to one other book—the Bible. Those who sing “with the spirit and with the understanding also” cannot fail to appreciate the value of an edition of their Church hymnal which gives all desirable information concerning the hymns and their authors. The hymns found in the modern hymnals of the Christian Church are culled from the sacred poetry of all ages, and so rich and abundant is the material available that only the best lyrics of the best poets can find a permanent place in them.

While hymns are selected mainly with reference to their use in public worship, a Church hymnal has value also as a book of private devotion for the closet and for hours of religious meditation. Those who read and study the hymns in private are the worshipers who derive most enjoyment and inspiration from the public service of song in the sanctuary. There is scarcely any phase of religious experience that does not find faithful and happy expression in the Church hymnal. Every great and helpful hymn was born in the heart before it was born in the head, and it is only those hymns that come from the hearts of the writers that find a home in the hearts of others. The “hymns of the ages” were not written by the poets for mere pastime, but, as a rule, were born of experiences the deepest that human hearts are ever called to pass through. These great hymns have a spiritual origin, and many of them a deeply interesting history, to know which increases their value and our appreciation of them as aids to private devotion and public worship.

The hymn book is one of the most effective agencies in the hands of the Christian Church for the dissemination of truth among men, and the value of a hymnal as a book of Christian doctrine cannot easily be overestimated. “Let me write the songs of a people,” said one, “and I care not who may write their laws—I will govern them.” “Let me write the hymns of a Church,” said another, “and I care not who may write its creeds and volumes of theology—I will determine its faith.” If it be true that many get their theology more from the hymns they sing than from their Church creeds, the theology of our hymns is a matter to be considered not less than the theology of our creeds and confessions of faith, and the service of song becomes scarcely less important than the preaching of the gospel as a mode of indoctrinating men in Christian truth. Hymns performed a large and important service in the great reformation of both the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries. In driving out the errors and superstitions of his day and bringing in the evangelical truth of a purer faith, Martin Luther's hymns did for the masses of the people

what his learned theses and powerful philippics did for scholars and theologians but could not have done for the people. Great as John Wesley was as a preacher of righteousness and an organizer of men, Methodism could never have accomplished its marvelous work in "spreading scriptural holiness over these lands" had not our evangelical doctrines of sin and salvation, of free grace and unlimited atonement, of heart holiness and Christian love, been embodied in the matchless hymns of his gifted poet-brother, the sweet and saintly singer of our Methodism. The large and important place which music and song have taken in the great evangelistic movements of modern times also bears witness to the influence which hymns sung by the people have in determining the type of faith that prevails. Only hymns whose character and contents are in keeping with the true evangelical faith of a great Church are worthy of a place in a modern Christian hymnal.

The hymns found in this volume follow the order in which they are found in the *Methodist Hymnal*. Under each hymn will be found a note containing the following facts so far as they could be obtained: (1) The original title given by the author to the hymn; (2) the name and date of the book, magazine, or periodical in which it was first published; (3) the passage of scripture, if any, upon which it is based; (4) the changes made in the original text of the hymn; (5) all omitted stanzas, unless too numerous to quote; (6) any experience in the life of the author, or other circumstance, which led to the writing of the hymn or which gives peculiar significance to it; (7) any incident or illustration connected with the hymn or any use of it in Christian experience such as may add interest to the singing of it or give value to the use of it in social and revival meetings; (8) a brief critical estimate of the hymn is given in many cases, and in some cases an appreciation or "hymn study," involving a more or less extended analysis and study of the contents of the hymn; (9) all known facts concerning each hymn deemed of real value and interest by the writer of the note have been given; (10) hymn "myths"—that is, unaccredited stories about the origin of hymns—have, as a rule, been omitted, or if named it is only that they may be duly discredited. The notes have been made as brief as possible consistent with the effort to make them contain all of the facts above mentioned.

The "Biographical Index of Authors" which follows the hymns will be found to contain in alphabetical order brief historical sketches of all the hymn writers and translators whose productions find a place in the Hymnal. These sketches contain a simple statement of the leading facts, as far as known, in each author's life such as will give interest to the reading and singing of his hymns. This biographical section of the volume will be found especially serviceable to all who desire to make a study of the various hymn writers and their hymns, and without some such study there can be no real appreciation of our Christian singers and their songs. A brief course of study in the hymns and hymn writers of the Church would make the

Hymnal a new book to many Christian worshipers and would invest the service of song with an interest and helpfulness that it never can possess without such study. No other book used so largely and so constantly by Christian people is studied so little by them as the Church hymnal. A study of these biographies will reveal the fact that the great singers of the Church have not been idlers who spent their days in retirement and meditation, but they were in most instances busy workers; and most of their hymns were produced when their lives were full of toil and self-sacrificing service. It is the men who build and the soldiers who are winning victories that not only go forward to achievement and to conquest with songs upon their lips, but many of them, while they wrought and fought, themselves made these songs that sing of service and of victory. It would be difficult to bring together in one volume three hundred and six nobler and more useful men and women than those who have written the hymns found in this Hymnal. It is a glorious company! Happy they who make their acquaintance and enjoy their fellowship!

Following the "Biographical Index of Authors" we give an alphabetical "Index of the Composers" which will be found to contain under each name a few facts of special interest to musicians, singers, and others. A poem can never really become a hymn until it has a tune, and the popularity and power of many a hymn is due not less to the tune to which it is set than to its intrinsic literary and religious merits as a hymn. This being true, it follows that no study of the hymns and hymn writers can be altogether satisfactory and complete that is not coupled with a study of the hymn-tunes and those who wrote them. For this section of our volume, however, we can only claim to have presented such facts as we could gather from the limited sources of information at our command. Concerning some of the composers it has been impossible to get any trustworthy information.

That many hundreds of volumes had to be consulted in order to make an annotated hymnal such as this is, will be manifest to every reader. The authors have in most instances had access to the original works of nearly all the poets whose hymns find a place in this collection; and for information they have, as a rule, gone directly to these original sources. But they have not failed to appreciate and avail themselves of the many excellent works in hymnology recently published, without which the preparation of such a volume as this would have been impossible. These works are referred to and quoted from throughout the volume. The basis of this work is found in *Hymn Studies* (1884) by my colaborer, Dr. C. S. Nutter, and in the writer's volume titled *Our Hymns and Their Authors* (1889), these being annotated editions, respectively, of the former hymnals of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. By far the greatest contribution to modern English hymnology is the monumental work of Dr. John Julian, of England, titled *A Dictionary of Hymnology*. To it we are most deeply indebted. Other books of which we desire to make special and grateful mention are: *The Methodist Hymn*

Book Illustrated, by Rev. John Telford; *English Hymns*, by Dr. Samuel W. Duffield; *Annotations upon the Popular Hymns*, by Dr. Charles S. Robinson. Readers who wish to make a more careful and extended study of hymnology and Church music will find the "Bibliography of Hymnology" (see page 470) helpful in many ways.

This author desires to say in conclusion that the fellowship of Dr. Nutter and himself in the preparation of this volume has been most agreeable. While the entire volume is a joint publication, it may be of interest to some readers to know that the hymns were distributed evenly between the two authors for annotation, Dr. Nutter taking all the odd numbers (1, 3, 5, 7, and so on throughout the volume) and the writer taking the even numbers (2, 4, 6, 8, and so on throughout the volume). The reader will understand, therefore, that with but few exceptions the notes under the odd numbers were prepared by Dr. Nutter and those under the even numbers by the undersigned. Each author, however, in the writing of his notes, has had the benefit of a critical reading and suggestions from his colleague. The biographical sketches of hymn writers and other portions of the volume were prepared by the authors jointly in such a manner as to make it difficult, and in some instances impossible, to distinguish the work of each. In the preparation of the "Index of Composers" Dr. Nutter has performed the larger service, while the undersigned author is more particularly responsible for the preparation of the "Index of Subjects," the "Index of Scripture Texts," and the "Bibliography of Hymnology."

If the publication of this volume shall lead even a portion of the ministry and membership of the two Churches represented to a higher appreciation of their excellent Hymnal and to a more intelligent and spiritual use of the hymns found therein, the authors will feel that they are fully rewarded for the years of investigation and toil they have spent in collecting these facts concerning the hymns and hymn writers of the Church.

WILBUR F. TILLET.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY,
August 1, 1911

BISHOPS' PREFACE TO HYMNAL

THIS Hymnal is the result of the labors of a joint Commission of twenty-two ministers and laymen appointed in equal numbers by the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; the double purpose being to provide a worthy manual of song for use in the public and private worship of Almighty God, and to testify to the world the essential unity of the two great branches of Episcopal Methodism.

The fruit of their toil we now lay before the churches with confidence and joy: with confidence because we feel warranted in saying that the book is an admirable compilation of sacred lyrics; and with joy because we trust that for many long years it will prove to be a visible and potent bond of union among all our people.

We gladly note that the hymns of the Wesleys are given the prominence which justly belongs to them in any collection to be used by Methodists. But the book will be found to contain also the choicest work of the other hymn writers of the eighteenth century, namely, Doddridge, Watts, Cowper, Newton, Montgomery, and a very considerable number of new hymns selected after a wide examination of the body of religious verse produced during the last seventy-five years. The hymns admitted have been selected from the ancient and modern treasuries of religious poetry. They are the expression of sound doctrine and healthful Christian experience, and it is believed will greatly enrich our worship and bring us into closer fellowship with believers in all lands and in all ages.

Such verbal changes as have been made in the hymns are in most cases a return to the original and preferable forms. Some stanzas have been wholly excluded on the ground that they contain imagery offensive to modern taste, and others have been omitted to secure desirable brevity. The Commission did not venture to make arbitrary or capricious alterations.

In only a very few cases have hymns been divorced from the tunes to which long use has wedded them. For some familiar hymns alternate tunes

have been provided, either with a view to please both branches of the church or to secure a better musical expression for the words than is given by the tune now familiar. Many new tunes by the more eminent modern composers of church music have been introduced. Much care has been given to the selection of these tunes, which we are assured will be found to be devotional in spirit, well fitted to the hymns to which they are set, and adapted to use by the great congregation.

And now, praying that this Hymnal, prepared by a joint Commission whose brotherly harmony was never once broken and whose final meeting was a Pentecost, may be abundantly blessed of God to the edification of believing souls and to the glory of his name, we commend it to our churches, and we earnestly hope that it may everywhere supplant those unauthorized publications which often teach what organized Methodism does not hold, and which, by excluding the nobler music of the earlier and later days, prevent the growth of a true musical taste.

Your servants in Christ,

THOMAS BOWMAN,
S. M. MERRILL,
E. G. ANDREWS,
H. W. WARREN,
C. D. FOSS,
J. M. WALDEN,
W. F. MALLALIEU,
C. H. FOWLER,
J. H. VINCENT,
J. N. FITZGERALD,
I. W. JOYCE,
D. A. GOODSELL,
C. C. McCABE,
EARL CRANSTON,
D. H. MOORE,
J. W. HAMILTON,
J. F. BERRY,
HENRY SPELLMEYER,
W. F. MCDOWELL,
J. W. BASHFORD,
WILLIAM BURT,
L. B. WILSON,
T. B. NEELY,
*Bishops Methodist Episcopal
Church.*

J. C. KEENER,
A. W. WILSON,
J. C. GRANBERY,
R. K. HARGROVE,
W. W. DUNCAN,
C. B. GALLOWAY,
E. R. HENDRIX,
J. S. KEY,
O. P. FITZGERALD,
W. A. CANDLER,
H. C. MORRISON,
E. E. HOSS,
A. C. SMITH,
*Bishops Methodist Episcopal
Church, South.*

HISTORIC NOTE

IN accordance with authority given by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the Bishops of the respective churches appointed as members of the Joint Commission for the preparation of a common Hymnal the following persons:

*Of the Methodist Episcopal
Church.*

BISHOP D. A. GOODSSELL,
S. F. UPHAM,
C. M. STUART,
C. M. COBERN,
R. J. COOKE,
C. S. NUTTER,
W. A. QUAYLE,
H. G. JACKSON,
C. W. SMITH,
C. T. WINCHESTER,
J. M. BLACK.

*Of the Methodist Episcopal
Church, South.*

BISHOP E. E. HOSS,
GEORGE B. WINTON,
H. M. DU BOSE,
W. F. TILLET,
PAUL WHITEHEAD,
JOHN M. MOORE,
EDWIN MIMS,
H. N. SNYDER,
F. S. PARKER,
JAMES CAMPBELL,
R. T. KERLIN.

On the recommendation of the above Joint Commission, Professor Karl P. Harrington, of the Wesleyan University, and Professor Peter C. Lutkin, of the Northwestern University, were appointed musical editors.

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HYMNS OF THE CHURCH

THE METHODIST HYMNAL ANNOTATED

HYMNS OF WORSHIP

- 1 C. M.
- 0 FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
Charles Wesley.

This fine hymn has stood at the head of the Wesleyan Hymn Book since 1779, and has led the procession in the official book of the Methodist Episcopal Church from near its organization, in 1784. Its history is very interesting.

The author's title was: "*For the Anniversary Day of One's Conversion.*" It was written in 1739 to celebrate the first anniversary of his spiritual birth, and was published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

Charles Wesley gives an account of his conversion in his *Journal*. He says:

"Sunday, May 21, 1738. I waked in expectation of His coming. At nine my brother and some friends came and sang a hymn to the Holy Ghost. My comfort and hope were hereby increased. In about half an hour they went. I betook myself to prayer, the substance as follows: 'O Jesus, thou hast said, "I will come unto you;" thou hast said, "I will send the Comforter unto you;" thou hast said, "My Father and I will come unto you, and make our abode with you." Thou art God, who canst not lie. I wholly rely upon thy most true promise: accomplish it in thy time and manner.' . . . Still I felt a violent opposition and reluctance to believe, yet still the Spirit of God strove with my own and the evil spirit till by degrees he chased away the darkness of my unbelief. I found myself convinced, I knew not how nor when, and immediately fell to intercession."

The anniversary poem contained eight-
een stanzas, beginning:

Glory to God, and praise, and love
Be ever, ever given.

The hymn is composed of verses 7 to 12, unaltered except for a single word. The author wrote the second line "My dear Redeemer's praise." This was changed by John Wesley to "My great Redeemer's praise."

The rapture and extravagance of the first verse are explained by the preceding stanzas, especially verses 2 and 5:

- 2 On this glad day the glorious Sun
Of Righteousness arose;
On my benighted soul he shone,
And filled it with repose.
- 5 I felt my Lord's atoning blood
Close to my soul applied;
Me, me he loved—the Son of God;
For me, for me he died.

(1)

2

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour.
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

4 To the great One and Three
 Eternal praises be
 Hence, evermore:
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

Charles Wesley (?).

The second stanza of the original hymn, omitted above, is:

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall:
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defense be made,
 Our souls on thee be staid:
 Lord, hear our call!

This hymn is credited to Charles Wesley on very slight evidence that he is the author. While it has long been one of the most popular and widely used hymns among American Methodists, English Methodists, strangely enough, have never given it a place in any of their official hymnals. Although it is now universally sung to Giardini's tune known as "The Italian Hymn" (called "Moscow" in England), it was written in the first instance to be sung to the familiar tune to which "God save the King" and "My country, 'tis of thee" are sung. Indeed, it was

not only written to be sung to the music of what has since become the national anthem of England, but the words were composed in evident imitation of that anthem, as will be seen at a glance by comparing the omitted stanza, quoted above, with the second below:

God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 Confound their politics;
 On him our hearts we fix:
 God save the King!

Thy richest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour;
 Long may he reign!
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King!

A brief history of the circumstances under which this national hymn originated will explain why in all probability the author of the noble Christian lyric written in imitation of it chose to remain unknown. The first two stanzas of this national anthem of England appeared as a song "For Two Voices" in a publication titled *Harmonia Anglicana*, which, though not dated, is supposed to have been published in 1743 or 1744. These stanzas are also known to have been in existence in Latin at that time and to have been used as a "Latin Chorus" in a concert given by the organist of the Chapel Royal in 1743 or 1744. On September 28, 1745, this now famous English song is known to have been sung in Drury Lane Theater, London, in honor of King George, and a few days later at Covent Garden. At both places it awakened tumultuous applause. The following month (October, 1745) the

music and words, "as sung in both play-houses," were published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with the third stanza, given above, added. It was thus caught up and sung by everybody, and in due course of time, by virtue of its widespread popularity rather than by any official action, it came to be recognized as the national hymn of England. So much concerning the origin of this national anthem.

The late distinguished English hymnologist, Daniel Sedgwick, was the first to attribute the hymn, "Come, thou Almighty King," to Charles Wesley. This he did partly on what he regarded as internal evidence and partly because its first appearance was in an undated and anonymous half-penny leaflet containing two hymns—this, which was there titled "*An Hymn to the Trinity*," and another hymn known to be by Charles Wesley, beginning, "Jesus, let thy pitying eye." As the other hymn was known to be by Charles Wesley, he inferred that this unknown hymn to the Trinity was also by him. In drawing this inference he has been followed, though not without considerable hesitation and uncertainty, by numerous editors of Church hymnals who have accredited it, as the editors of this *Hymnal* have here done, to Charles Wesley.

As Charles Wesley never claimed this hymn, as it is not found in any of his published volumes, as neither he nor his brother John allude to it in any of their writings, and as it is in a meter that neither of the brothers ever used, it is impossible for us to claim with any confidence whatever that Charles Wesley is its author. We regret to be compelled to reach this conclusion; for we regard it as a truly great hymn, which we should be glad to credit to the great singer of Methodism if we could feel at all justified in doing so.

We think, however, that an obvious reason can be suggested why the author

chose to remain unknown. When we remember that this was not an original hymn, but something composed in unmistakable imitation of a popular political song of the day which was then being sung in the theaters and on the streets and at political gatherings, and which had by no means won the place of honor that it now holds as a national anthem, we can easily see why the writer preferred to remain unknown to the public.

This noble and useful hymn is the most popular of all our hymns addressed to the Trinity. It is an ideal hymn for the beginning of a great Christian hymnal, as well as for opening public worship. The first verse is an invocation to God the Father to come and aid the congregation in worthily praising his name and also a prayer for him to "come and reign over us." The second verse is addressed to the Incarnate Word, and invokes his presence and blessing to give the prayer and the preached word success. The third stanza invokes the presence and sacred witness of the Holy Spirit; while the last stanza finds a fitting climax in ascribing praises to the Triune God.

3

S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

Title, "A Psalm before Sermon." From *The Psalms of David Imitated in the Lan-*

guage of the New Testament, 1719. These are the first four stanzas unaltered. The last two are as follows:

But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

The Lord in vengeance drest
Will lift his hand and swear:
"You that despise my promis'd Rest
Shall have no portion there."

The hymn is complete without these stanzas, yet warnings are sometimes useful.

The poet James Montgomery said that "Dr. Watts may almost be called the *inventor* of hymns in our language." Compare this hymn with that part of Psalm xcv. on which it was written:

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

4 6, 6, 8, 4. D.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the Joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend.
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

5 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!—
I join the heavenly lays—
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers.

This remarkable hymn has a history of more than ordinary interest. It first appeared in a tract, without date, which is supposed to have been printed in 1770. The fourth edition bears the date of 1772. The title it bears is "*A Hymn to the God of Abraham, in three parts: Adapted to a celebrated Air, sung by the Priest, Signior Leoni, &c, at the Jews' Synagogue, in London.*" There are altogether twelve stanzas, four in each part. The omitted stanzas (the third, fifth, seventh, eighth, tenth, and eleventh) are of such literary value and such lofty poetic sentiment as to justify our reproducing them here:

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:

He calls a worm his friend!
 He calls himself my God!
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesus' blood!

5 Though nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command.
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view;
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace;
 On Zion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains;
 And, glorious with his saints in light,
 Forever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,
 He guards them by his side,
 Arrays in garments white and pure
 His spotless bride:
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of paradise
 He still supplies.

10 The God who reigns on high
 The great archangels sing,
 And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 "Almighty King!
 Who was and is the same,
 And evermore shall be:
 Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
 We worship thee."

11 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransomed nations bow:
 O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
 Forever new:
 He shows his prints of love—
 They kindle to a flame!
 And sound through all the worlds above,
 The slaughtered Lamb.

Very few hymns ever written have received higher praise from poets and students of hymnology than this superb Christian lyric. "There is not in our language," says James Montgomery, the poet, "a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery. Its structure, indeed, is unattractive on account of the short lines; but, like a

stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less on the first view than after deliberate examination." "This is probably," says the author of "Hymn Studies," "the finest ode in the English language; the theme is the grandest possible, and the execution in keeping with it." Thomas Jackson refers to it as "one of the noblest hymns in existence. It will doubtless be sung by spiritual worshippers of every denomination with profit and delight as long as the English language is understood." It is referred to by Earl Selborne as "an ode of singular power and beauty." The hymn was written while the author (who was one of Mr. Wesley's preachers) was on a visit to John Bakewell, author of "Hail, thou once despised Jesus." At a service in the Jewish Synagogue at Westminster, London, he had heard Signior Leoni sing an old Hebrew melody, and was so delighted with it that he determined to write a *Christian* hymn that should be adapted to the tune. Upon returning to the house of his friend, he immediately wrote out this magnificent hymn. It is something of a paraphrase on the Hebrew doxology, which rehearses in poetic form the thirteen articles of the Jewish creed. Joseph Rhodes, the precentor at the Foundry, helped the author to adapt the music which he got from Leoni to his needs and to arrange it in the form which it now bears in the tune which is very appropriately named "Leoni."

Some facts in the author's life add to the value and interest of this hymn. He was left an orphan by the death of both parents when he was only four years of age. He fell as a waif into wicked hands, and by the time he was fifteen years old it was said that he was the worst boy that had lived in Montgomeryshire for thirty years. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but was compelled because of his excessive wickedness to leave the town. In a certain town he chanced to hear White-

field preach on the text, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" He was deeply convicted and profoundly converted. He is said to have fasted and prayed until his knees grew stiff. One of his first acts after his conversion was to return to Montgomeryshire and pay all his debts. He traveled from Shrewsbury to Whitechurch, a distance of many miles, to pay a single sixpence. This done, he set out on foot (October 24, 1753) to join John Wesley in Cornwall. He bought a colt at Tiverton for five pounds, on the back of which he is said to have ridden a hundred thousand miles in his work as an itinerant preacher. He was associated with John Wesley for many years in more than ordinarily intimate relations; and when he died, eight years after the death of Wesley, he was buried in Wesley's grave at City Road Chapel.

This hymn is associated with the name of Henry Martyn, the heroic missionary of sainted memory. On July 25, 1805, just as he was about to sail for India, he wrote as follows:

I was much engaged at intervals in learning the hymn, "The God of Abraham praise." As often as I could use the language of it with any truth, my heart was a little at ease. There was something peculiarly solemn and affecting to me in this hymn, and particularly at this time. The truth of the sentiments I knew well enough. But, alas! I felt that the state of mind expressed in it was above mine at the time, and I felt loath to forsake all on earth.

The late Rev. T. M. Eddy, D.D., passing on one occasion through the streets of Baltimore, saw an aged and feeble colored man sawing some hard wood by the side of the road. Feeling that the colored man's lot was a hard one, as he contrasted his age and feebleness with the hardness of the work to be done, he turned and began to approach him, intending to speak a few kind and encouraging words of sympathy and of admonition concerning the state of his, perhaps, benighted

soul. But drawing near, unobserved, he heard the old man singing softly but feelingly:

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood!

The Doctor passed on without interrupting him, saying: "He is rich; he is safe; he has a better Friend than I could be. He needs not my comfort. I am the one that has received the needed encouragement."

Richard Watson, the Methodist theologian, found great comfort in this hymn during his last illness. One day, as the end drew near, he said he longed "to quit this little abode, gain the wide expanse of the skies, rise to nobler joys, and see God;" and then repeated the last four lines of this hymn:

I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

5

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.
Isaac Watts (in part).

Unaltered, from *The Psalms of David*, 1719.

Dr. Watts wrote the first two stanzas of this hymn from verses one and two of Psalm cxvii.:

O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord.

Wesley reprinted this hymn entire from the "York" *Pocket Hymn Book*. The author of the last two stanzas is unknown. He has, however, succeeded wonderfully in imitating Watts's style and so completed one of the finest hymns in the language.

The "York" *Pocket Hymn Book* was edited and published by Robert Spence, a Methodist class leader and bookseller residing in York, England. So far as is known, the last two stanzas of this hymn first appeared in his book about 1781. Spence may have written these stanzas. John Wesley published this hymn in 1786 as Spence printed it in 1781. This "York" book was very popular in its day, and was adopted by Bishops Coke and Asbury as the official hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

6

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.
Isaac Watts. Alt. by John Wesley.

This hymn first appeared in the author's *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706, and again, in somewhat altered form, in his *Psalms of*

David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament, 1719. It is based on the hundredth Psalm:

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting: and his truth endureth to all generations.

As first published it was titled "*Praise to the Lord from All Nations*." The last stanza has remained unaltered from the beginning except that "must" in the third line has been changed to "shall." The first four stanzas were originally as follows:

- 1 Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.
- 2 With gladness bow before his throne,
And let his presence raise your joys;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
And formed our souls, and framed our voice.

- 3 Infinite Power without our aid
Figured our clay to human mould;
And when our wandering feet had strayed,
He brought us to his sacred fold.

- 4 Enter his gates with thankful songs,
Through his wide courts your voices raise;
Almighty God, our joyful tongues
Shall fill thine house with sounding praise.

When Watts republished this hymn in 1719, the first two lines of verse two had been changed to read as follows:

Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy.

In verse three "Infinite Power" had been changed to "His sovereign power," and verse four had been substituted by the following:

4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

The form of the hymn given in our Hymnal and now found in all hymnals is John Wesley's improvement upon Watts. By discarding the first verse and changing entirely the first two lines of the second verse and improving the fourth stanza as Watts first wrote it, John Wesley succeeded in making a useful and popular hymn of it.

If any one desires to prove by example as well as by argument the wisdom of allowing judicious editors to alter and improve the original words of the authors when this is called for, hereby rendering a real service to the authors themselves, let him make use of this hymn, which would never have found a place, and, least of all, a place of high esteem, in the great hymnals of the Church but for the fact that the original was abridged and otherwise altered by John Wesley.

The hymn as thus altered by Wesley appeared in his first *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published in 1737 at Charleston, S. C., while he was a missionary in America.

The moral significance and far-reaching importance of the visit of Commodore Perry to Japan in 1853-54 is well known. It is said that while his flagship lay anchored off the coast of Japan, in close proximity to the shore, on a certain Sabbath religious services were held on board the steamer, and this hymn was used in the worship, the naval band playing as an accompaniment the tune of "Old Hundred," while thousands who lined the shore listened in impressive silence to what was to them new and strange music.

It is narrated that when Dr. Dempster, of Garrett Biblical Institute, was on his way, with his wife and two brother missionaries, to South Africa, they were pur-

sued for three days by a pirate vessel, and it seemed that they would have to surrender. They spent no little time in prayer to the "wondrous Sovereign of the sea" to rescue them from the hands of their pursuers. On the third day, just after they had joined in prayer and in singing this hymn, the pirate ship was seen to change its course, thus leaving them to pursue undisturbed their errand of mercy to the Dark Continent. It is not strange that this hymn should have remained ever thereafter associated in grateful remembrance with their providential escape from robbery and possibly from death.

7

L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*The Coronation of Christ and Espousals of the Church.*" The Scripture basis is Song of Solomon iii. 2: "I will seek him whom my soul loveth."

This hymn has been altered in several lines and doubtless improved, yet the merits of the piece belong to Dr. Watts. Like several of this author's best hymns, it is a prayer-song directly addressed to Jesus. It has had a long career of usefulness. The first and last stanzas of the original are here omitted. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book I., 1709.

8 C. M.

HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave,
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

Benjamin Beddome.

"*The Wonders of Redemption*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion*, 1817. It is regarded by many as Beddome's finest hymn. It is based on Hebrews i. 6: "Again when he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him."

The author wrote in verse one, line three, "*Angels and men with joy confess;*" verse two, line one, "*Beneath his feet they cast their crowns;*" verse four, lines one and two:

*O let them still their voices raise
And still their song renew.*

Two inferior stanzas, the second and third, are omitted.

9 8, 8, 6. D.

LET all on earth their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless his holy name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.

2 He framed the globe, he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His dwelling place, how fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
All nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
His saving grace proclaim.

Isaac Watts.

This grand old hymn of praise is a metrical version of Psalm xcvi., "O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord all the earth," etc. It has been altered to change the meter, and one stanza omitted. We give the hymn as the author published it in 1719, with the title, "*The God of the Gentiles.*"

1 Let all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wond'ring nations read thy Word,
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns compleat in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

10 L. M. 6l.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky."

3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

Charles Wesley.

From a metrical paraphrase of fourteen stanzas on the *Te Deum Laudamus* in the author's *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747. These are the first, second, and fifth stanzas. The author wrote "the" instead of "thy" in the last line of verse one. "Among metrical versions of the *Te Deum*," says Rev. F. W. Macdonald, "there is none superior to Charles Wesley's—hardly any other, indeed, which has taken or retains hold on Christian congregations." (See No. 729.)

11 10, 10, 11, 11.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*To be Sung in a Tumult*." Two stanzas, the second and third of the original, are omitted:

The waves of the sea Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here,
While we are adoring He always is near.

When devils engage, The billows arise,
And horribly rage, And threaten the skies:
Their fury shall never Our steadfastness
shock,
The weakest believer Is built on a rock."

Verse three, line three, the author wrote, "*Our Jesus's praises*," etc.

The year 1744 was a time of great opposition to, and persecution of, the Methodists in England. The country was at war with France. An invasion for the purpose of dethroning George II. and crowning the exiled representative of the House of Stuart was expected. The Methodists were represented as Papists in disguise, working for the Pretender. Their meetings were broken up by mobs, and many of their preachers were impressed into the army. Even the Wesleys were brought before the magistrates for examination. In the midst of these persecutions they published a pamphlet containing thirty-three pieces and entitled *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, 1744. This hymn was first published in that pamphlet.

12 L. M.

O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
When kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell;
Not where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

John Pierpont.

"*Universal Worship*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Poems and Hymns*, 1840. It was written for the opening of the Independent Congregation-

al Church in Barton Square, Salem, Mass., December 7, 1824, and was printed at the close of the sermon preached by Rev. Henry Colman on that day. The sentiment of verses two and three seems to have been inspired by Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria at the well. (John iv. 21-23.) Two stanzas are omitted.

13 L. M.

- O** THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.
- 2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait;
And O how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.
- 5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.
Charles Wesley.

This fine old hymn is full of the spirit of worship. The author's title is "*Entering into the Congregation.*" Two stanzas, the second and seventh, are omitted:

Thee, King of nations, we proclaim:
Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
We long to experience all Thy name,
And now we come to meet Thee here.

Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
Now on Thy great white throne appear,
And let my eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there."

Taken, unaltered, from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. By John and Charles Wesley, 1742.

14 L. M.

- T**O thee, Eternal Soul, be praise!
Who from of old to our own days,
Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord,
Hast sent thy light, thy love, thy word.
- 2 We thank thee for each mighty one
Through whom thy living Light hath shone;
And for each humble soul and sweet
That lights to heaven our wandering feet.
- 3 We thank thee for the love divine
Made real in every saint of thine;
That boundless love itself that gives
In service to each soul that lives.
- 4 We thank thee for the word of might
Thy Spirit spake in darkest night,
Spake through the trumpet voices loud
Of prophets at thy throne who bowed.
- 5 Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure,
That like thy saints we may endure;
Forever through thy servants, Lord,
Send thou thy light, thy love, thy word.
Richard W. Gilder.

This hymn was contributed by special request to the *Methodist Hymnal*, 1905, and was published in this volume for the first time. The author titled it a "*Thanksgiving Hymn.*" He died just before Thanksgiving Day, 1909.

A letter addressed to Mr. Gilder, expressing high appreciation of this hymn and inquiring concerning its origin, called forth the following reply, dated Four Brooks Farm, Tyringham, Mass., August 23, 1907:

I am very much surprised and touched that you should write as you have of the Thanksgiving hymn. In answer to your inquiries I would say that it was inspired by the same event as the Wesleyan poem. I had begun it before reaching Middletown to take part in the exercises there—and would have finished it there had I not been so occupied with other matters—and I did not, of course, wish to force it, so to speak. When, soon after, it was completed, I showed it to Professor Winchester, at whose house I had stayed; and, as you know, he asked to lay it before your committee. I think some other Hymnal has since used it (one for schools), and it will appear in my book, "*The Fire Divine*," now going through the press. So you see it had a Methodist origin, as Wesley was in my

mind, and it was first printed in the new Methodist Hymnal.

The celebration at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., to which the author makes allusion, was held in June, 1903.

We have here a hymn of lofty religious sentiment and of striking poetic beauty, and characterized withal by more than ordinary strength and dignity of thought. In no other hymn in our Hymnal is the Divine Being addressed as the eternal "Soul." This was objected to at first by some members of the Commission who were compiling the Hymnal because it was thought that such a title of Deity would lend itself too easily to a Pantheistic conception of God's relation to the world; but, upon closer examination and study, it was seen that the hymn not only taught but strongly emphasized the personality of Deity. The infinite Soul is here related in the most personal and vital manner to our finite souls.

Note how artistically the poet develops here the devotional thoughts that are contained in the three words found in the last line of the first stanza—"light," "love," and "word." The second, third, and fourth stanzas, respectively, are devoted to developing these three thoughts, the hymn here taking the form of thanksgiving to God for his gracious gift of light and love and the word of might. The fifth and last stanza brings together with rare poetic skill from verse one the infinite Soul and finite souls, and from verses two, three, and four the light, the love, and the word of God. Note also how beautifully and impressively verse two brings out the idea that God gives his light not only to the "mighty one," but to the "humble soul and sweet;" and this he does that all enlightened souls, however humble, may become lights to others, guiding their wandering feet to heaven. Verse three teaches no less beautifully and impressively the truth that whenever

the divine love has been "made real" in the soul of a believer it will show itself, not in seeking selfish enjoyment, but in loving service to one's fellow-man. Finite souls that are true and pure become the channels through whom the infinite and eternal Soul sends his own divine light and love and word to those whose lives are darkened by ignorance and sin. Taking the form, in verses two, three, and four, of thanksgiving for blessings past and present, in the closing stanza it takes the form of a prayer for purity of soul and for the evangelization of the world through the spread of the light and love and word of God.

There is every reason to believe that this hymn will take a high and permanent place among the really useful hymns of the Christian Church.

The most frequently quoted lines that Dr. Gilder ever wrote are the verses titled "*The Song of a Heathen Sojourning in Galilee, A.D. 32:*"

If Jesus Christ is a man,—
And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave away.

If Jesus Christ is a God,—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea and the air.

15

L. M. D.

O GOD of God! O Light of Light!
Thou Prince of Peace, thou King of kings,
To thee, where angels know no night,
The song of praise forever rings:
To him who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain for sinful men,
Be honor, might; all by him won;
Glory and praise! Amen, Amen!

2 Deep in the prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord;
Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song, "Good will to men!"
Hymned by the firstborn sons of light,
Reëchoed now, "Good will!" Amen!

- 3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,
That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn;
These all are past, and now above,
He reigns our King! once crowned with
thorn.
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;"
So sang his hosts, unheard by men;
"Lift up your heads, for you he waits."
"We lift them up! Amen, Amen!"
- 4 Nations afar in Ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
These hear his voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth thy light,"
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, am n!
- 5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to his name, his love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, his praise pro-
long;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks from
men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!
John Julian.

This triumphant hymn was written by the Rev. John Julian, D.D., editor in chief of the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, the most ambitious work on hymnody in our language. The date is given as 1883.

The first stanza is addressed directly to Deity, and is the best of the five. The second calls attention to the gradual progress of revelation. The fourth stanza describes the awakening of the nations. The last verse is an exhortation to praise. It is a poem of the strenuous order. A strong choir can render it very effectively.

16

L. M.

- ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell;
Come ye before him, and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;

Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe.

This quaint metrical paraphrase of the one hundredth Psalm is one of the most historic hymns of the language. It has been found in most of the hymn books that have appeared in the last one hundred and fifty years. It first appeared in J. Daye's *Psalter*, London, 1560-61. In verse two, line three, the original has "We are his folck." The second appearance of the hymn was in the *Anglo-Genevan Psalter*, 1561, where it reads: "We are his folke." In nearly all later editions it reads as above, "We are his flock"—which is what the author probably wrote, it being a printer's blunder to make it read "folck." The familiar tune called "Old Hundred" is popularly associated with this hymn, but Dr. Julian says this tune appeared in the *French-Genevan Psalter* in 1551 as the tune for the one hundred and thirty-fourth Psalm, and he thinks this hymn by Kethe was written for the tune rather than the tune for the hymn. The tune continues to be used; but the hymn, though still sung in many churches, is treasured more as a precious historic relic of the past than for its adaptation to present use in public worship. As a mere matter of curiosity, we give here the hymn as it first appeared in print in 1560:

Al people yt on earth do dwel,
sing to ye lord, with chereful voice
Him serve wt fear, his praise forth tel,
come ye before him and reioyce.

The Lord ye know is God in dede,
with out our aide, he did us make:
We are his folck, he doth us fede,
and for his Shepe, he doth us take.

Oh enter then his gates with prayse
approche with loye, his courtes unto:
Praise, laude, and blesse his name always,
for it is semely so to doe.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
his mercy is for cure sure:
His truth at all tymes firmly stood
and shall from age to age indure.

"One of the greatest of all our hymns," says Dr. W. B. Bodine; "great in its associations, great in its simplicity, great in its spiritual power. It is the only hymn still remaining in our hymnal (Protestant Episcopal) which was sung by our forefathers in the Jamestown Colony, established three centuries ago—the only hymn sung continuously in our churches from that day to this. The tune ("Old Hundred") to which it has been sung by many millions of people, and around which so many memories cling, was the work of Louis Bourgeois, editor of the French Genevan Psalter of 1551."

17

L. M.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

This grand and worshipful hymn first appeared in *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706, under the title "*The Glories of God Exceed All Worship*." It appears in the second edition, 1709, without change except the title, which is "*God Exalted Above All Praise*." It has six stanzas. These are one, three, four, and six, with a change in only one line. Watts wrote verse two, line one: "*Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings*." This change was made by

John Wesley for his *Collection of Hymns for the People Called Methodists*, 1779, and was made necessary by the omission of the second stanza of the original.

The omitted stanzas are as follows:

2 The lowest Step about thy Seat
Rises too high for *Gabriel's* Feet,
In vain the tall Arch-Angel tries
To reach thine height with wondering Eyes.

5 Earth from afar has heard thy Fame,
And Worms have learnt to lisp thy Name:
But, O, the Glories of thy Mind
Leave all our soaring Thoughts behind.

18

7s, 6s. D.

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling place serene;
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unresembling glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fall,
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see thee face to face:
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

In the author's volume titled *The Two Brothers*, 1871, the date of this hymn is given as 1862; but in his annotation upon the hymn as published in *The Hymnal*

Companion, 1880, he says it was written in 1860. It is a beautiful and almost literal rendering of certain verses contained in the ninetieth Psalm.

19 8s, 7s. D.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Dally I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

Dr. Julian says that the earliest known text of this hymn is found in *A Collection of Hymns Used by the Church in Angel Alley, Bishopsgate*, 1759, now in the library of Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, N. J.

Slight verbal changes have been made in these three stanzas, and one verse, the fourth, is omitted. The reader will readily see why:

O that day when freed from sinning,
I shall see thy lovely face!
Richly cloth'd in blood-wash'd linen,
How I'll sing thy sov'reign grace!
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd soul away;
Send thy angels down to carry
Me to realms of endless day."

At one time in Robinson's life he was skeptical, and, of course, miserable. It

is said that a lady once quoted this hymn in his presence, and spoke of the spiritual benefit she had derived from the use of it. Robinson was deeply moved, for he was a man of quick sensibilities, and with much emotion said: "Madam, I am the poor, unhappy man who composed that hymn many years ago; and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I had then."

The Scripture reference in the second verse is to 1 Samuel vii. 12: "Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

This old hymn has indeed been a "fount of blessing" to multitudes.

20 11s, 10s.

PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye Jehovah! for his loving-kindness
And all the tender mercy he hath shown;
Praise him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of all our blessings;
Before his gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in him, his peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.

4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only Son;
Praise ye the Son! who died himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One!
Margaret C. Campbell.

Written at Exeter, England, on December 24, 25, and 27, 1838. It was first pub-

lished in J. G. Deck's *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1842. It claims to be a version of the one hundred and forty-ninth Psalm.

21

L. M.

- COME, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.
- 2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinned, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.
- 3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapturous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.
- 4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.
- Robert A. West.

The author of this hymn was one of a committee of seven men appointed by the General Conference of 1844 to prepare a standard edition of the *Methodist Hymn Book*. This excellent hymn was contributed to that book, 1849. It has retained its place since then without the change of a word.

There are two distinct definitions of the word "hymn." One, found in the *Century Dictionary*, is very broad: "A religious ode, song, or other poem." According to this definition, almost any worthy lyric could be called a hymn. A narrow definition is given in *Webster's Dictionary*: "A hymn is a sacred lyric, a song of praise or thanksgiving to a deity or to God."

According to this narrow definition, this is not a hymn. It is lacking in direct address to God. It sings about Christ, not to Christ. According to some hymnologists, this fine lyric must be relegated to hymns of the second class. It is certainly one of the best of its kind.

22

S. M.

- COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.
- Isaac Watts.

"*Heavenly Joy on Earth*" is the title of this truly joyful song in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. In the first stanza the author wrote in the first line "we" instead of "ye;" in the second line "our" instead of "your;" and in the fourth line "And thus" instead of "While ye," and "the" instead of "his." In the third line of the second stanza he wrote "favorites" instead of "servants." Some hymnals have "children" here, which is perhaps better than either "favorites" or "servants." The third stanza the author put in brackets. As he wrote it the reading is as follows:

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.

It was altered by John Wesley. This is one of the most cheerful and enlivening hymns found in the entire range of English hymnody.

Stanzas two and nine are omitted:

- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place!
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.
- 9 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

It is not often that a clergyman can afford to use a hymn to administer a rebuke to a contentious choir. But Dr. Samuel West, a New England clergyman, is said to have used this hymn very effectively for that purpose many years ago. A difficulty had arisen in the congregation which had extended to the choir, and it had been whispered around that the choir would refuse to sing if the pastor should announce the hymn. The pastor was quite equal to the emergency. He introduced the services by announcing this hymn. After reading it slowly and impressively, he looked up at the choir and asked them please to begin with the second stanza:

Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

It is needless to add that not only the choir but the congregation generally all joined in the singing of the hymn that day; and its use did much toward healing the strife.

George John Stevenson in his *Methodist Hymn Book* described an impressive use of a part of this hymn:

In 1831 James Martin, of Liverpool, a Wesleyan class leader of deep piety, was a pas-

senger on the *Rothsay Castle* when she was wrecked between Liverpool and Beaumaris, when ninety-three persons perished and only twenty-one were saved. When he was floating on a plank from which several had been washed off by the tempestuous waves, he was heard singing above the roar of the sea,

"The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas."

He was one among those saved, and after his rescue he dedicated his life afresh to God. He became a leader of three classes and worked with untiring energy and holy zeal in the cause of God. Dying in his seventy-ninth year, after forty-five years of devoted service as a class leader, he was heard to say in his last hours of consciousness: "I know nothing of doubts and fears."

23

L. M.

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
 But O what tongue can speak his fame?
 What mortal verse can reach the theme?

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears;
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
 Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
 And let his praise employ thy tongue,
 Till listening worlds shall join the song.
Thomas Blacklock.

This is a fine sacred ode rather than a hymn. It came into the hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1849.

No hymnologist that I have read seems to know its history.

It is found in Dobell's *New Selections*, 1806, six stanzas, where it has the title "Majesty of God." It is founded upon Psalm civ. 1, 2:

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty: who coverest thy-

self with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain.

Persistent efforts have been made to verify the authorship of this widely circulated and very useful hymn, but so far without success. It may have been written by the blind poet Thomas Blacklock, but it does not appear in any of his published works.

24 C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

"*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, Worshiped by All the Creation*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It was written to be sung at the close of a sermon on Revelation v. 11-13:

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever.

Watts wrote "lips" instead of "hearts"

in the third line of the second stanza. The fourth stanza of the original has been omitted:

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

This hymn has been translated into many languages, and is one of the most highly esteemed and widely used of all Watts's hymns.

25 8s, 7s. 6L

0 THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ be'cng!
Thomas Olivers.

Title: "*An Hymn of Praise to Christ.*"

Daniel Sedgewick, who reprinted Thomas Olivers's poems, said: "This hymn is attributed to him on the circumstantial evidence that surrounds its history. It first appeared appended to a short account of the death of Mary Langson, of Taxall, in Cheshire, who died January 29, 1769, when Olivers was stationed on that circuit." The internal evidence so substantiates the claim that the authorship is not questioned. It has something of the con-

fidest inspiration of "The God of Abraham praise" (No. 4).

The author of this hymn was a great admirer of John Wesley, and wrote a long and valuable elegy on his death, in 1791. Here are the closing stanzas:

Then let us still maintain the Truth he taught,
And Faithful prove in Deed, and Word, and Thought;
The path he trod before, let us through life pursue,
And help each other on, and keep the Prize in view.

But chiefly We, who bear his sacred Shame,
Who feed his Flock, and still revere his name;
Let us unite in one, and strive with mutual care,
To help his Children on, and all their burthens bear.

For this, let us like Him, the world disdain;
For this like Him rejoice in Toil and Pain;
Like Him be bold for God; like Him our Time Redeem:
And Strive, and Watch, and Pray; And Live and Die Like Him.

26 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

2 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through his name,
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

James J. Cummins.

"The New Song" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Poetical Meditations and Hymns*, 1839, where it first appeared, being republished in his *Lyra Evangelica: Hymns, Meditations, and Oth-*

er Poems, 1849. It takes up a lofty and beautiful strain not found in any other hymn, and hence fills a useful place in the hymnal. If there be a sense in which the Church in heaven and the Church on earth are truly one, it is well to indulge occasionally in thoughts like that running through this hymn and have our worship here purified and ennobled in the effort to make it like unto the worship above.

27 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 4, 3.

ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round thy throne of light,
Angel harps forever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless thee,
And confess thee
Lord of might.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render thee.

Francis Pott.

This popular modern hymn makes up in sweetness what it lacks in dignity. The author edited a book of *Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer*, to one of the editions of which this hymn was contributed. The title was: "For the Dedication of an Organ or for a Meeting of Choirs." Here is an omitted stanza, the third of the original:

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For thy pleasure
Didst design.

28

7s. 6l.

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye;
For the heart and mind's delight;
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

6 For thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given;
For that great, great love of thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Folliott S. Pierpoint.

"One of the most delightful hymns of thanksgiving in the language." It was written for the second edition of Orby Shipley's *Lyra Eucharistica*, 1864, where it bears the title, "*Holy Communion or Flower Services*." It was written as a hymn to be sung at the celebration of

the Lord's Supper. It is widely used as a children's hymn and for flower festivals. Its glowing expressions of gratitude and praise explain its great popularity with a wide circle of worshipers, young and old. One of the two omitted stanzas is worthy of reproduction here:

For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
Gracious God, to thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

29

8s, 4s. 6l.

MY God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light,
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

5 I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide A. Procter.

From the author's *Legends and Lyrics*, 1858.

Bishop Bickersteth in his notes says: "This most beautiful hymn touches the chord of thankfulness in trial as perhaps no other hymn does, and is thus most use-

ful for the visitation of the sick." It is equally useful for those who are well.

The author's most familiar lyric is that which is titled "*The Lost Chord*:"

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

After describing it and her vain effort to reproduce it, she closes with this stanza:

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

30 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

NOW thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

Martin Rinkart. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

This is called "*The Te Deum of Germany*," and is one of the most famous and historic of German hymns, being surpassed in influence and popularity among Germans by only one other hymn, and that is Luther's "*Ein' Feste Burg ist unser Gott*." "*Thanksgiving*" is the title of the German original, which begins "Nun danket alle Gott." Its first appearance in print, so far as known, was in J. Crüger's *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 1648. Crüger was one of the most distinguished German musicians of the seventeenth century, and this was his most important publication.

His hymn tunes are described as "noble and simple," about twenty being still in use. "*Nun Danket*," the tune which accompanies this hymn, is his composition, being written especially for it.

Rinkart, the author of the hymn, was one of the most consecrated, faithful, and heroic pastors who lived in Germany during the trying ordeal of the "Thirty Years' War." His life was spent mainly in Eilenburg, where his devoted attentions to his flock during the terrible experiences of war, famine, and pestilence through which they passed has made his name immortal in the annals of pastoral fidelity. It is not known exactly when he wrote this hymn. Its appearance in the volume above named being coincident with the termination of the "Thirty Years' War" doubtless led to the oft-published story that it was written as a thanksgiving hymn in celebration of that event.

This origin is possible, and would add interest to the hymn; but Dr. Julian, Miss Winkworth, and other authorities incline to the opinion that it was written at an earlier date. No less than twelve different translations of the hymn have been made into English. That here given, by Miss Winkworth, is the most popular with modern editors of hymnals. It first appeared in the second series of her *Lyra Germanica*, 1858. The third stanza is omitted:

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now
And shall be ever more.

This last omitted stanza is a version of the *Gloria Patri*. The first two verses are based upon Ecclesiasticus i. 22-24: "Now, therefore, bless ye the God of all, which only doeth wondrous things everywhere, which exalteth our days from the womb,

and dealeth with us according to his mercy. He grants us joyfulness of heart, and that peace may be in our days in Israel forever: that he would confirm his mercy with us, and deliver us at his time!"

It is a matter of curious interest that the author of this most popular thanksgiving hymn of Germany, which is sung on all great national occasions, should be one who was called on to go through such an experience in war, pestilence, and famine as has rarely ever fallen to the lot of any man. Of his experience in famine Miss Winkworth, his most appreciative translator, remarks:

So great were Rinkart's own losses and charities that he had the utmost difficulty in finding bread and clothes for his children, and was forced to mortgage his future income for several years. Yet how little his spirit was broken by all these calamities is shown by this hymn and others that he wrote; some, indeed, speaking of his own country's sorrows, but all breathing the same spirit of unbounded trust and readiness to give thanks.

31 7s, 6s.

- A**LL glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!
- 2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
- REFRAIN.
- All glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!
- 3 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
- 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before thee we present.
- 5 To thee, before thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

- 6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
Theodulph. Tr. by John M. Neale.

From the Latin, "*Gloria, laus, et honor*," of the ninth century. The translator in his preface says:

This processional hymn for Palm Sunday is said to have been composed by S. Theodulph at Metz, or, as others will have it, at Angers, while imprisoned on a false accusation, and to have been sung by him from his dungeon window, or by choristers instructed by him, as the Emperor Louis and his court were on their way to the cathedral. The good Bishop was immediately liberated.

The Latin contained ten stanzas. One of those omitted Dr. Neale translated as follows:

- Be Thou, O Lord, the Rider,
And we the little ass;
That to God's Holy City
Together we may pass.

The singing of this stanza was discontinued in the seventeenth century for evident reasons.

32 6s. 6l.

- W**HEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

- 5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

From the German. Tr. by Edward Caswall.

One of Caswall's most popular translations. The German original begins, "Beim frühen Morgenlicht," and was published in the *Katholisches Gesang-Buch*, Würzburg, 1828, under the title, "The Christian Greeting," in fourteen stanzas. Six stanzas of Caswall's translation appeared in Formby's *Catholic Hymns*, London, 1854, and these, together with the eight additional stanzas, are found in Caswall's *Masque of Mary*, 1858. This hymn was a great favorite with Canon Liddon and the singers at St. Paul's Cathedral, in London. The spirited refrain at the end of each triplet of lines, "May Jesus Christ be praised!" suggested to Dr. C. S. Robinson the title of one of his most popular collections of hymns, *Laudes Domini*, where it appears as the opening hymn. In his annotation upon this hymn Dr. Robinson says:

The compiler of this and other hymn books, little and large, would like to say, once for all, that the aim of his entire work could not better be indicated than it is in the single line, "May Jesus Christ be praised!" For

this book aims to be peculiar in presenting hymns which are neither didactic nor hortatory, but which are addressed more directly and persistently as praises to the one Lord Jesus Christ. Pliny gave it as the singular characteristic of Christians in his day that they were wont to assemble early in the morning and evening and sing alternately among themselves a hymn of praise to Christ as God.

33

C. M.

- ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessings ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!
- 2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart,
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part!
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

Joseph Hart.

Title: "Before Preaching." From the Supplement of *Hymns Composed on Various Subjects*. By J. Hart, 1762.

In the third verse the author wrote "Hoard up" instead of "And keep;" in the fourth verse he wrote "a copious" instead of "abundant."

The original has two additional stanzas:

- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake,
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parched with heavenly showers,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

A worshipful hymn, very suitable for the opening of a service. To sing such a prayer-hymn as this "with the spirit and with the understanding also" is the best possible preparation for receiving and profiting by the gospel message that follows.

34 C. M.

- C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

Anne Steele.

"*The King of Saints*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose*, London, 1780. These are the best of eight stanzas. In the first line of the second stanza the author wrote "King" instead of "Lord," and "Saviour" instead of "Master."

35 7s.

- L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.

Author's title: "*A Hymn to be Sung at Public Worship.*" The original contains

eight double stanzas. It first appeared in the author's *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1745. *Lyra Britannica*, London, 1866, also gives the original. Hammond wrote in the first couplet of verse five:

Grant that *those who seek* may find,
Thee a *God sincere* and kind.

A very useful opening hymn, well calculated to inspire worship. It will be observed that this hymn throughout is directly addressed to Deity, and so cultivates the idea of the presence of God in public worship. The fifth stanza of the original is omitted above:

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return:
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

36 C. M.

- C**OME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Nor force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

From a hymn of fourteen stanzas in the author's *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741, being the first and the last three stanzas, unaltered. "A little hymn of pure gold is thus made by omitting ten prosaic verses," says Telford in his *Methodist Hymn Book Illustrated*.

37 L. M.

- J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

Title: "On opening a place for Social Prayer." It is from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. The author wrote in verse two, line two: "Inhabitest the humble mind;" and in verse three, line one: "Dear Shepherd of the chosen few." There are two additional stanzas:

Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

A genuine prayer song, one of Cowper's best.

In the most recently published edition of Cowper's *Poems* (London, 1905) the editor, J. C. Bailey, has the following note which gives some interesting facts concerning the origin of this hymn:

This beautiful hymn was written on the occasion of the first prayer meeting held at a house in Olney called the Great House. In the letter of November 30, 1793, to John Johnson, printed for the first time in the appendix to the Introduction, Cowper says that writing on a Sabbath morning makes him go back to the time when "on Sabbath mornings in winter I rose before day, and by the light of a lantern trudged with Mrs. Unwin, often through snow and rain, to a prayer meeting at the Great House, as they call it, near the church at Olney. There I always found assembled forty or fifty poor folks, who preferred a glimpse of the light of God's countenance and favor to the comforts of a warm bed," etc.

38

10s.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise;

We stand to bless thee ere our worship
cease,
Then, slowly kneeling, wait thy word of
peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward
way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the
day;

Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy
name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the com-
ing night,

Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children
free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earth-
ly life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

Written in 1866 in five stanzas for the festival of the Malpas, Middlewich and Nantwich Choral Association. It was later revised and reduced to the four stanzas here given and published in the Appendix to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868. It is the most popular of all the author's hymns, and is regarded as one of the greatest evening hymns of the English Church. It was written to be sung to a tune in Thorne's collection titled "St. Agnes;" but the author later expressed a preference for the tune by Dr. Hopkins ("Eilers") found in the music edition.

"As tenderly spiritual as it is ethically strong," is Horder's comment. The omitted stanza is:

Grant us thy peace—the peace thou didst be-
stow

On thine apostles in thine hour of woe;
The peace thou broughtest, when at eventide
They saw thy piercèd hands, thy wounded
side.

39 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.
John Fawcett.

A very appropriate and widely used closing hymn. It is found in the Rev. John Harris's *Collection of Hymns for Public Worship*, 1774. There it has the name of John Fawcett. It is not among his original hymns, 1782. The hymn is the same as it is found in Lady Huntingdon's *Collection*, edited by Walter Shirley, with the exception of one line. The fifth line of verse three reads: "*We shall surely.*" Some English hymnologists formerly attributed this hymn to Shirley instead of Fawcett.

40 8s, 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It is a metrical version of the apostolic benediction: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all." (2 Cor. xiii. 14.) It has been translated into several languages.

41 C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*For the Lord's Day Morning.*"
It is a part of Watts's version of Psalm v. 3-8:

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up. For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee. The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity. Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man. But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple. Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

The original contains eight stanzas. We have above verses one, two, and five, unaltered. Stanzas three and four are as follows:

3 Thou art a God before whose Sight
The Wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy Right-hand.

4 But to thy House will I resort
To taste thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worship in thy Fear.

From *The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, London, 1719.

42 L. M.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still of countless price
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask—
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above;
 And help us this, and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

"Morning" is the title of this in the author's *Christian Year*, 1827. It comprises verses six, seven, eight, fourteen, and sixteen of a poem of sixteen stanzas. It is based upon Lamentations iii. 22, 23: "His compassions fail not. They are new every morning." The hymn begins with the words: "Hues of the rich unfolding morn." It was written September 20, 1822. The *Christian Year* is one of the greatest religious classics in the English language. What the Prayer Book is in prose for public worship, the *Christian Year* is in poetry for private devotion.

43 11s, 10s.

- S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
- 2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born;
 Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
 The image of the morning-star doth rest,
 So in this stillness, thou beholdest only
 Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4 Still, still to thee! as to each newborn morning,
 A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,

So does this bless consciousness awaking,
 Breathe each day nearness unto thee and heaven.

- 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eyes look up to thee in prayer;
 Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er-shading,
 But sweeter still, to wake and find thee there.
- 6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
 O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with thee. Harriet B. Stowe.

Contributed by the author, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, to the *Plymouth Collection*, edited by her brother, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in 1855. It manifests a spirit of entire consecration and an intimate communion with God. As the fifth stanza intimates, the last conscious thought of the Christian at night and the first in the morning should be of God. Very suitable for private use, I doubt if this hymn ever becomes popular for the public congregation. It is unaltered and entire.

The author of this hymn by writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* gained a permanent place in the annals of the nation. People differ as to the correctness of her pen picture of slavery, but I am not aware that any one questions the honesty of her purpose or the piety of her heart.

44 L. M.

- A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part;
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praises to the eternal King.
- 3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me while I slept;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew :
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken.

This is a part of Bishop Ken's famous "*Morning Hymn*," the original of which contains fourteen stanzas, being the first, fifth, ninth, twelfth, and thirteenth stanzas. This and its companions, the no less admired *Evening* and *Midnight Hymns*, enjoy the enviable distinction of having furnished, at least in English-speaking countries, *The Doxology* of the Christian Church. Each of these hymns closes with our well-known "long-meter doxology."

These three valuable hymns, it is interesting to note, were originally written for the use of the students in Winchester College. As early as 1674 Bishop Ken published a *Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College*. This book had gone through thirty-two editions by 1799. The earliest edition that contained the above three hymns was that of 1695. In this work he thus counsels the young men: "Be sure to sing the Morning and Evening Hymns in your chamber, devoutly remembering that the Psalmist upon happy experience assures you that it is a good thing to tell of the loving-kindness of the Lord early in the morning and of his truth in the night season." As these words appear in the first (1674) edition of the *Manual*, we are warranted in concluding that the two hymns referred to had then been printed and supplied to students, possibly on sheets of paper.

The author used to sing this hymn every morning upon waking, playing the accompaniment with his lute. In obedience to his expressed wish, when he died he was buried at sunrise, and the singing of this hymn was almost the only ceremony

that took place. He is buried in the churchyard at Frome, under the east window of the church, and nothing but a simple iron railing marks his resting place. But one who is embalmed in the affections of the Christian Church, as he is, needs no marble shaft to perpetuate his memory or to mark his resting place as long as his grand doxology shall continue to be sung the world around.

The fact that these three hymns should have been prepared especially for the use of college students adds to their interest. Two omitted stanzas in the "*Morning Hymn*" are worthy of being quoted here:

I would not wake nor rise again,
And Heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er thou art ;
O never then from me depart ;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment without thee.

The "*Evening Hymn*" contains sentiments that young and old alike can well afford to utter in prayer-song at the close of day:

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

How much better than lying awake and fretting because of inability to sleep is it for one to quiet his restless soul by such reveries and prayers as the following, taken from the "*Midnight Hymn*:"

My God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take :
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice :
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

The soul that begins and closes all his days with songs and prayers like these has learned the secret of a serene, happy, and useful life.

Were any lines ever written more certain to secure immortality for their author and for themselves than the following four lines which were first written as a closing stanza for each of these three hymns?

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

45 S. M.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe!

3 How beautiful nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

5 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit—One in Three—
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

Title: "A Morning Hymn." from *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published by John Wesley, 1741. This is one of the few original hymns ascribed to John Wesley. One reason why it is thought to be his rather than Charles Wesley's is that it is only half-rhymed. Not a single known stanza of Charles Wesley's has that peculiarity. The sublime thought expressed in the third line of the first stanza is borrowed from Plato: "*Lumen est umbra Dei.*"

It has not been altered, but one stanza, the fourth, has been omitted:

O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day:
Or Jesus's blood, like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

46 C. M.

NOW from the altar of my heart
Let incense flames arise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

John Mason.

"A Song of Praise for the Evening," from the author's *Spiritual Songs, or Songs of Praise to Almighty God*, 1683. Three omitted stanzas have striking thoughts in them, and are well worth quoting:

Awake, my Love; Awake, my Joy;
Awake my Heart and Tongue:
Sleep not: when Mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a Song.

Man's Life's a Book of History,
The Leaves thereof are Days,
The Letters Mercies closely joined,
The Title is thy Praise.

Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath set
New Time upon my Score;
Then shall I praise for all my Time,
When Time shall be no more.

One of Mason's hymns contains this striking and much-admired verse:

To whom, Lord, should I sing but Thee,
The Maker of my tongue?
Lo, other lords would seize on me,
But I to Thee belong.
As waters haste into their sea,
And earth unto its earth,
So let my soul return to Thee,
From whom it had its birth.

47

L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

From *The Christian Year*, 1827. Part of a poem of fourteen stanzas, entitled "Evening." This hymn is made up of the third, seventh, eighth, and last three verses, unaltered.

Text: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." (Luke xxiv. 29.)

This widely used and vastly useful lyric stands near the head of the list of the best English hymns. It is number *nine* in the list of hymns of "first rank" in *Anglican Hymnology*, and number *eight* in the list of Stead's *Hymns That Have Helped*.

One of the highest privileges known to man is that of voicing the desires of Christian people in holy song as the author has here. The hymn is full of the spirit of Christ, and could only have been written by a devout soul.

Allan Sutherland, in his *Famous Hymns of the World*, writes of this hymn as follows:

"Sun of My Soul" is one of the finest examples in our language of what a true prayer-

hymn should be. Beginning with a beautiful acknowledgment of what God is to us, there follows an earnest supplication that debasing thoughts may be driven away, that "no earthborn cloud" may arise to hide us from our Saviour. The first three stanzas are devoted to an earnest plea for the right relation of our own hearts to God. From that point it is easy and natural to think of and pray for others. How inclusive are the next two stanzas! The wanderer, the sick, the poor, the mourner are all sympathetically remembered; and then follow the tender and comforting appeal for divine guidance throughout our earthly life and the exquisitely expressed belief in an eternity of joy with which the hymn ends.

A visitor once asked Alfred Tennyson what his thoughts were of Christ. They were walking in a garden, and for a moment the great poet was silent; then, bending over some beautiful flowers, he said: "What the sun is to these flowers, Jesus Christ is to my soul. He is the sun of my soul." Consciously or unconsciously he was expressing the same thought in the same language used by John Keble years before when he gave to the world his great heart hymn, "Sun of My Soul."

It has a large place in Christian biography. The following incident is taken from *Our Hymns and Their Authors*:

A young lady of lovely Christian character lay seriously ill in her chamber. Her mother and loved ones were about her. The room seemed to her to be growing dark. She asked them to raise the curtains and let in the light. But, alas! the curtains were already raised, and it was broad-open daylight. It was the night of death that had come, and she knew it not. As she kept asking them to let in the light, they had to tell her the nature of the darkness that was gathering about her. But she was not dismayed. With a sweet, quiet, plaintive voice she began singing her favorite hymn:

"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes."

The eyes of all in the room suffused with tears as the sweet singer's tremulous voice continued:

"When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast."

She had often sung this song to the delight of the home circle, but now it seemed, like the song of the dying swan, the sweetest she had ever sung. Her countenance lighted up with a beauty and radiance that came not from earth as she sang once more in feebler but more heavenly strains:

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die."

And with these fitting words the sweet voice was hushed in death, ceasing not to sing

"Till, in the ocean of God's love,
She lost herself in heaven above."

48 L. M.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,

Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

Samuel Longfellow.

"*Vesper Hymn*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's volume titled *Vespers*, 1859. It was a source of regret to many of those who had charge of the making of this Hymnal that they could not find a suitable hymn to place within the volume from the writings of America's greatest poet, Henry W. Longfellow. We are glad at least to have the family name and genius represented among our hymns and hymn writers in the person of the poet's brother. At the ordination of the author of this hymn to the ministry, in 1848, a song was used which was written by Henry W. Longfellow especially for the occasion. It contains the following lines that may well be quoted here:

Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing more:

If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me."

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say:
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

And this "*Vesper Hymn*" of Samuel Longfellow calls also to mind the superb little poem of his illustrious poet-brother, titled "*The Day Is Done*," which closes with this beautiful and oft-quoted tribute to the power of music and song:

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

49 L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

Thomas Ken.

This is a part—the first four verses—of Bishop Ken's famous "*Evening Hymn*." The original, including the doxology, con-

tained twelve stanzas. Several lines have been altered:

Verse one, line four:

Under Thy own Almighty Wings.

Verse three, line four:

Triumphing rise at the last day.

Verse four, line one:

O may my soul on Thee repose.

Verse four, line two:

And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close.

Verse four, line three:

Sleep that may me more vigorous make.

From the author's *Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College*, edition of 1695.

Anglican Hymnology places this at the head of the list of hymns of first rank. Other hymnologists would put "Rock of Ages" or "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" at the head. This evening hymn is a general favorite; and if it is not at the very head of the list, it ought to be named among the first ten hymns in the English language. (See No. 42.) A recent writer makes this interesting observation:

Where authors have written both morning and evening hymns, the evening hymns are, as a rule, more widely known and more greatly beloved than the morning hymns. [See No. 42.] "One reason for this," says W. G. Horder, "may be found in the fact that we are more disposed to hymn-singing in the evening than in the morning, and that we are more moved by songs of the night than of the day."

Dryden said of Ken:

David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sang the best.

Each of Bishop Ken's three great hymns, for morning, evening, and mid-night, closed with the long-meter doxology:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

It is very likely that the lines of this grand doxology have been sung oftener than any other lines ever written by man.

50

10s.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me
abide!

When other helpers fall, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;

Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can
be?

Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me!

4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness;

Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes;

Shine through the gloom and point me to
the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

"*Light at Eventide*" is the title of this truly beautiful hymn, which was first published in leaflet form in September, 1847, and later in the author's *Remains*, published by his daughter in 1850. It is based on Luke xxiv. 29: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." Three verses of the original are omitted:

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'dst with Thy disciples,

Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
wings,

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with
me!

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

The circumstances under which this hymn was written are full of pathetic interest. For twenty-four years the author had been curate of Brixham, Devonshire, England, but failing health required a change of climate. He himself tells how he deprecated being divorced from the ocean, the friend and playmate of his childhood; and it can only be conjectured how painful to a heart so highly susceptible was the prospect of being torn from his hardy, seafaring flock. He lingered with them until life was fast ebbing, and then writes: "The swallows are preparing for flight and inviting me to accompany them; and yet, alas! while I talk of flying, I am just able to crawl." Thus, frail and feeble, he rallied to preach a farewell sermon to his fond people and once more to administer to them the Lord's Supper. His theme that day was: "The Believer's Dependence upon the Death of Christ." It was September 4, 1847. After closing the deep solemnities of the communion, he dragged himself wearily back to his home. That afternoon he walked down the garden path to the seashore, and, returning to his study, wrote out this immortal heart song, which he placed that evening in the hands of a near and dear relative.

The following poem, titled "*Ere the Night Fall*," is by the author of this hymn, and is closely akin to it in sentiment. It is one of the most beautiful expressions in all poetry of a desire for earthly immortality that every Christian poet can well afford to cherish.

Why do I sigh to find
 Life's evening shadows gathering round my way,
 The keen eye dimming, and the buoyant mind
 Unhinging day by day?

3

I want not vulgar fame—
 I seek not to survive in brass or stone;
 Hearts may not kindle when they hear my name,
 Nor tears my value own;

But might I leave behind
 Some blessing for my fellows, some fair trust
 To glulde, to cheer, to elevate my kind,
 When I am in the dust;

Might verse of mine inspire
 One virtuous alm, one high resolve impart,
 Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
 Or blind one broken heart;

Death would be sweeter then,
 More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod,—

Might I thus live to bless my fellow-men,
 Or glorify my God!

O Thou whose touch can lend
 Life to the dead, Thy quick'ning grace supply,
 And grant me, swanlike, my last breath to spend
 In song that may not die!

A few years ago an American pastor, in visiting the cemetery at Nice where the author is buried, found a young man standing reverently beside the grave of Lyte, his eyes filled with tears. The young man told him with deep feeling that he had been led to Christ through the influence of this hallowed song.

51

L. M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*An Evening Hymn*," from
Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Book I.,
 1709. Unaltered.

Two stanzas, the fourth and fifth, are left out:

- 4 In vain the sons of earth and hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear,
O may thy presence n'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

These omitted verses are well worth re-reading.

On the whole it is a soliloquy rather than a hymn. It is very suitable for private or family worship, but it is not specially adapted for public use.

52 8s, 7s.

- S**ILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.
- 2 O the lost, the forgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!
- 3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.
- 4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last!
- Christopher C. Cox.*

This sad, sweet strain is a poetical reverie and meditation at eventide concerning loved ones that are gone but not forgotten. It is said to have been printed first in a newspaper about 1840. It is found in *Woodworth's Cabinet*, 1847, and some authorities assign 1846 as the date of its composition. The internal evidence, in the absence of definite knowledge, would favor the later date, in view of the fact that in 1840 the author, a practicing physician, was only twenty-four years old; and it is not altogether natural for one so young as that to indulge in this particular kind of a reverie concerning

departed loved ones. It is such a poem as we would most naturally expect to come from one considerably advanced in years.

53 7s.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

George W. Doane.

Author's title: "*Evening*;" from *Songs by the Way*, 1824. It is based on Psalm cxli. 2: "Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."

The writer used the first person singular in stanzas one and three. The hymn has been improved by omitting the last verse. We give it because it completes the hymn as published by the author:

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

54 L. M.

- A**T even, e'er the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.
- 4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

5 O Saviour Christ, thou too art Man; ;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide.

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
 No word from thee can fruitless fall;
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells.

"Evening" is the title which this hymn bears in the appendix to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868, for which it was written at the request of the author's friend, Sir Henry Baker, who thought there was a special need for an evening hymn in the collection which he was making. It is based on Mark i. 32, "At even when the sun did set they brought unto him all that were diseased," and Luke iv. 40: "Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them."

The first line of this hymn has been criticised in its form of statement, and has been published in an altered form, "When the sun was set," or, *When the sun did set*," being substituted for "e'er the sun was set." Those who made this criticism contended that inasmuch as it was unlawful among the Jews for a gathering of diseased persons to be held before the sun had gone down and the Sabbath had ended, the proposed change was necessary if the opening line of the hymn was to be accurate. Canon Twells, while allowing Prebendary Thring and others to make the proposed change for their use, yet defended his own form of expression as entirely consistent with both Mark and Luke. (See *The Literary Churchman* for June 9 and 23, 1882.) Two stanzas have been omitted:

And some are pressed with worldly care,
 And some are tried with sinful doubt;
 And some such grievous passions tear,
 That only thou canst cast them out.

And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free,
 And some have friends who give them pain
 Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

55 8s, 7s.

S AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing:
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn. in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

This hymn appears without title in *Sacred Lyrics*, by James Edmeston, London, 1820. It has not been changed. It is well adapted for private worship, and we need just such hymns, for the Hymnal is designed for home use as well as for public service.

56 7, 7, 7, 5.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
 With thy love's perpetual ray;
 Grant us every closing day
 Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
 When earth's brightness disappears;
 Grant us in our later years
 Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit be thou nigh
 When in mortal pains we lie;
 Grant us, as we come to die,
 Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessed Trinity,
 Darkness is not dark to thee;
 Those thou keepest always see
 Light at evening time.

Richard H. Robinson.

This was written in 1869 for the author's congregation in St. Paul's Church, Upper Norwood, England, and was designed to be sung after the third collect

at evening prayer. It appeared in the *Church Hymns*, published in 1871 by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. It is based on Zechariah xiv. 7: "But it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."

57 7, 7, 7, 7, 4.

DAY is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee!
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For thou art nigh.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee!
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high!

Mary A. Lathbury.

In his *Annotations*, 1893, Dr. Robinson says: "To a Chautauquan the vesper service seems incomplete without the singing of this beautiful hymn. It was written at the request of Bishop John H. Vincent in the summer of 1880, and it is frequently sung at the close of the day, when the vast company of graduates, students, and visitors are assembled for evening prayer."

The author has added two stanzas. They worthily complete the poem:

While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil thy face
Our hearts ascend.

When forever from thy sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise
And shadows end.

58 11, 11, 11, 5.

NOW GOD be with us, for the night is closing;

The light and darkness are of his disposing,
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us,

For he will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;

Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;

Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us.

All sick and mourners we to thee commend them,

Do thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
But thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us.

Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to thee through Jesus our salvation,

God, Three in One, the ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy casting,

Lord everlasting.

Petrus Herbert.

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth. Alt.

This hymn is said to have been written under "the pressure of persecution and oppression." Its first appearance was in a German hymn book in 1566 in five stanzas of seven lines each. The translation here given was first published in Miss Winkworth's *Choral Book for England*, 1863, and is reproduced in her *Christian Singers of Germany*, 1869. The third stanza above is made up of the first two lines of the third stanza and the second two lines of the fourth stanza as found in Miss Winkworth's *Christian Singers*, with some verbal alterations. To the original five stanzas, it seems, a poetic version of the Lord's Prayer and of the doxology was added as a sixth and seventh stanza, respectively. The Lord's Prayer is found in Miss Winkworth's translation, but is

omitted above, while the doxology given as the closing stanza above is not found in Miss Winkworth's translation.

59

6s, 5s.

- N**OW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky;
- 2 Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.
- 5 Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

"Evening" is the title. Dr. Julian says: "Written in 1865 and printed in the *Church Times* the same year. In 1868 it was given in the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and from that date it has gradually increased in popularity until its use has become common in all English-speaking countries."

The second and last stanzas, which have been omitted, are as follows:

- 2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.
- 8 Glory to the FATHER
Glory to the SON
And to Thee Blest SPIRIT
Whilst all ages run, Amen.

60

9s, 8s.

THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest,
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank thee that thy Church, unsleeping
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow forever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

John Ellerton.

Written in 1870 to be used as a "Liturgy for Missionary Meetings," after which it was revised and published in *Church Hymns*, 1871. An anonymous hymn in *Church Poetry*, 1855, has as its first line the identical words with which this hymn begins. The continuity of the sunlight, advancing ever forward with the revolving earth, is here used in an expressive and beautiful manner as a symbol of the continuity of spiritual worship and of evangelizing agencies that are always at work and moving forward in the world.

61

10s. 6l.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight
glows:

O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou
Eternal Light of light, be with us now:
Where thou art present, darkness cannot
be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with
thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our
guide;

Be thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst ap-
pear

Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when
storms assail,

And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold thee nigh
And hear thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

- 4 The weary world is moldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Christopher Wordsworth.

Title: "*Evening*." A hymn of real merit, especially adapted to close an evening service. It was written in 1863 and published in the author's *Holy Year*, third edition, 1863.

62

C. M. D.

- THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.
- 2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.
- 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.
- 4 Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter.

"*Evening*" is the title of this hymn in the enlarged edition of the author's *Legends and Lyrics*, published in 1862.

A very fine and poetic prayer-song, worthy of frequent use in evening worship. It well illustrates the truth that poetic figure is not incompatible with hymnic merit.

63

C. M.

- COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne!
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*For the Lord's Day*." Unaltered and entire from *Hymns for Children*, 1763. The preface to this booklet contained the following paragraph:

There are two ways of writing or speaking to children: the one is to let ourselves down to them; the other, to lift them up to us. Dr. Watts has written in the former way, and has succeeded admirably well, speaking to children as children and leaving them as he found them. The following hymns are written on the other plan: they contain strong and manly sense, yet expressed in such plain and easy language as even children may understand. But when they do understand them, they will be children no longer only in years and in stature.

History shows that this philosophy is erroneous. The man who would communicate with children must humble himself to the child's understanding. Dr. Watts's method was vastly successful. No man can estimate the influence of his *Divine Songs for Children* on generations of youth. The man who wrote for adults,

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,

wrote for little children:

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

The Wesleyan "plan" was a failure. The

only one of these hymns that has had a wide influence with children is the one beginning,

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,

and this was written in violation of the Wesleyan teaching. It is plain that John Wesley did not understand children.

64 S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The original of the third stanza, lines one and two, is:

One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been.

The third stanza appropriates very beautifully the thought of the Psalmist: "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." (Ps. lxxxiv. 10.)

65 C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

Harriet Auber.

This is based on Psalm cxxii: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," etc. Three lines have been altered.

In verse two, line two, the author wrote:

Where willing votaries throng.

Verse two, line four:

And pour the choral song.

Verse four, line three:

To spread with grateful zeal around.

The last stanza is practically a repetition of the first, and was made by some hymn editor.

From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, London, 1829.

66 S. M.

HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God:

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

5 Lord, may that holler day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

From the author's *Contemplations of the Saviour: A Series of Extracts from the Gospel History, with Reflections, and Original and Selected Hymns*, Boston, 1832, where it is appended to the author's reflection upon "The Walk through the Cornfields." The author was only twenty-two years old when he wrote this hymn. His father enjoys international fame as the architect of the national capitol at Washington.

67 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne with grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Hayward, in Dobell's Selection.

Title: "*Sabbath Morning*." Only one word has been changed. The author wrote the last line: "Nor Sabbaths be *indulg'd* in vain."

Dobell's *New Selection*, 1806, was a book of special value in its day. It contained many new hymns by various authors. Some of them are still in common use. "Hayward" is simply a name. Nothing is known of this author.

68 7s, 6s. D.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright:
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing "Holy, Holy, Holy,"
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.
Christopher Wordsworth.

"Sunday" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's volume titled *The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays and Holydays*, 1862, where it appears as the opening hymn. The fact that the author is a nephew of William Wordsworth, the poet, adds interest to this hymn. The two omitted stanzas are:

3 Thou art a port, protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden, intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain,
In life's dry, dreary sand,
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view the promised land.

4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where Angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to Heaven, our home.
A day of sweet reflection
Thou art, a day of love,
A day of Resurrection
From earth to things above.

7s. 6l.

69

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
May we feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

John Newton.

From *Oiney Hymns*, 1779. The author's title was "*Saturday Evening*." Several lines have been changed to adapt it to Sunday singing. One stanza, the second, has been omitted:

Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

70 L. M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett.

The original of this hymn contains four-teen stanzas, of which the above are the first, tenth, eleventh, and thirteenth. The author was pastor of a Seventh-Day Bap-

tist Church, but there is nothing in this hymn to render it inapplicable to the first day of the week. This hymn, along with many others, is found in the author's *Collected Works*, published in 1732, where it bears the title, "*On the Sabbath*."

71 L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing:
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*A Psalm for the Lord's Day*."

This precious old hymn, which has helped multitudes to worship God, is a metrical version of the first part of Psalm xcii. The third, fourth, and sixth stanzas have been left out:

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

The first couplet of the third stanza has been transposed and changed. Watts wrote:

*But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart.*

It is not otherwise altered. Date of publication, 1719.

72

7s, 6s. D.

THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain;
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all thy work undone;
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

3 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure:
In his dear presence finding
The pardon that we need;
And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed!

Ada C. Cross.

From the author's *Hymns on the Holy Communion*, 1866. This hymn is marked by great sweetness and purity of rhythm.

73

L. M.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell, shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "*The Eternal Sabbath*." Written to be sung at the close of a sermon preached June 2, 1736. Text: "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." (Heb. iv. 9.)

It is found in *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, by P. Doddridge; edited by Job Orton, 1755. In the last line of the first stanza the author wrote: "The songs which from the *Desert* rise." In the last line of the second stanza the original is: "With ardent *Pangs* of strong Desire." The third line of the third stanza originally read: "*Groans* to mingle with the Songs."

One stanza, the fifth, has been omitted:

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

The reason for this omission was that the Commission thought the Hymnal contained too frequent expression of a "desire to depart." It is all right for the worn-out veteran who has "fought a good fight," but the young and the vigorous should wish to stay and fight on.

74

7s.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel F. Smith.

This hymn was written in 1832, and was contributed by the author to the *Psalmist*, a Baptist collection, published in 1843. Two stanzas are omitted:

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

HYMNS TO THE TRINITY.

75

C. M.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright.

2 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky;

3 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

4 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

5 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain:
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earthborn man.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Trinity*, 1767. The original contains four eight-lined stanzas. These are half the first and all of the second and third. The thought of the last line is beautifully expressed by Edward Young in his *Night Thoughts*:

O how Omnipotence
Is lost in love! thou great Philanthropist,
Father of angels, but the *friend of man*.

In verse four, line four, the author wrote: "Our Maker, God, and King."

The third verse of the hymn is a grand one. The following omitted stanza is equally remarkable:

Ye seraphs nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us poor ransomed worms look down,
For heaven's superior praise.

The thought is beautiful, yet it is not new nor original with Wesley, that redeemed men can and ought to excel the angels in praise to God. This thought

also was suggested by a passage in the *Night Thoughts*, as will be seen at a glance by comparing the last line in the stanza just quoted with the last of the following four lines from Dr. Young:

This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vast appointments reach it not: they see
On earth a bounty not indulged on high,
And downward look for Heaven's superior
praise!

Charles Wesley, writing in July, 1754, says: "I began once more transcribing Young's *Night Thoughts*. No writings but the inspired are more useful to me."

Not only were these individual verses inspired by Dr. Young, but his *Hymns on the Trinity* were really suggested by a volume by Rev. William Jones, of the Established Church, titled *The Catholic Doctrine of a Trinity proved by above an hundred short & clear arguments, expressed in the terms of Holy Scripture*. It was first published in 1754, and in a new and enlarged edition in 1767. Following the order and using the Scriptures quoted in this book, Wesley wrote a hymn for each. That Wesley's phraseology was sometimes derived from this volume will be seen by comparing the first verse of the hymn above with the following sentence taken from the preface of Mr. Jones's book: "In the fourth and last chapter the passages of the Scripture have been laid together and made to *unite their beams in one common center, the Unity of the Trinity*."

76

11s, 10s.

ANCIENT of Days, who sittest throned in glory,
To thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blessed the wide world's wondrous story
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

- 2 O Holy Father, who hast led thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod, through weary
wastes bewildering,
To thee, in reverent love, our hearts are
bowed.
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Sav-
lour,
To thee we owe the peace that still pre-
vails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behav-
ior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy
gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives
increase;
From thee have flowed, as from a pleasant
river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown
our days;
Pray we that thou wilt hear us, still im-
ploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.
William C. Doane.

This was written in 1886. In reply to a letter inquiring as to the origin of this hymn, Bishop Doane replied as follows in a letter dated August 20, 1907:

The hymn to which you refer was written to be sung at the bicentenary of the charter of Albany as a city. Of course it was not exactly in its present shape then, but was somewhat changed in form when the committee decided to put it in our Church Hymnal. This is not a matter of very great importance, but gives you the facts about which you ask.

Bishop Doane has given us here a most valuable hymn to the Trinity, each of the three Persons of the Godhead being addressed in succeeding stanzas.

77 7s. 6l.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord
God of Hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored!
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command,
And, when thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Thee apostles, prophets thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee, the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Hallelulah! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead one, and persons three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth.

Title: "*Trinity Sunday.*" From the author's *Holy Year*. London, 1862. The original has eight stanzas; these are verses one, three, four, five, and eight, unaltered. This is a singable hymn that any congregation can use with joy and profit. It is based upon, and was no doubt inspired by, the *Te Deum*, one of the grandest anthems of the Christian Church.

78 11, 12, 12, 10.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt
be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide
thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory
may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside
thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in
 earth, and sky, and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Reginald Heber.

This hymn for "*Trinity Sunday*" was first published in 1826 in *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for the Parish Church of Banbury*, third edition. This was the year the author died, which sad event occurred in India, where he was missionary Bishop of Calcutta. The following year his widow gathered together all of the fifty-seven hymns which he had written and published them in a volume titled *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*.

Lord Tennyson once declared to Bishop Welldon that he regarded this hymn on the Holy Trinity as the finest hymn ever written. It is certainly one of the noblest and most majestic odes ever addressed to the Divine Being, and is in every way worthy of the author of the most popular missionary hymn ever written, "From Greenland's icy mountains." The tune to which it is commonly sung, and which is so well adapted to the words, is very appropriately named *Nicra*, after the first great ecumenical council of the Christian Church, at which the Bible doctrine of the Trinity was formulated. Tune and words unite to fill the soul of the devout worshiper with feelings of awe and a sense of the divine Presence. It is based on Revelation iv. 8: "And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Also Isaiah vi. 3: "And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory."

All of Heber's hymns, it is said, were written while he was rector at Hodnett (1807-12), and many of them were printed at the time in the *Christian Observer*, being signed with the initials "D. R.," which are the last letters of his name. Julian

says in his *Dictionary* that all of Heber's hymns are in common use in England and America, and, with very few exceptions, in the original form in which the author wrote them—which, considering that the author has been dead eighty years, is the highest tribute that can possibly be paid to the undying influence and popularity of this rarely gifted hymn-writer and saintly missionary bishop.

Some, though not all, will appreciate and indorse the words of W. Garrett Horder, who is one of the most judicious and discriminating of English hymnologists:

A hymn of great beauty and full of rich lyric feeling. Its only fault, in my judgment, is the too metaphysical line, "God in three Persons, blessed Trinity," due in all probability to the fact that it was written for Trinity Sunday. In hymns dogma should take on the softened form of poetry and be a pervading spirit, not a metaphysical declaration. Indeed the doctrine of the Trinity finds much more spiritual expression in Scripture than in the creeds of the Church of which, when he wrote this line, the good Bishop's mind was evidently full.

It may seem to the reader and student of hymnology that the selection of hymns here addressed to the Trinity is unaccountably small, being only four in number. This is due to the fact that several very valuable hymns, appropriate under this head, have been placed by the editors of the Hymnal under other heads to which they also properly belong. The reader should compare with the four hymns given above the following, which are addressed either in whole or in part to the Trinity—viz., those beginning, "Come, thou Almighty King" (No. 2), "Infinite God, to thee we raise" (No. 10), "Praise ye Jehovah" (No. 20), "Angel voices ever singing" (No. 27), "We lift our hearts to thee" (No. 45), "Now God be with us, for the night is closing" (No. 58), "Thou whose almighty word" (No. 629), and others. These, taken all together, make a noble volume of praise to the Triune God.

HYMNS TO THE FATHER

79

C. M.

- F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
 Their motions speak thy skill:
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms;
- 4 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe;
 We love and we adore:
 The first archangel never saw
 So much of God before.
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brighter shone,
 The justice or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains;
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts.

This hymn was first published in the first edition of *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1076, with the title, "*God Appears Most Glorious in Our Salvation by Christ.*" It appears in the second edition of *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1709, in nine stanzas, under the title, "*God Glorious, and Sinners Saved.*" Two inferior verses have been omitted, and a few verbal changes have been made.

Watts was fond of comparing and contrasting nature and redemption as modes of revealing the goodness and glory of God. Nature could manifest his attributes in part, but it was reserved for redemption to manifest all his attributes and especially his wisdom, holiness, and love. Here alone "the whole Deity is known."

(46)

80

L. M.

- G**OD is the name my soul adores,
 The almighty Three, the eternal One:
 Nature and grace, with all their powers,
 Confess the Infinite Unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
 Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
 But nothing like thyself appears
 Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
 From change to change the creatures run:
 Thy being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
 Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
 Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe:
 Thy ministers are living flame.
- 5 How shall polluted mortals dare
 To sing thy glory or thy grace?
 Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
 And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light?
 Who can approach consuming flame?
 None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
 None but thy word can speak thy name.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Creator and Creatures*" is the author's title in *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1706. Of the two omitted stanzas, one is:

- 2 From thy great Self thy Being springs;
 Thou art thine own Original,
 Made up of uncreated Things,
 And Self-sufficiency bears them all.

Watts wrote in the opening line "a name" instead of "the name;" in verse two, "bid" instead of "bade," "and planets" instead of "the planets;" in verse five, "affrighted" instead of "polluted," and "so far" instead of "afar." Verse four of the original is:

- A glance of thine runs through the *globes*,
 Rules the bright *world*, and moves their frame:
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,
Thy guards are formed of living flame.

81 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!
Isaac Watts.

Title: "*The Divine Perfections.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1709. It appears to be founded, in part at least, upon Psalm xcvi.: "The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice." A few verbal changes have been made in the last two stanzas.

This is Dr. Watts's favorite theme—the greatness and sovereignty of God. It is safe to say that on this topic no hymn writer, ancient or modern, has equaled him in loftiness of thought or grandeur of expression.

82 L. M.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver W. Holmes.

"*A Sun-day Hymn*" is the author's title for this exceptionally fine and majestic Christian lyric. It was written in 1848, but was not published until 1859. It closes the last chapter of "*The Professor at the Breakfast Table*" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1859, being preceded immediately by the following words:

And so my year's record is finished. Thanks to all those friends who from time to time have sent their messages of kindly recognition and fellow-feeling. Peace to all such as may have been vexed in spirit by any utterance the pages have repeated. They will doubtless forget for the moment the difference in the hues of truth we look at through our human prisms, and join in singing (inwardly) this hymn to the Source of the light we all need to lead us and the warmth which can make us all brothers.

To write two such hymns as this and the one beginning, "O Love divine, that stooped to share," is enough to give one immortality as a lyric poet and a high and permanent place in the history of hymnology. The author's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* was as much admired as the volume from which we have just quoted. On the occasion of his celebrating his eightieth birthday Whittier congratulated him in a beautiful poem containing these lines:

Long be it ere the table shall be set
For the last Breakfast of the Autocrat.
And Love repeat, with smiles and tears
thereat,
His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget:
Waiting with him the call to come up higher,
Life is not less, the heavens are only higher!

83

L. M.

- 0 LOVE of God, how strong and true,
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!
- 2 O heavenly Love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!
- 3 O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.
- 4 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
- 5 O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,
Forever safe, forever blest.

Horatius Bonar.

Author's title: "*The Love of God.*" A fine hymn upon a grand theme. It is found in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, second series, 1864, where it has ten stanzas. These are verses one, three, four, six, and ten, without verbal change.

The first part of the hymn calls attention to the love of God as seen in his works, the last part to the same truth as best seen in Christ. One of the omitted verses, the second, is not singable, but it is well worth quoting for its terse terms and forcible expression:

O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

84

L. M. D.

- THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

Joseph Addison.

This sublime composition is thought by many to be the best of Addison's hymns. It is the language of one who knows how to reason "from nature up to nature's God," and not only to reason, but to worship. It first appeared in 1712, at the end of an article in the *Spectator* on "*The Right Means to Strengthen Faith.*" It is based on Psalm xix. 1-6:

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The author precedes this hymn with the following remarks:

The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence in the formation of the heavens and the earth, and these are arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. . . . The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose in that exalted strain (Psalm xix). As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one.

And then comes this hymn. It is said to have been a favorite with Dr. Samuel Johnson. He used to repeat it with great delight.

Dr. Telford has an interesting note here:

Not long before his death John Wesley was talking with Adam Clarke about the origin of Methodism. He pointed out how "God raised up Mr. Addison and his associates to lash the prevailing vices and ridiculous and profane customs of the country, and to show the excellence of Christianity and Christian institutions. The *Spectators*, written with all the simplicity, elegance, and force of the English language, were everywhere read, and were the first instruments in the hands of God to check the mighty and growing profanity and call men back to religion and decency and common sense. Methodism, in the order of God, succeeded and revived and spread Scriptural and experimental Christianity over the nation. And now what hath God wrought!" That is perhaps the noblest tribute ever paid to Addison and Steele, who were, like Wesley, old Carthusians.

Addison's poetic version of the twenty-third Psalm, beginning, "The Lord my pasture shall prepare," is much admired, and is found in most collections.

85 8s, 7s. D.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
 May a mortal hush thy name?
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme:
 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For the wonders of creation,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought;
 For thy providence, that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessed be thy gentle reign!

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
 Thought is poor, and poor expression;
 Who can sing that wondrous song?
 Brightness of the Father's glory!
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe;
 Thou didst come to ransom sinners:
 Flow, my praise, forever flow!

Reascend, immortal Saviour;
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Thence return and reign forever;
 Be the kingdom all thine own!

Robert Robinson.

This majestic hymn appears in Rippon's *Selection*, 1787, in nine four-lined stanzas, each followed by a refrain, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen," which has been omitted above, as also the seventh stanza, which is as follows:

Did archangels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise.

86

C. M.

MY God, how wonderful thou art!
 Thy majesty how bright!
 How beautiful thy mercy seat
 In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord,
 By prostrate spirits day and night
 Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
 The sight of thee must be,
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
 And awful purity!

4 O how I fear thee, living God,
 With deepest, tenderest fears,
 And worship thee with trembling hope,
 And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
 Almighty as thou art;
 For thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
 No mother, half so mild,
 Bears and forbears as thou hast done
 With me, thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
 And gaze, and gaze on thee!

Frederick W. Faber.

"*The Eternal Father*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Jesus and Mary*; or, *Catholic Hymns for Singing and Reading*, 1849. In his *Hymns*, 1861, the title is changed to "*Our Heavenly Father*." Two stanzas are omitted:

- 6 Oh then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.
- 8 Only to sit and think of God,
Oh what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss!
- When Faber became a Roman Catholic, in 1846, he realized the need, he tells us, of intensely ardent and spiritual hymns which would be to Catholics what the hymns of Cowper, Newton, and Wesley were to evangelical Protestants. He therefore, making the hymns of these authors something of a guide and model, undertook to meet the need. His hymns abound in Mariolatry and other un-Protestant and, as we think, unchristian elements—well-nigh all of them have to be altered to adapt them to Protestant worship—but after they have had these objectionable elements eliminated, they make hymns which are not only acceptable to all Christians, but which are more than ordinarily admired and loved by many of the most devout and spiritual of evangelical believers.

87

C. M.

- 0 GOD, thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
- 2 I see thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.
- 3 I see thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.
- 4 I see thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God, yet not alone.
- 5 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.
- 6 O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

Frederick W. Faber.

Title, "*My Father*," from Faber's *Hymns*, 1861, where it contains thirteen stanzas. These are one, five, six, seven, eight, and thirteen, unaltered.

This is the author's favorite theme—*God*. He had a heart on fire with love and a genius for adequate and poetic expression.

88

8s, 7s.

- GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

From the author's *Hymns*, London, 1825, where it bears the title "*God Is Love*" and repeats the first stanza in closing. In the third line of the third stanza the author wrote "mist" instead of "gloom." Few hymns sing of God's wisdom and love so beautifully as this. We wonder how a Unitarian could sing so nobly of the wisdom and love of God, and yet fail to see that it took a *divine-human* Christ adequately to reveal this wisdom and love of the Heavenly Father.

89

C. M.

- BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace
And the performing God.
- 3 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

- 4 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*The Faithfulness of God.*" It is from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Nine stanzas. These are one, two, six, and eight. This hymn is not equal to the best of Watts's, yet it has some of the same characteristics. It is full of power and beauty. One word has been changed. Watts wrote, verse three, line one: "His very word of grace is strong."

90 L. M.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice:
From world to world the joy shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

- 2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.
- 4 Come, make your wants, your burdens
known;
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His message of love to bear.

- 5 O when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

Josiah Conder.

From the author's *The Star in the East; with Other Poems*, London, 1824. It is based on Revelation xix. 6: "Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The second, seventh, and eighth stanzas, omitted above, are:

- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?
- 7 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie:
This world of ours, and worlds unseen;
And thin the boundary between.

- 8 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall
ring.
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

91 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current:
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams.

The title of this hymn in *George Whitefield's Collection*, 1774, is: "*Christ a Sure Guide.*" One line, the third in verse three, has been changed. In the original it is: "Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction."

Few persons are aware that there ever was a fourth stanza; the hymn is perfect without it:

- 4 Musing on my Habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly Home,
Fills my Soul with Holy Longing,
Come, my Jesus, quickly come:
Vanity is all I see,
Lord I long to be with Thee!

Williams composed the hymn in the Welsh language. Rev. James King in *Anglican Hymnology* says: "In 1771 it was translated into English by the Rev. Peter Williams." It is a genuine heart song, and has been sung by unnumbered saints who now sing the "new song" above.

In this hymn the analogies to the history of Israel in the wilderness are very wonderful. They appear in each stanza and in almost every line.

92

10, 10, 11, 11.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-
fright,

Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will pro-
vide."

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are
fed;

From them let us learn to trust for our
bread:

His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be de-
nied,

So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will pro-
vide."

3 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
claim;

Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name:

In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will pro-
vide."

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us
through:

Not fearing or doubting with Christ on our
side,

We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will
provide." *John Newton.*

Written in February, 1775, and pub-
lished in the *Gospel Magazine* for Janu-
ary, 1777. Found also in the *Olney
Hymns*, 1779. Genesis xxii. 14 furnishes
the title and the refrain for this hymn—
"The Lord Will Provide." In the fourth
line of the first stanza the author wrote
"Scripture" instead of "promise;" and in-
stead of the second line of the third stan-
za as given above he wrote: "Yet since we
have known the Saviour's great name."
Four stanzas have been omitted:

We all may, like ships, By tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps, But can not be lost;
Though Satan enrages The wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages, The Lord will provide.

His call we obey, Like Abraham of old:
We know not the way, But faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, We have a sure
guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will pro-
vide.

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;

He cannot take from us, though oft he has
tried,
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will
provide."

He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we n'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our spirits have
ply'd,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will
provide."

This hymn was a great favorite with
Methodists a generation ago, but it is now
rarely sung.

93

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

TO God on high be thanks and praise
For mercy ceasing never,

Whereby no foe a hand can raise,
Nor harm can reach us ever.

With joy to him our hearts ascend,
The source of peace that knows no end,
A peace that none can sever.

2 The honors paid thy holy name
To hear thou ever deignest!

Thou God the Father, still the same
Unshaken ever reignest.

Unmeasured stands thy glorious might;
Thy thoughts, thy deeds, outstrip the light,
Our heaven thou, Lord, remainest.

Nicolaus Decius.

Tr. by Robert C. Singleton.

"Gloria in Excelsis." It is based upon
the song of the angels (Luke ii. 14):
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will toward men." It was af-
terwards expanded into an elaborate chant
of praise. It is found in the Greek as
early as the fifth century, and in the Lat-
in in the eighth.

The translation of Nicolaus Decius into
German consists of four seven-lined stan-
zas. Several translations have been made
from German into English. One by Miss
Winkworth begins:

All glory be to God on high
Who hath our race befriended.

In the earlier editions of the Hymnal
this translation was attributed to Miss
Winkworth in error. It is a part of a
translation made by Robert C. Singleton,
and was first published in the *Anglican
Hymn Book*, 1868.

94 S. M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts

This hymn on the "*Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the Midst of Judgment,*" is based on Psalm ciii. 8-18:

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgression from us.

From the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719.

Two stanzas, the second and sixth, are omitted:

2 God will not always chide.
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.

6 He knows we are but dust
Scattered by every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

95 L. M.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Walter Scott.

This is a part of the hymn with which the imprisoned Rebecca concludes her evening devotions. From the author's romance, *Ivanhoe*, 1820. The original consists of four eight-lined stanzas. This hymn is composed of the first and third. Two lines have been slightly changed. In verse four, line one, the author wrote: "But present still, though now unseen;" and in verse four, line one: "And oh, when stoops on Judah's path."

The Scripture reference in the first part of the hymn is to Exodus xiii. 21: "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night."

96 C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

This hymn was first published in John Newton's *Twenty Six Letters on Religious Subjects; to which are added Hymns, &c., by Omicron*, London, 1774. "*Light Shining Out of Darkness*" is the title which it bears. It was also published the same year in the *Gospel Magazine* for July, 1774. It is found in the *Olney Collection*, 1779, which is composed entirely of the hymns of Newton and Cowper.

In the earliest form of this hymn, found in a recently discovered Cowper manuscript, the last line of verse five reads: "But wait to smell the flower."

Cowper's hymns are best understood when studied in the light of his peculiar life experiences. He suffered with occasional attacks of insanity which kept him in a state of mental and moral despondency and sometimes necessitated his being confined in an asylum. He was a deeply religious soul. He lived for several years at Olney, during which time he was a constant attendant upon the services of the Church of which John Newton was pastor and for which, at Newton's request, most of his hymns were written.

Writing of his friend and coworker, Newton tells us, "it was impressed upon his disturbed imagination that it was the will of God that he should, after the example of Abraham, perform an expensive act of obedience and offer not a son, but himself." He attempted suicide several times, the most notable instance being in October, 1773. There has long existed a widely accepted tradition that this hymn was written at this juncture in his life. In July-September, 1905, an English periodical titled *Notes and Queries* printed

some hitherto unpublished letters from Cowper and Newton contained in a recently discovered manuscript of great value to hymnologists because of the light it throws upon the date of this and three other hymns by Cowper. The dates given in this manuscript seem to furnish conclusive evidence that this hymn was written not later than August, 1773. We must give up, therefore, the popular and frequently published tradition which states that it was written in October, 1773, immediately after an attempt to drown himself in the river Ouse had been frustrated. However, the fact that the hymn was written in the twilight of departing reason still renders it, as James Montgomery has said, "awfully interesting." Greethead, in his *Memoirs* of the poet, says that Cowper "conceived some presentiment of the attack of 1773 as it drew near, and during a solitary walk in the fields composed that hymn of the Olney collection beginning, 'God moves in a mysterious way.'"

About this time Cowper wrote of himself: "I have never met, either in books or in conversation, with an experience at all similar to mine. More than a twelve-month has passed since I began to hope that, having walked the whole breadth of the bottom of the Red Sea, I was beginning to climb the opposite shore, and I proposed to sing the Song of Moses. But I have been disappointed." Yet he can still add, speaking to the Saviour: "I love thee, even now, more than many who see thee daily." "It was such agonies as these," observes Duffield, "which have given Cowper's hymns their marvelous hold upon the heart."

James T. Fields has said that to be the author of such a hymn as this is an achievement that angels themselves might envy. The objections of some critics to the rhyme and the figure contained in the fifth stanza are hypercritical. The rhyme is allowable, and the figure of the bitter-tasting bud and the sweet-smelling flower

is not only true to nature, but admirably adapted to expressing, in fine poetic sentiment, the thought in the mind of the poet: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." A great artist said he never permitted "bairns and fools" to look at his paintings until finished. Only artists or wise men might see them when only half finished. The wisest and best alone are capable of pronouncing judgment upon God's unfinished providences.

Many a soul plunged into doubt and gloom by trying and inexplicable experiences has been brought back to faith and light and love again by singing this hymn. It is a profound, tender, and beautiful song of trust, and is perhaps the most popular and useful hymn ever written on the deep mysteries of providence.

97 L. M.

- G**OD is our refuge and defense;
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?
- 2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock:
They look beyond this transient world.
- 3 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.
- 4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

James Montgomery.

The first four verses of an excellent paraphrase of Psalm xlv. in *Songs of Zion*, 1822. It is interesting to compare the metrical version with the authorized text:

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah. There is a river, the streams whereof shall

make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.

Songs of Zion was Montgomery's first book of hymns. In the preface he wrote: "If it shall be found that he had added a little to the small national stock of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs in which piety speaks the language of poetry and poetry the language of inspiration, he trusts that he will be humbly contented and unfeignedly thankful."

His modest ambition has been abundantly rewarded. The name of James Montgomery, the Christian poet and hymnist, will long be known and cherished.

98

8s, 7s.

- T**HERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

"Come to Jesus" is the title which this immensely popular lyric bears in the author's *Hymns*, 1862. The original has thirteen stanzas; we have here the fourth, sixth, eighth, and thirteenth. It is the most popular and frequently sung of all Faber's hymns. Its phraseology happily fits and voices forth the theology of the modern Christian worshiper. To compare God's great love to "the wideness of the sea" is not only a fine poetical metaphor, but the expression of a truth that needs to be emphasized in songs as well as sermons in our day.

Few modern hymn-writers have sung so musically and passionately of the length and breadth and height and depth of God's love as Faber. Compare verse four above with the stanza beginning, "No earthly father loves like thee" (No. 86), and other similar sentiments found in his hymns, and one is forcibly reminded of the ardent love hymns which Bernard of Clairvaux addressed to Christ. (See Nos. 289 and 533.) These sentiments also find a parallel in the following remarkable lines, written in 1779 by a partially insane man living at Cirencester, England:

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
 Were the whole earth of parchment made,
 Were every single stick a quill,
 Were every man a scribe by trade;
 To write the love of God alone,
 Would drain the ocean dry,
 Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
 Though stretched from sky to sky.

99

C. M.

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
 The winds obey his will;
 He speaks, and in his heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.

- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar;
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
 And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
 Without his high behest,
 Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
 In distant peals it dies;
 He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
 And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
 And bid the choral song ascend
 To celebrate our God.

H. Kirke White.

Title: "*The Eternal Monarch.*"

This is a genuine poem. It was first published by the Rev. William Bengo Collyer, D.D., in *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*, London, 1812. Slight changes have been made in two lines.

ORIGINAL.

Verse one, line one:

The Lord our God is full of might.

Verse three, line one:

Howl, winds of night, your force combine.

100

S. M.

HOW gentle God's commands!
 How kind his precepts are!
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.

- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
 His saints securely dwell;
 That hand which bears all nature up
 Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind?
 Haste to your Heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day:
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

"*God's Care a Remedy for Ours*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, London, 1755. It is based on 1 Peter v. 7: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." In the first and second lines of the second stanza the author wrote:

*While Providence supports
 Let saints securely dwell.*

In the second line of the fourth verse he wrote: "*Down to the present day.*"

The beginning of this hymn is exceedingly happy, while the last two lines make a poetic gem of rare value and beauty both in language and in thought.

101

P. M.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing:
 Our helper he, amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.
- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.
- 4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther. Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge.

Heinrich Heine, a celebrated German lyric poet and critic, called this hymn the "Marsellaise of the Reformation." He said:

A battle hymn was this defiant song, with which he and his comrades entered Worms (April 16, 1521). The old cathedral trembled at these new notes, and the ravens were startled in their hidden nests in the towers. This hymn, the Marsellaise of the Reformation, has preserved its potent spell even to our days, and we may yet use again the old milled words.

From the German, "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*"

It first appears in print, so far as we know, in a German hymn book published at Wittenberg in 1529, under the title, "*Der XXXVI Psalm. Deus noster refugium et virtus.*"

This rugged hymn, set to equally rugged music, spread over all the land and became the national hymn of Protestant Germany. It was used daily by Luther and his associates. Gustavus Adolphus

caused it to be sung by his whole army before the battle of Leipzig, September 17, 1631. It is the battle hymn of Protestantism, and should be used by us more frequently. It has been translated by many writers with varying degrees of success.

Coleridge said that Luther "did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as he did by his translation of the Bible." The reference which D'Aubigné makes to this hymn in his *History of the Reformation* is well worth quoting:

Luther, full of faith, revived the courage of his friends by composing and singing with his fine voice that beautiful hymn, since become so famous, "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" Never did soul that knew its own weakness, but which, looking to God, despised every fear, find such noble accents. This hymn was sung during the Diet not only at Augsburg, but in all the churches of Saxony, and its energetic strains often revived and inspirited the most dejected hearts.

Dr. Julian names sixty-three translations of this hymn into English, designating the following by Thomas Carlyle as "the most faithful and forcible of all the English versions:"

- 1 A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.
- 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we downriden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.
- 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,

He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

- 4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all;
The city of God remaineth.

102

C. M.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!

Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison.

This hymn first appeared in the *Spectator* for September 20, 1712, in connection with an article on "Greatness," with special reference to the greatness and impressiveness of the ocean. It is accompanied by the statement that it was "made by a gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels," and hence it is commonly called "*The Traveler's Hymn.*" In the author's travels in the year 1700 he encountered dangers by land and by sea, as well as Roman pestilence and Alpine glacier. He was caught in a violent storm off the coast of Italy in December, 1700, and all was

given up for lost. While the captain of the vessel in despair of life was confessing his sins to a Capuchin friar on board, the English traveler was undergoing an experience that was to find pious expression in this magnificent hymn of trust and thanksgiving for preservation. It takes a deep and trying experience to break up the fountains of the human heart and prepare one to produce a hymn so full of the spirit of true devotion. The sweetest and noblest hymns, as indeed most of that which is best in all poesy, have been wrung out of the human heart by severe trials of some kind. There would be very little of real value in hymnology if none of God's children were called upon to pass through the deep waters and "under the rod." This hymn originally had ten stanzas. The omitted stanzas are the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth of the original, and are as follows:

- 3 Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.
- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou sawest the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!
- 5 Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 6 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
While in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

Addison's devout meditation on death, beginning, "When rising from the bed of death," is worthy to be studied along with this hymn, and also the hymn beginning, "When all thy mercies, O my God" (No. 105).

103

7s.

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

- 2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress;
Keep our souls in perfect peace.
- 3 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.
- 4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "At Going on Shipboard." It is unaltered and entire as found in the writer's manuscripts at the Theological Library at Richmond, England. The hymn emphasizes the important thought of the keeping power of God.

104 11s.

- THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leaeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

This much-admired metrical version of

the twenty-third Psalm is found in the author's *Songs of Zion, being Imitations of Psalms*, 1822.

105 C. M.

- WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 7 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

This favorite hymn contains, in all, thirteen stanzas. The whole poem is found in the *Spectator*, No. 453, in which it was first published in 1712. It appears in connection with an article containing the following sentiment, which makes a fitting preface to this truly great hymn on gratitude:

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Any blessing we enjoy, by what means soever derived, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good and the Father of mercies.

As the verses left out are equally as good as those retained, we quote them in full. Indeed, to appreciate the hymn for

its real worth, it should be read without abbreviation or alteration from the original.

3 Thy providence my life sustained,

And all my wants redressed,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries

Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumbered comforts on my soul

Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou

With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss

Hast made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hast doubled all my store.

12 When nature fails, and day and night

Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.

Some doubt has recently been expressed by hymnologists whether Addison were the author of this hymn. It will be seen that he does not expressly claim it. To do so was contrary to his habit. The claims of others have not been substantiated. All of this author's hymns were published in connection with his prose writings. He was practically the inventor of the English essay.

Christian biography furnishes many instances of the influence of this hymn upon religious experience and life. One of the most striking is the following:

Josiah Quincy, formerly President of Harvard College, lived to be ninety-two years of age. He had kept a journal for many years. He was accustomed to sit in the morning in a large chair with a broad arm to it, which served as a desk upon which he wrote his diary. July 1, 1864, he sat down in his chair as usual. His daughter brought his journal. He at first declined to undertake his wonted task, but his daughter urged him not to abandon it. He took the book and wrote the first verse of that grateful hymn of Addison:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported by the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

The weary head dropped upon the bosom. The volume was ended. The aged pilgrim's course was finished.

106 10, 10, 11, 11.

0 WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space;

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,

And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,

And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender; how firm to the end!

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Robert Grant.

This noble and much-admired metrical version of Psalm civ. appeared in Bickersteth's *Church Psalmody*, 1833. The author died in 1838, and the following year his eleven hymns and other poems were collected and published by his brother, Lord Glenelg, under the title, *Sacred Poems*, 1839, in which volume this hymn is found. The third and sixth stanzas of the original, omitted above, are here given:

The earth, with its stores of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

O measureless might, ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humble creation, though feeble their lays
With true adoration shall lisps to Thy praise.

HYMNS TO THE SON.

107 C. M.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*" It is a free rendering of the last part of Psalm xcviil.:

Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Published in 1719, this glad Christmas song has found its way into many collections of hymns. It is a general favorite. As given here it is entire, and we find no changes except in verse three, line one, where the original has "sins and sorrows."

This hymn is full of faith and Christian hope. The joy of the advent of Christ is a "joy unspeakable." No man can tell it, but this hymn comes as near giving adequate expression to that joy as can be done by human language.

Few hymns ever written have been sung

to tunes so popular and so well adapted to the words as "*Antioch*" is to this happy and joyful advent song.

108 C. M.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "*Christ's Message.*" This is generally regarded as Dr. Doddridge's masterpiece. It was written to be sung at the close of a Christmas sermon preached December 28, 1735. The text of the sermon, and of the hymn as well, is Luke iv. 18, 19:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

Its first appearance in print, so far as known, was in the *Translations and Paraphrases* of the Church of Scotland, published in 1745. It is also found in the author's *Hymns*, 1755. In the first manuscript copy of the hymn (which is still

preserved in the Rooker Collection) line one of the third stanza has "the thick" instead of "thickest," and line three has "the eye-balls of the blind" instead of "the eyes oppressed with night." In the fourth stanza, line two, the author wrote "bleeding" instead of "wounded." The second and sixth stanzas of the original, omitted above, are:

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

6 His silver trumpets publish loud
The Jub'lee of the Lord;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored.

"The finest of all Doddridge's hymns," says Horder, "one of the noblest hymns ever written, alike as to style and substance. There is a mingling of boldness and tenderness, a suitability and melody in its style, that stamp it as a masterpiece."

109

8s, 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!"

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

John Cawood.

Title: "For Christmas Day." Several slight verbal changes have been made since the hymn was first published. The author wrote verse one as follows:

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly *warbling* in the skies?
Sure the angelic host rejoices;
Loudest hallelujahs rise.

In verse four he wrote in line two, "Heaven and earth his *glory* sing;" and in line three: "*Glad* receive whom God appointed."

Each stanza in the original was followed by a "Hallelujah." These changes were without doubt made by Dr. Thomas Cotterill for his *Sheffield Collection*, 1819.

Lyra Britannica gives an additional stanza:

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

110

C. M. D.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world hath suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,

When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

"Peace on Earth" is the title of this hymn, which first appeared in the *Christian Register*, of Boston, in December, 1850, though it had been sent to Dr. Morrison, the editor, a year before this, in December, 1849. "I was very much delighted with it," writes Dr. Morrison, "and before it came out in the *Register* I read it at a Christmas celebration of Dr. Lunt's Sunday school in Quincy. I always feel that, however poor my Christmas sermon may be, the reading and singing of this hymn are enough to make up for all deficiencies."

111 7s. D.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Velled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head;
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:

Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Hymn for Christmas Day.*" It has ten stanzas in all, and is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The first couplet has been changed. Wesley wrote:

Hark how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings.

The change was made by the Rev. Martin Madan in 1760, and was adopted by John Wesley in some of his collections.

At the session of the Joint Commission held at Plymouth, Mass., Bishop Hoss, in speaking of changes of text, made this striking remark: "The professional hymn-tinker is an odious creature." That is true, yet some changes are for the better. Here is a case where the hymn-mender has improved Charles Wesley.

The original of verse four, line five, is: "Adam's likeness, Lord, efface." Who is responsible for the weakening of that line is more than this writer can tell.

This is the first and only hymn by Charles Wesley that was ever included in the English *Book of Common Prayer*. Of this hymn Dr. Julian says:

This hymn is found in a greater number of hymn books, both old and new, than any other of C. Wesley's compositions; and amongst English hymns it is equaled in popularity only by Toplady's "Rock of Ages" and Bishop Ken's morning and evening hymns, and is excelled by none.

112 6, 6, 6, 6, 12, 12.

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful
sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

2 There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire while the beautiful
sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

3 In the light of that star
 Lie the ages impeared;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept over the world.
 Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful
 sing
 In the homes of the nations that Jesus is
 King!

4 We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.
 Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they
 bring,
 And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and
 King!

Jostah G. Holland.

From the author's *Complete Poetical Writings*, New York, 1879, where it bears the title "*A Christmas Carol*." There are few things that have come from the pen of this gifted and versatile author that bear the marks of poetic genius in a higher degree than this bright and beautiful Christmas song.

This is, we believe, the first use of this carol in any large Church hymnal.

113 8c., 7s. 6l.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the newborn King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing;
 Yonder shines the infant light:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the newborn King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great Desire of nations;
 Ye have seen his natal star:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the newborn King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In his temple shall appear:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the newborn King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you, break your chains:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the newborn King.
James Montgomery.

Title: "*Christmas*." Unaltered and entire. It was contributed to Thomas Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819.

This cannot be called a hymn except by courtesy. It is a Christmas song, a dignified call to "worship Christ." A hymn is "An ode or song of praise." (Webster.) This poem is an exhortation to "angels," "shepherds," "sages," "saints," and "sinners" to come and worship Christ, "the newborn King." It may properly be called a spiritual song, a term of wide significance, a song very appropriate for the Christmas season.

114 11s, 10s.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shin-
 ing;
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the
 stall;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor se-
 cure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
 aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Reginald Heber.

"*Star of the East*" is the title of this hymn, which was first published in the *Christian Observer*, November, 1811. It is also found in the author's *Hymns*, 1827. "Few hymns of merit," says Dr. Julian, "have troubled compilers more than this. Some have held that its use involved the worshiping of a star, while others have been offended with its meter as being too suggestive of a solemn dance. . . . It has, however, become one of the most widely used of the Bishop's hymns." If to write thus of the "Star of the East" is to worship a star, then to sing Bishop Phillips Brooks's beautiful hymn beginning, "O little town of Bethlehem," would involve the worship of a town! Of course to address thus inanimate things made sacred by their association with Christ is but another way of worshiping him whose presence made everything he touched seem sacred.

115 C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

- 2 "Fear not!" said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

Tate and Brady.

This Christmas carol did not appear in

the first edition of the *New Version of the Psalms*, 1696, but in a supplement published later. It is supposed to have been written by Nahum Tate, who was appointed Poet Laureate in 1690. It is a metrical rendering of the story given in Luke ii., verses 8-14.

116 8s, 7s.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord*, 1744. It seems to be based on Haggai ii. 7: "The Desire of all nations shall come." It is one of Charles Wesley's finest hymns.

117 P. M.

IN the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground;
And glimmering under the starlight,
The sheep lay white around;
When the light of the Lord streamed o'er
them,
And lo! from the heaven above,
An angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love.
He sang, that first sweet Christmas,
The song that shall never cease,
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace."

- 2 "To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day!"
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flashed forth to join the lay.
O never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men,
And the heavens themselves had never
heard
A gladder choir till then.

For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease,
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace."

- 3 And the shepherds came to the manger,
And gazed on the Holy Child;
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The virgin mother smiled;
And the sky in the starlit silence,
Seemed full of the angel lay:
"To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day!"
O they sang, and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease.
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good will and peace."
Frederick W. Farrar.

The reader of this Christmas carol will find a poetic beauty in nearly every line. So many Christmas songs have been written that nothing less than genius could produce something both new and good. It was published in 1890 in New York by Thomas Whittaker in connection with *Truths to Live By*. We have here the author's text unaltered and entire.

118 5, 6, 8, 5, 5, 8.

FAIREST Lord Jesus!
Ruler of all nature!
O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thee, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.
From the German.

In the *Münster Hymn Book*, 1677, the German original of this hymn appeared as the first of "three beautiful selected new hymns." It begins, "*Schönster Herr Jesu*," and has five stanzas. In a volume titled *Heart Melodies*, London (without

date), it is designated as "Crusader's Hymn of the 12th Century. This air and hymn used to be sung by the German pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem." For these statements there does not, in the judgment of Dr. Julian, appear to be any authority, as he has been unable to trace the air referred to farther back than 1842 or the words to an earlier date than 1677. The translation above given was published by R. S. Willis (a brother of the poet N. P. Willis) in his *Church Chorals*, 1850. This led to the translation's being accredited to Mr. Willis, but he disclaimed the authorship himself and declared that he did not know the author and did not remember where he obtained the translation.

119 11s, 12s.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

- 1 Zion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth!
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
- 2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

William A. Muhlenburg.

Written at the special request of Bishop Hobart for the popular tune "*Avison*." It first appeared in *Hymns of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, 1826. It is unaltered and complete.

"This is distinctly a Christmas hymn," says Dr. Bodine, "which can never lose

either popularity or power. Its language is that of faith and hope and most buoyant cheer."

120 8s, 6s. D.

LONG years ago o'er Bethlehem's hills
Was seen a wondrous thing;
As shepherds watched their sleeping flocks,
They heard the angels sing.
The anthem rolled among the clouds
When earth was hushed and still;
Its notes proclaimed sweet peace on earth,
To all mankind good will.
"Glory to God in the highest,"
The angels' song resounds,
"Glory to God in the highest!"

2 That song is sung by rich and poor,
Where'er the Christ is known;
'Tis sung in words, and sung in deeds,
Which bind all hearts in one.
Angels are still the choristers,
But we the shepherds are,
To bear the message which they bring,
To those both near and far.
"Glory to God in the highest,"
The angels' song resounds,
"Glory to God in the highest!"

Leigh R. Brewer.

The author of this hymn is the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Montana. He writes as follows on November 15, 1907, concerning the origin of the hymn:

I wrote that hymn or Christmas carol—which I called "*The Angels' Song*"—just before Christmas in 1892. I had just received from a dear friend a gift of five thousand dollars for my missionary work in Montana; and I wrote this as a Christmas greeting and remembrance. The last verse of the original, which does not appear in the hymn as here published, expressed my gratitude and was as follows:

"God bless all those who help to give
From burdens a release!
God send his blessings on their homes
And fill their lives with peace!"

Meeting Mr. C. Whitney Coombs some time after that, he asked for the carol that he might set it to music. I gave it to him, and he made two settings for it in music, one as a solo and the other as a quartet, and published it. The next year I asked him to set it to music that could be sung by Sunday school children. He did so, and I had it published in leaflet form and had it sung in all our Sunday schools at their Christmas fes-

tival. I then wrote a chorus for it which Mr. Coombs used nearly as I wrote it. The chorus was as follows:

"Glory to God! in highest heavens
The angels' song resounds.
Glory to God! in answering strains
From earth's remotest bounds."

In the first edition of the Methodist Hymnal this hymn was erroneously attributed to C. Whitney Coombs, growing out of the fact that he was the first composer who set it to music.

121 8s, 6s. D. Irregular.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

Phillips Brooks.

This fine Christmas carol was first used at a Sunday school service in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, in 1868, when Phillips Brooks was its rector. Mr. Lewis H. Redner, the organist of the Church, wrote the music for the occasion. As originally printed one stanza is here omitted, the fourth:

Where children, pure and happy,
Pray to the Blessed Child;
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where charity stands watching,
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

Bishop Brooks wrote other hymns more valuable than this, but they are not so well known. For example, we will name "The Voice of the Christ-Child" and "Easter Angels." These are not ordinary poems, but majestic songs, marked with originality both of thought and expression. They are natural and unpretentious, but, like the man who wrote them, strong and sweet.

122 P. M.

THOU didst leave thy throne and thy king-ly crown,
When thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches ring, and her choirs shall sing
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee."

And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.
Emily E. S. Elliott.

This hymn was first privately printed in 1864 for the choir and schools of St. Mark's, Brighton, England, and in 1870 it was published in the *Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor*, of which the author was editor for six years. It also appears in her *Chimes of Consecration and Faith*, 1873. She was much interested in home mission work. She was a niece of Charlotte Elliott, author of "Just as I am."

123 P. M.

SILENT night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon virgin mother and Child:
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia.
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3 Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

Joseph Mohr.

Title: "Christmas." From the German, "Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!"

This carol was written for a Christmas service in 1818. The question naturally arises, Who translated it into English? And the answer is not at hand. It is found in C. L. Hutchins's *Sunday School Hymnal*, 1871, where it is published anonymously. It also appears in *The Epworth Hymnal*, No. 2, with this author's name.

124 L. M.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It is my guide, my light, my all;
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through life's storm and danger's
thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.
- 4 Thus, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

H. Kirke White.

This poem on "*The Star of Bethlehem*" was first published in 1812 in a collection of hymns prepared by Dr. W. B. Collyer, titled *A Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns*. The author had died six years before in his twenty-second year, while he was a student at Cambridge University, preparing to enter the Christian ministry. He had already given such unusual evidence of poetic genius as to attract the attention of the literary world. Southey wrote a memoir of him, and Lord Byron composed some beautiful lines on the occasion of his death.

The third and fourth stanzas of the original, omitted above, are:

- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

In the third stanza above "was" has been changed to "is," and "bade" to "bids," "the storm" to "life's storm," "led" to "leads;" and in verse four, "Now" to "Thus."

When only seventeen years old the author published a volume titled *Clifton Grove and Other Poems*, which was considered a remarkable production for one so young. At this time he was skeptical in

religion, but through the perusal of Scott's *Force of Truth* and the personal influence of a dear friend he became a devout and earnest believer in Christ. The above hymn was written to describe his religious experience and to commemorate his conversion, with special reference to the spiritual skepticism that had marked his unregenerate state and turned his life into a "raging sea," on which his foundering bark was tossed in the darkened night, when suddenly the "Star of Bethlehem" arose, guiding him to the "port of peace."

125

11s.

- O COME, all ye faithful, triumphantly sing!
Come, see in the manger the angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.
- 2 True Son of the Father, he comes from the skies;
The womb of the Virgin he doth not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.
- 3 O hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest, all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord,
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.
- 4 To thee, then, O Jesus, this day of thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word!
O hasten! O hasten! to worship the Lord.
From the Latin. Tr. by Edward Caswall.

Title: "*Adeste Fideles*." The author of the Latin hymn is unknown. This translation was made for the *Lyra Catholica*, 1848. The translator's title was "*Hymn for Christmas Day*."

126

C. M.

- WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!
- 2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung:
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

Edward Denny.

"The Forgiving One" is the author's title to this hymn in his *Selection of Hymns*, 1839, and also in his *Hymns and Poems*, 1848. It is based on Psalm xlv. 2, "Grace is poured into thy lips," in so far as these words of the Psalmist find their perfect exemplification in the life and character of Christ. Sir Edward Denny, who was a wealthy landlord, owning an estate in County Kerry, Ireland, was lenient and considerate toward his tenants and enjoyed their respect and love. A devout and useful servant of Christ in private, he rarely ever took part in any public exercises.

127

L. M.

- HOW beautiful were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!
- 2 O who like thee, so mild, so bright,
Thou Son of man, thou Light of Light?
O who like thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?
- 3 O who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?
- 4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy lifeblood flowed.
- 5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee,
And learn of thee, the lowly One,
And like thee, all my journey run.

A. Cleveland Coxe.

Title: "Hymn to the Redeemer." The

original has seven eight-line stanzas. Slight changes have been made in three lines. In verse one, line four, the author wrote, "In wondrous love, oh *Lamb* of God;" in verse two, line one, "Oh! who like Thee, so *ca'm*, so bright;" and in verse three, line three, "So meek, *forgiving*, *God-like*, high."

These changes of the text, in our judgment, are not improvements.

From the first edition of *Christian Ballads*, New York, 1840.

128

C. M.

- WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.
- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
- 4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.
- 5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

John G. Whittier.

"Our Master" is the author's title to the beautiful poem of thirty-eight stanzas from which this hymn is taken, being composed of the fifth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth stanzas of the original. It first appeared in the author's volume titled *The Panorama and Other Poems*, 1856. The first two stanzas of the original poem make, in our judgment, a much finer beginning for a hymn than the above, and it is to be regretted that they were not used:

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth love.

Whittier is the most religious of all our American poets and the most frequently quoted in the pulpit. The secret of his popularity among believers of all names and creeds is found in the poem from which this hymn is taken.

There is a town in California named after the poet—"Whittier." Not long before the author died a Protestant Episcopal Church was dedicated in this beautifully located town, and on that occasion he wrote to some friends in this Church a letter, thoroughly characteristic of his own simple faith and large-hearted religion. The letter contained the following noble Christian sentiments:

I see the good in all denominations, and hope that all will be represented in the settlement; . . . diligent in business and serving the Lord, not wasting strength and vitality in spasmodic emotions, not relying on creed and dogma, but upon faithful obedience to the voice of God in the soul. I see your town is spoken of as an orthodox Quaker colony. I hope there will be no sectarian fence about 'Whittier,' but that good men, irrespective of their creeds, will find a home there. Nothing would be worse for it than to have the idea get abroad that anything like intolerance and self-righteousness was its foundation. I am gratified to know that the people of the town which bears my name will remember me on my birthday. I watch its growth with great interest. It has the reputation among all who have seen it that it occupies one of the loveliest sites in California, and that in a moral and religious and educational point of view it need

Fear not the skeptic's puny hand
While near the school the church will stand;
Nor fear the blinded bigot's rule
While near the church shall stand the school.

"I am really not a hymn-writer," said Whittier of himself, "for the good reason that I know nothing of music. Only a very few of my poems were written for singing. A good hymn is the best use to

which poetry can be devoted, but I do not claim that I have succeeded in composing one." But there are many others who make this claim for him.

129

C. M.

THE chosen three, on mountain height,
While Jesus bowed in prayer,
Beheld his vesture glow with light,
His face shine wondrous fair.

2 And lo! with the transfigured Lord,
Leader and seer they saw;
With Carmel's hoary prophet stood
The giver of the law.

3 From the low-bending cloud above,
Whence radiant brightness shone,
Spake out the Father's voice of love,
"Hear my beloved Son!"

4 Lord, lead us to the mountain height;
To prayer's transfiguring glow;
And clothe us with the Spirit's might
For grander work below.

David H. Ela.

Written at the request of the committee that revised the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1878, and first published in that excellent book. The first three stanzas give a fine description of the transfiguration. The last verse is a very appropriate prayer for the Christian worker.

130

8s, 7s. D.

FRIEND of sinners! Lord of Glory!
Lowly, Mighty!—Brother, King!—
Musing o'er thy wondrous story,
Grateful we thy praises sing:
Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
In whom power and pity blend—
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinners' Friend.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!—
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find:—
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end—
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in heaven, the sinners' Friend!

3 O to love and serve thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
Be each thought conformed to thee:

Looking for thy bright appearing,
 May our spirits upward tend;
 Till, no longer doubting, fearing,
 We behold the sinners' Friend!

C. Newman Hall.

This hymn was composed for the author's father, John Vine Hall, who wrote the well-known tract titled "*The Sinner's Friend*." It is dated Bolton Abbey, September, 1857, and was first published in the author's *Hymns composed at Bolton Abbey and Other Rhymes*, London, 1858, where it has five stanzas, eight lines each. Only a man of ardent evangelical faith could write a hymn like this. His life best interprets the hymn. He at first expected to enter the legal profession; but, following a divine call, he entered the ministry "simply and solely to persuade men to Jesus." This, says Dr. C. S. Robinson in a note written in 1893, "is the keynote of his whole life-labor. His theology is the theology of Calvary. Himself a nominal Congregationalist, he uses the Church of England liturgy in his Sabbath service; he has a Presbyterian board of elders; he assimilates with Methodists in many of his modes of labor; he is equally at home with Episcopalians like Bickersteth or with Quakers like Bevan Braithwaite."

When because of increasing years he found it necessary to retire from the active work of the ministry, this was the record of the man and his work that was published:

After preaching in the church edifice, it is Mr. Hall's frequent habit to go out and address the people in the street. Though now almost seventy-four years old, he stands erect in magnificent strength, nearly six feet in height. He has the muscle and endurance of an athlete, can climb a mountain like a member of the Alpine Club, and often walks a dozen miles on Sunday to and from his church. He has the element of humor in him, can enjoy a merry romp with children, and brims over with life in every direction. His Church numbers nearly two thousand members, and among them are several scores of converted inebriates. He is a zealous tee-

totaler, and makes the temperance reform prominent, no less than five meetings for the promotion of total abstinence being held every month! His Church maintains thirteen Sunday schools, seventeen lodging houses, a Christian Instruction Society, and holds about forty services for the poor every week.

While he was pastor of the Albion Church in Hull an incident occurred which has had far-reaching results:

He went out one evening from a dinner party to preach to a throng who had gathered in the street. A primitive Methodist was singing to the crowd that familiar ditty, "Come to Jesus just now." Mr. Hall caught up the words and extemporized a powerful exhortation on the spot. He repeated it to his own congregation. Soon afterwards, being confined to his room by a long illness, he recalled the discourse and determined to turn it into a short practical treatise for inquirers after salvation. He wrote it out in the fewest and simplest words possible, and his brother, Mr. Warren Hall, printed two thousand copies for distribution. Such was the origin of that wonderful tract, "Come to Jesus," which has already been circulated in thirty different languages to the number of three million five hundred thousand copies.

131 L. M. D.

0 MASTER, it is good to be
 High on the mountain here with thee,
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
 Those glorious saints of other days,
 Who once received on Horeb's height
 The eternal laws of truth and right,
 Or caught the still small whisper, higher
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
 Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee;
 And watch thy glistering raiment glow
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
 The human lineaments that shine
 Irradiant with a light divine;
 Till we too change from grace to grace,
 Gazing on that transfigured face.

3 O Master, it is good to be
 Here on the holy mount with thee:
 When darkling in the depths of night,
 When dazzled with excess of light,
 We bow before the heavenly voice
 That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
 Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
 "This is my Son, O hear ye him."

Arthur P. Stanley.

Contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, 1870, under the following title: "*Hymn on the Transfiguration*," by the Dean of Westminster.

In his preface to the hymn Dean Stanley wrote:

It was remarked to me by a friend that he knew of no modern English hymn on the transfiguration, an incident of the gospel narrative so remarkable in itself, so full of manifold instruction, and so frequently read in our Church services, and which perhaps more fully than any other single scene contains the concentration of the main lessons of our Lord's life on earth. . . . I have endeavored to combine, as far as possible, the various thoughts connected with the scene.

There are six stanzas, each beginning with the line: "Master, it is good to be." The first stanza of the hymn is made of the first two of the poem. The other stanzas are the fourth and sixth. Besides the prefixing of "O" to the first line of each stanza, there are changes in only two lines. Verse one, line four, the author wrote: "*The great old saints of other days*;" and in verse two, line three: "*Watching the glistening raiment glow*."

132 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Refuge of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear
Loving to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.

Thou art all in all to me,
Loving One of Bethany!

John R. MacDuff.

"*The Grave of Bethany*" is the author's title to this hymn as first published in his *Altar Stones*, 1853, and also in his later volume titled *The Gates of Praise*, 1876. In the last line of the hymn as given above the author wrote "*Living One*" instead of "*Loving One*." It is based on John ii. 35: "Jesus wept." The first stanza, omitted above, is:

Who is this in silence bending
O'er a dark sepulchral cave?
Sympathetic sorrow blending
With the tears around that grave?
Christ the Lord is standing by,
At the tomb of Bethany.

It is because tears are a tribute of love to the living that they become a "legacy of love" when one is dead. This tender and beautiful portrayal of the Christ weeping at the grave of Lazarus is a fine exposition of the words of John, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." The familiar lines of Fitz-Greene Halleck come to mind:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.
Tears fell when thou wert dying
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold turf steep.

133

C. M.

THOU art the Way:—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth:—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life:—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

The Scripture text of this hymn is John xiv. 6: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

The hymn itself is a very happy and successful metrical exposition of the text. It is taken *verbatim* from the first edition of *Songs by the Way*, 1824.

Perhaps the most frequently quoted lines Bishop Doane has written are the following:

"What is that, mother?" "The eagle, boy!
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm, on his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,

His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward,
right on:

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line."

134

L. M. 6l.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Robert Grant.

This was first published in the *Christian Observer*, February, 1806, and is found also in the author's *Sacred Poems*, 1839. It is based on Hebrews iv. 15: "For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." "The simplicity of the sentiment embodied in these familiar stanzas and the smoothness of the poetical rhythm," says Dr. C. S. Robinson, "are what have rendered this piece so popular. The troubled soul finds its relief in the mere sense of the Saviour's presence." This hymn was a great favorite with John B. Gough, the noted temperance lecturer. "Very pathetic, but perhaps too personal for use in public worship," is W. G. Horder's comment on it.

135

C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

Title: "*Chief Among Ten Thousand; or the Excellencies of Christ,*" Song of Solo-

mon v. 10-16. This is a hymn of more than average merit. It was contributed to Rippon's *Selection*, 1787. One line only has been changed; in verse one, line two, the author wrote: "Upon *his awful* brow."

This hymn has nine stanzas in the original. These are verses three, five, seven, eight, and nine.

Four stanzas are omitted, which some will be glad to see:

- 1 To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 6 His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence glids my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

136

8s, 7s.

- THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness falleth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
 - 3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed;
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
 - 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
 - 5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness falleth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

Henry W. Baker.

This is considered by some as the most beautiful of all the metrical versions of

the twenty-third Psalm. The author edited several collections of hymns, the most important of which was *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1860. To this volume he published an *Appendix* in 1868, and it was in this *Appendix* that the above hymn first appeared. The fifth stanza of the original, omitted above, is:

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And Oh! what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth.

The last audible words uttered by the author when he died, February 12, 1877, were the third stanza of this hymn: "Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed," etc. "This tender sadness, brightened by a soft, calm peace, was an epitome of his poetical life," says Julian. "In his simplicity of language, smoothness of rhythm, and earnestness of utterance, he reminds one forcibly of the saintly Lyte, author of 'Abide with Me.'" Dr. Dykes wrote for this hymn his lovely melody titled "*Dominus Regit Me*," and one of Gounod's most beautiful tunes was also written especially for it.

Among the most beautiful and widely admired lines the author ever wrote are the following, being a morning meditation and prayer and all the more valuable because written to express his own feelings of devotion and gratitude rather than for others:

My Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy Holy Name be blest.

Now with the newborn day I give
Myself anew to thee,
That as thou wilt I may live,
And what thou wilt be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

My Father, for his sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

137

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

Title: "*The Name of Jesus.*" Text:
"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."
(Song of Solomon 1. 3.) This hymn is
made up of the first three and last two
stanzas of the original unaltered.

Two stanzas are omitted. They are not
necessary to the hymn. From the *Olney
Hymns*, 1779.

The name of Jesus is indeed precious to
the believer. Richard Kempenfelt, an
admiral in the British navy, expressed
this thought beautifully many years ago:

Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus! Jesus! flow along.

138

L. M.

CHRIST'S life our code, his cross our creed,
Our common, glad confession be;
Our deepest wants, our highest aims,
Find their fulfillment, Lord, in thee.

2 Dear Son of God! thy blessed will
Our hearts would own, with saints above;
All life is larger for thy law,
All service sweeter for thy love.

3 Thy life our code! in letters clear
We read our duty day by day,
Thy footsteps tracing eagerly
Who art the Truth, the Life, the Way.

4 Thy cross our creed! thy boundless love
A ransomed world at last shall laud,
And crown thee their eternal King,
O Lord of Glory, Lamb of God!

5 Till then, to thee our souls aspire
In ardent prayer and earnest deed,
With love like thine confessing still
Christ's life our code, his cross our creed.
Benjamin Copeland.

This was written in the parsonage study
of the Frank Street Methodist Episcopal
Church, Rochester, N. Y., in the early
spring of 1900, and a week or two later it
was published in the *Northern Christian
Advocate*, Syracuse, N. Y., and also in the
Daily Christian Advocate of the General
Conference, in May, 1900. It is a useful
hymn and growing in favor.

139

L. M.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die:
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

4 Our little systems have their day:
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.
Alfred Tennyson.

The prologue of Tennyson's great poem,
"*In Memoriam*," 1850, contains eleven
stanzas; these are one, three, four, and
five, unaltered.

Tennyson believed in God and in prayer.
In *Morte D'Arthur* King Arthur says to
Sir Bedivere:

"If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought
by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let
thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That cherish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by golden chains about the feet of God."

The story of "*In Memoriam*" is worth telling again. At Cambridge University Tennyson met Arthur Hallam, and they became great and intimate friends. Subsequently Hallam became engaged to one of the poet's sisters. After graduating, Hallam went traveling on the Continent. At Vienna he was taken sick and died. Tennyson very briefly but beautifully described his departure:

In Vienna's fatal walls,
 God's finger touched him, and he slept.

Hallam died in 1833. "*In Memoriam*" did not appear until 1850. Tennyson took time to build a monument to his friend, and it stands to-day not only a memorial to Hallam, but to himself as well.

So far as we are aware, this is the first American Church Hymnal that has made a hymn for religious worship out of verses selected from this great poem, which Frederick W. Robertson designated as "one of the most victorious songs that poet ever chanted." Many of its individual verses are among the immortelles of literature, such, for instance, as the familiar verses beginning, "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky," and closing with the stanza:

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

And the last stanza is indeed a fitting climax to this greatest of modern religious poems:

That God which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.

140

L. M.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Example of Christ*" is the author's title to this hymn in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is one of the best hymns ever written on the life and example of our Lord. It is based on Ephesians v. 1: "Be ye therefore imitators of God as dear children."

The process of studying the pattern, of transcribing the virtues, and of reproducing in one's self the image of the Lord Jesus is here portrayed in poetry which is at once simple, serviceable, and inspiring to every disciple who seeks daily to follow the footsteps and example of his Lord.

141

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

The author's title was: "*Crucifixion to*

the World by the Cross of Christ." The text is Galatians vi. 14: "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

One stanza, the fourth, is omitted:

His dying crimson like a robe
Spread o'er his body on the tree,
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Dr. Breed, in his *History and Use of Hymns and Hymn Tunes*, seriously claims that this hymn outranks all others—"the finest hymn in the English language." It is confessedly a great hymn, yet few hymnologists will place it ahead of all others. In the list of *Best Church Hymns* it is number *two*, but in *Anglican Hymnology* it is number *ten*, and in *Hymns that Have Helped* number *fourteen*. In my opinion, Dr. Watts exceeded this himself in more than one instance. See in this book the hymn beginning, "Great God, attend while Zion sings," No. 214; also No. 577, "O God, our help in ages past."

It is taken unaltered from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book III., 1709. It is also found in the first edition of Dr. Watts's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, where it begins in this manner:

When I survey the Wondrous Cross
Where the young Prince of Glory dy'd.

It was changed by the author for his second edition, 1709.

Rev. Duncan Campbell, of Edinburgh, says:

For tender, solemn beauty, for a reverent setting forth of what the inner vision discerns as it looks upon the Crucified, I know of no verse in our hymnology equal to the stanza beginning:

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!"

There may have been singers with a finer sense of melody—Watts's metrical and musical range was limited; he had only six meters—but not the most tuneful of our sa-

cred poets has given us lines more exquisite than these.

Among those who counted this "the greatest hymn in the English language" we may also name Matthew Arnold, the eminent English author and literary critic—and he was especially severe in his criticism of many Church hymns. It so chanced that the very day he died he heard this hymn sung in Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, of which Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") was pastor. As he went to luncheon after the close of the service, in the home of his brother-in-law, he was heard to repeat to himself softly again and again the opening lines of the hymn; and it was only ten minutes before he died that he declared it was the greatest of all the English hymns. That one who had defined God as "the Eternal Somewhat that makes for righteousness—from whom Jesus came," should regard this deeply evangelical hymn on the atonement as the greatest of all hymns, and should not only sing publicly but repeat to himself privately words like these,

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood,

makes it possible for us to hope that this eminent poet and man of letters admired and loved this hymn not for its literary qualities alone. The critic's head-creed may have been defined in his "Literature and Dogma," while his heart hungered for a creed embodied in a hymn like this, and found joy in singing:

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

This incident recalls John Wesley's earnest plea that hymns should have not only religious and devotional value, but also high literary merit, "such as would sooner provoke a critic to turn Christian than a Christian to turn critic."

142

C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

Samuel Wesley, Sr.

We are fortunate in having our hymn book to contain at least one hymn by the father of John and Charles Wesley. This hymn is eminently worthy of a place among the hymns of the two brothers, with both of whom it was a great favorite. John Wesley gave it an honored place in his first collection of *Psalms and Hymns*, which was published in 1737 at Charleston, S. C., where it bears the title, "*On the Crucifixion*." The brothers continued to publish it in subsequent editions of their hymns.

There is good reason for thinking that this hymn was written in 1709, just before—perhaps the very day before—the memorable fire that consumed the Epworth Rectory, and from which John, then a very small boy, was with much difficulty rescued—one man standing on the shoulders of another and thus reaching up and lifting him out of the window of the burning building, in the second story of which he had been accidentally left. Immediately after the fire the manuscript of this hymn was found by the author in the garden, scorched and partly burned by the flames. The wind, it seems, blew it out of the window while the fire was raging.

"The internal structure of the hymn," says Stevenson, "shows how fully the writer appeared to realize the infinite impor-

tance of the event he so touchingly and effectively describes." John and Charles Wesley made frequent use of this hymn in their evangelistic services. On July 18, 1738, Charles Wesley and Mr. Bray were locked in a cell at Newgate prison with some condemned criminals who were to be executed the next day. After praying and talking with these men who sat in the very shadow of death, Charles Wesley sang this hymn. This is the entry he makes in his *Journal* of that service: "It was one of the most triumphant hours I have ever known." The penitents were brought to know Him in saving faith who had himself died between two condemned criminals and were thus made ready to face death and the issues of eternity.

Two inferior stanzas have been omitted here, as they were also when published by John and Charles Wesley:

- 2 Though far unequal our low praise
To thy vast sufferings prove,
O Lamb of God, thus all our days,
Thus will we grieve and love.
- 6 Thy loss our ruins did repair;
Death by thy death is slain;
Thou wilt at length exalt us where
Thou dost in glory reign.

143

8s, 7s.

- I**N the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring.

Title: "*The Cross of Christ.*" This grand hymn—unaltered and entire—is from the author's *Hymns*, London, 1825. In his preface he says:

This little book is intended as a sequel to the *Matins and Vespers*. It has no pretensions to supply the place of similar productions. If it be allowed to add anything to the treasures of our devotional poetry, if any of its pages should be hereafter blended with the exercises of domestic and social worship, or if it shall be the companion of meditative solitude, the writer will be more than rewarded.

Many literary and diplomatic honors justly came to this author, but the crowning honor of his life was that he wrote: "In the cross of Christ I glory." Its inspiration is found, of course, in Galatians vi. 14: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." It is strange that a hymn on the cross of Christ, so noble and evangelical in sentiment and spirit, should have been written by a Unitarian. But although Sir John Bowring was nominally and theoretically a Unitarian, "practically," says a Christian biographer, "he was a devoted and evangelical believer, and died in peace and hope." On the tombstone that marks his resting place is inscribed his favorite sentiment: "In the cross of Christ I glory."

144

7s.

NEVER further than thy cross,
 Never higher than thy feet;
 Here earth's precious things seem dross,
 Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus, our sin we see;
 Learn thy love while gazing thus;
 Sin which laid the cross on thee,
 Love which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
 And, rejoicing, self deny;
 Here we gather love to live,
 Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
 Still to this our hearts must tend;
 Where our earliest hopes began,
 There our last aspirings end;

5 Till, amid the hosts of light,
 We in thee redeemed, complete,
 Through thy cross made pure and white,
 Cast our crowns before thy feet.
Elizabeth R. Charles.

This hymn, so "full of spiritual insight," was first published in the *Family Treasury* for February, 1860. It is also found in a volume of the author's *Poems*, published in New York in 1867. Mrs. Charles is widely known as the author of *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*, 1858, and *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family* and other popular studies in history.

The fourth stanza of the original, omitted above, is:

Symbols of our liberty
 And our service here unite,
 Captives by Thy Cross set free,
 Soldiers of Thy Cross we fight.

The thought that Christians have a living and not a dead Christ has perhaps never been more beautifully expressed in poetry than in Mrs. Charles's communion hymn, which tells of how and why Christians have their memorial meeting around a table and not a tomb. It is worth quoting in full:

Around a table, not a tomb,
 He willed our gathering place to be,
 When, going to prepare our home,
 Our Saviour said, "Remember me."
 We kneel around no sculptured stone,
 Marking the place where Jesus lay;
 Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
 The stone forever rolled away.

Nay! sculptured stones are for the dead!
 Thy three dark days of death are o'er;
 Thou art the Life, our living Head,
 Our living Light for evermore;
 Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
 O Master, are thine own possess:—
 The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
 The purple robe, the seamless vest.

Nay! relics are for those who mourn
 The memory of an absent friend;
 Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn!
 "Lo, with you alway, to the end!"
 Thus round thy table, not thy tomb,
 We keep thy sacred feast with thee;
 Untill, within the Father's home,
 Our endless gathering place shall be.

And Mrs. Charles's lines, describing the love that shares and serves, are so beautiful and so full of large sympathy that Bishop Bickersteth and W. G. Horder both gave them a place among the Christian hymns which they edited:

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
And the heart grows strong by serving;
Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

145

L. M.

LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss!

2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below!

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men after thee!

William W. How.

Published without title in *Psalms and Hymns*, London, 1854. Slight changes have been made in two lines. The third stanza is especially fine. The use of this hymn can hardly fail to cultivate the spirit of worship.

146

C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

"*Godly Sorrow Arising from the Sufferings of Christ*" is the title of this most useful and popular hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The second stanza of the original is omitted above:

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer's ood!

"It is likely," says Dr. C. S. Robinson, "that more conversions have been credited, in the wide round of Christian biography, to this hymn than to any other in the English language." Dr. Watts was sometimes charged with being a Socinian in his doctrine of the person of Christ. If that were true, it is difficult to see how he could ever have written the language contained in verse three. He wrote, "When God, the mighty Maker, died," instead of "When Christ, the mighty Maker, died," as found above.

Bishop Candler, in his *High Living and High Lives*, makes the following reference to the influence of this hymn upon the late Governor A. H. Colquitt, one of the most useful and influential Methodist laymen of the State of Georgia:

Just before he arose to address the meeting the choir sang one of the sweetest hymns of Watts's. It seemed to fill him with holy rapture. When he rose to speak, his handsome face shone with supernatural brightness,

his lustrous eyes were filled with tears, and his utterance was choked with emotion as he said impulsively: "O how I love that song! It was my mother's song. And to-day, if I could hear her sing it again, I should have greater joy than if I heard all the choirs of heaven. 'Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?'—that was the song they sang. Because his Saviour bled and died that men might live, this noble man has found at last the eternal home and the 'vanished hand' for which he sighed."

Fanny Crosby tells in her autobiography how this hymn was graciously used and blessed to her conversion. It was in November, 1850, at the old Thirtieth Street Church, New York City. A revival was in progress, and she had been to the altar several times seeking light and peace, only to come away unsatisfied. But presently the light came. It was on this wise, as she describes it: "After a prayer was offered, they began to sing the grand old consecration hymn, 'Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?' and when they reached the third line of the fifth stanza, 'Here, Lord, I give myself away,' my very soul flooded with celestial light." And what "visions of rapture" this blind poet has been seeing ever since! (See note under No. 548.)

147

L. M.

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

Author's title: "Gethsemane." It is from his *Poems*, published in Philadelphia, 1822. In the third line of the second

stanza the author wrote: "E'en *the* disciple *that* he loved." This "midnight" hymn is widely used, most frequently, perhaps, at communion services. It is unspeakably sad, yet we remember that midnight was followed by a glorious morning.

148

L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

Tr. by John Wesley.

"*The Believer's Triumph*" is the title of this hymn in Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, where it has twenty-four stanzas. We have above the first, second, sixth, seventh, and eighth stanzas. In the third line of the second stanza the author wrote: "Fully *through these absolved* I am." In the first line of the third stanza he wrote: "The holy, *the* unspotted Lamb." Instead of the last two lines of the fifth stanza given above he wrote:

For all thou hast the ransom given,
Purchased for all peace, life, and heaven.

These alterations and improvements were made by Wesley himself for the collection which he prepared in 1779 and published in 1780.

The German original, beginning "*Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit*," was written in 1739 by Zinzendorf during his voyage from St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and

was published in an appendix to the *Herrnhut Collection*, that same year. It is in thirty-three stanzas, four lines each; Wesley's translation therefore omits nine stanzas.

This is regarded by many as the finest of all Wesley's translations from the German. The language of the first stanza has been criticized by some as favoring imputed righteousness, but this criticism is unwarranted—at least so far as the faith of John Wesley is concerned. It is perhaps impossible to frame in poetry a more satisfactory statement of the Methodist doctrine of atonement than that found in the fourth and fifth stanzas of this hymn. If the Christian doctrine of the atonement, unlimited in its power both intensively and extensively, is recognized as the greatest and most vital of all doctrines, then this hymn, which gives such splendid expression to this fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith, is entitled to be classed as one of the greatest hymns ever written.

149

L. M.

- 'TIS finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished! yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished! all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.
- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

Samuel Stennett. Alt.

Text: "It is finished." (John xix. 30.)

A hymn of six stanzas beginning the same as this was published in Rippon's *Selection*, first edition, 1787. It has been abbreviated, rewritten, and improved by some one unknown to us. As it stands, Stennett wrote less than half the hymn.

150

L. M.

- RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.
Henry H. Mitman.

This hymn, the most popular in the English language for Palm Sunday, was first published in Bishop Heber's posthumous volume of *Hymns*, 1827, and ten years later in the author's *Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1837. The third line of the first stanza reads in the original, "Thine humble beast pursues its road," and was changed by Murray for his *Hymnal*, published in 1852, to the language found in the text. A great divine and Church historian is here found to be a great hymn-writer. There are very few, if any, more imposing and stirring hymns in the English language than this majestic and stately song. Its interpretation of the significance of the triumphal entry is as profound as the description is vivid. The humility and majesty of the Son of Man that met "in lowly pomp" on this eventful day have never been so worthily sung before.

151

7s, 6s. D.

- O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;

- O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.
- 3 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.
Bernard of Clairvaux, Paul Gerhardt.
Tr. by J. W. Alexander.

This grand and pathetic hymn comes from the Latin of St. Bernard: "*Salve, caput cruentatum.*" The translation from the German appeared in the *Christian Lyre*, edited by Joshua Leavitt, New York, 1830. Dr. Philip Schaff gives it in his *Christ in Song*, and in the preface to the hymn says: "This classical hymn has shown an imperishable vitality in passing from the Latin into the German and from the German into the English and proclaiming in three tongues and in the name of three confessions—the Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed—with equal effect, the dying love of our Saviour and our boundless indebtedness to him."

152

L. M.

- O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times he spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

- 4 O love of God, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love,
For thou, our Lord, art crucified!
Frederick W. Faber.

"*Jesus Crucified*" is the author's title to this hymn, which was first published in his *Jesus and Mary*, 1849, and again, with some revisions, in his *Hymns*, 1862. The original has twelve stanzas, and the refrain at the end of each stanza there reads: "Jesus, our *Love*, is crucified." In John Mason's *Spiritual Songs*, 1683, is a song beginning: "My Lord, my Love, was crucified." This is used by Charles Wesley as the refrain for closing each stanza in his hymn beginning: "O Love divine, what hast thou done?"

153

L. M. 61.

- O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's coeternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Desiring to Love.*" It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, published by John and Charles Wesley, 1742. Some verbal changes have been made. The original has "*immortal*" instead of "*incarnate*" in the second line, and the same word instead of "*Son of*" in the fifth line.

The third line of the second stanza reads: "Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die." In the second line of the third verse Wesley wrote: "To bring us rebels near to God." The fourth line he began with "We" instead of "Ye." These changes are all improvements except perhaps the last. The burden of this sweet and pathetic hymn, "My Lord, my Love, is crucified," is said to be a quotation from Ignatius the martyr: "*Amor meus crucifixus est.*" Rev. John Mason used it long before Wesley's time, 1683, and F. W. Faber used it after him. (See Hymn No. 152.)

154

8, 8, 7. D.

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son;
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone.

2 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed;
By his stripes he wrought our healing,
By his death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

3 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve;
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live!
Jacopone da Todi. Tr. by Henry Mills.

This is a translation of the celebrated Latin hymn, the "*Stabat Mater*" of Jacopone, a Franciscan monk. It is, next to the "*Dies Ira*" of Thomas of Celano, the most noted and historic of all the Latin hymns. The original has ten stanzas, many of which contain idolatrous allusions and addresses to the Virgin Mary, from all of which, however, the above hymn, taken from the translation of Dr. Mills, is free. This hymn has been translated into nearly all the languages of modern Europe and by many different persons into the English language. Many noted musicians have composed accompaniments for it. It is this hymn which has inspired

the several famous paintings of the masters titled *Mater Dolorosa*. We give here the first verse of the original:

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Qua pendebat illus;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem,
Pertransiit gladius.

The keynote of the hymn is struck in the two first lines, which are taken almost literally from the Gospel of John, Latin version: "*Stabat juxta crucem mater ejus.*" It was perhaps in the grief which the mother suffered while thus gazing upon her dying Son that were fulfilled the words of Simeon: "A sword shall pass through thine own soul also." The various passages of Scripture on which the hymn is based are: John xix. 25; Luke ii. 35; Zechariah xiii. 6; 2 Corinthians iv. 10; Galatians vi. 17.

The authorship of this hymn is by no means certain. It is generally attributed to Jacopone da Todi (also called Benedetto and Jacobus de Benedictis), an eccentric Franciscan monk, who was either erratic to the point of insanity or else feigned folly and "played the fool for Christ's sake," thinking thereby to make his messages and rebukes more impressive. We see no sufficient reason for denying Jacopone's claim to the hymn, although Julian in his *Dictionary of Hymnology*, while recognizing the great uncertainty of the authorship of the hymn, casts his judgment in favor of Pope Innocent III. (1161-1216) as the most probable author. Jacopone died in 1306. The hymn dates from the thirteenth century. The Flagellants, an eccentric religious order, brought the hymn into general notice in the fourteenth century by singing it as they journeyed from town to town. It is perhaps the most popular of all the Latin hymns in the Roman Catholic Church, where it is sung every Friday during Lent. The literature that has been called forth by the hymn is very extensive. The mu-

sic that has been composed for it by Palestrina, Pergolesi, Haydn, Rossini, Dvorak, and other great masters holds a place in the very front rank of the sacred musical compositions of the world.

The passionate and ceaseless desire of the pious but erratic child of genius to whom, according to the common judgment, we owe this remarkable hymn was to imitate Christ and suffer for him. On one occasion he was found weeping loudly, and on being asked the cause of his grief he replied: "Because Love is not loved." One of the finest renderings of the entire hymn into our language is that of Dr. Abraham Coles. The passionate tenderness and undying influence of this hymn are well exhibited in the following stanza taken from the translation of Coles:

Who the man who, called a brother,
Would not weep saw he Christ's mother
In such deep distress and wild?
Who could not sad tribute render,
Witnessing that mother tender
Agonizing with her child?

The translation of Dr. Mills, found in the text above, was published in the Appendix of his *Horæ Germanicæ*, 1845, where it has seven stanzas, the above being the first, sixth, and seventh stanzas. This translation was long accredited to Dr. J. W. Alexander, due to the fact that in 1861, two years after his death, his translations were collected and published in a volume titled *The Breaking Crucible and Other Translations*, and this hymn was, by mistake of the editor of that volume, included among Dr. Alexander's translations. Two of the four omitted stanzas are found in many of the Church hymnals:

What he for his people suffered,
Stripes, and scoffs, and insults offered,
His fond mother saw the whole:
Never from the scene retiring,
Till he bowed his head expiring,
And to God breathed out his soul.
But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
At our Saviour's cross to mourn:

'Twas our sins brought him from heaven;
These the cruel nails had driven:
All his griefs for us were borne.

155

S. M.

- 0 PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now;
All that He left his throne above
To do for us below.
- 2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toils, his sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.
- 3 No pain that we can share
But he has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.
- 4 And on his thorn-crowned head,
And on his sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid
That he might make us whole.
- 5 In perfect love he dies;
For me he dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to thee.
- 6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.
- 7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace thy love has brought.
Henry W. Baker.

Scripture text: "It is finished." Unaltered and complete as contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1875, the last edition of which (1909) omits verse seven. This hymn is valuable for its concise statement of the orthodox views of the atonement. The *Historical Edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1909, contains the following note under this hymn:

The tune "Aber" was written by William H. Monk for this hymn in the revised edition. The author wrote the hymn at Monk's house, where it was the subject of much discussion in the evening. The tune was conceived by the composer in his sleep the same night; he awoke and wrote it down at once, and sang it to the author the next morning.

156

7a.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
Charles Wesley.

These are the first five of eleven stanzas belonging to the author's "*Hymn for Easter Day*," published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The original of the last two lines of the fourth verse is:

Dying once he all doth save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

In an "*Easter Hymn*" by Samuel Wesley, Jr., is a stanza which probably suggested to Charles Wesley some of the language used in the third stanza above:

In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

This is not only one of Charles Wesley's finest hymns, but it is one of the most admired and frequently sung of all our Easter hymns. "This hymn," says the author of *Hymns that Have Helped*, "has long been accepted as the best English Easter hymn. Yet it is curious to note that John Wesley dropped it out of the Wesleyan Hymn Book in 1780, and it did not regain its place there till 1830."

157

S. M.

THE Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

- 2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He livcs, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear:
- 4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly.

Text: "The Lord is risen indeed."
(Luke xxiv. 34.)

The original contains eight stanzas. This hymn is made up of verses four, five, seven, and eight.

The second line in the first verse was originally: "*Then Hell has lost its prey.*" The rest is *verbatim* from *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, first edition, 1804.

158

L. M. D.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky:
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

- 2 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in!"
"Who is the King of Glory? Who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

- 3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates:
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
"Who is the King of Glory? Who?"
"The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest!"

Charles Wesley.

From *Psalms and Hymns*, 1743. Based on Psalm xxiv. 7-10: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory."

These are the last six of thirteen stanzas of four lines each, in which the author gives a metrical version of the entire Psalm. It is regarded as one of Charles Wesley's most successful and spiritual paraphrases.

In the introduction to a volume titled *Charles Wesley's Version of the Psalms*, London, 1854, Henry Fish, the editor, says:

Though Charles Wesley has not always confined himself to the letter of the Psalms which he versified, yet in every case he has embodied the spirit, and in many of them he has kept close to the sense, of the original. Having found the Saviour everywhere in the Psalms, he introduces the Saviour everywhere in his version, and has presented him and all the great truths of experimental and practical religion to our attention in the most pleasing, soul-stirring, soul-inspiring verse. With a heart of love and lips of fire, he has sung the complaints and the afflictions and the penitential supplications and the triumphs and thanksgivings of David. He has sung in his own style—a style characterized by smoothness and harmony, by pathos and power and beauty, and occasionally by sublimity and grandeur.

There is nothing in the form of poetry within the whole compass of uninspired language to surpass in composition many of the Psalms in this volume. His version of Psalm cxix. may be taken as one of those instances in which the true poetic genius of Charles Wesley shines forth in unrivaled splendor. Here he has, by a touch of his pen more potent than that of the famed philosopher's stone, transmuted the tin of the old dispensation into the pure gold of the Christian sanctuary, and has presented to us an enchanting and well-sustained poem, which, without any approach to tautology, exhibits all the pleas-

ing variety, warmth, and freshness of original verse, while it tenaciously adheres to the spirit of the inspired Psalmist.

Charles Wesley made a version of a large portion, though not all, of the Psalms. He gave a manuscript copy of these in his own handwriting, it seems, to the countess of Huntingdon. This manuscript volume, curiously enough, found its way, about 1850, into a second-hand bookstore in London, neither the vendors nor the buyer apparently knowing what it was. It was here that Mr. Fish found it, and, recognizing the handwriting and the great value of the volume, immediately purchased it. It was from this manuscript that he obtained most of the material for the volume above referred to, from the introduction to which the foregoing quotation was taken.

159 10s, 11s. D. Irregular.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save!
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.
Henry Ware, Jr.

Title: "*The Resurrection of Christ.*" This glad hymn of victory was written in 1817, and was first published in the *Christian Disciple* and afterwards in the *Christian Examiner*, Boston. It is taken, unaltered, from the author's *Works*, Volume I., Boston, 1846.

The best hymn we possess for the opening of an organ, so W. G. Horder thinks, we owe to Henry Ware. One verse of it is:

Great God, to thee we consecrate
Our voices and our skill;
We bid the pealing organ wait
To speak alone thy will.
O teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high,
And while the music round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

160 8s, 7s. D.

SING with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong;
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease;
In God's likeness, man, awaking,
Knows the everlasting peace.

2 O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Hollest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it;
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed th' eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith! what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!"
William J. Irons.

From the author's *Psalms and Hymns for the Church*, 1873. The last four lines of the first stanza are as follows in the original:

*Even now the dawn is breaking.
Soon the night of time shall cease,
And in God's own likeness waking,
Man shall know eternal peace.*

161 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies;
Assume thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light.

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
-The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges.

Title: "Ascension." This triumphant hymn first appeared in the author's *Hymns of the Heart*, 1848. The original has seven stanzas. These are the first four unaltered.

162 7s.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortal's given,
Reascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in!

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin—
Take the King of Glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 Saviour, parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.
Charles Wesley.

This "*Hymn for Ascension Day*" is taken from the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The original has ten stanzas; those here given are the first four and the eighth. In the first line of the last stanza above the author wrote: "*Grant, though parted from our sight.*" The words of the Psalmist, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in," are here applied to Christ. "Who is this King of glory?" "The risen Christ," is the poet's answer.

163

7s, 6s. D.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought his Israel
Into joy from sadness,
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst his prison,
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who, with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection!

4 "Hallelujah!" now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who, triumphant, burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
"Hallelujah!" with the Son,
God the Father again;
"Hallelujah!" yet again
To the Spirit raising.

*John of Damascus.
Tr. by John M. Neale.*

From the Greek of the eighth century by John the Damascene. This translation appeared in *Hymns of the Eastern Church*. In the second verse, lines three and four, Dr. Neale wrote:

And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun, hath risen.

The last stanza was written by the editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for the first edition (1861) of that collection. In the latest "Historical Edition" (1909) it has been changed to the form given below, being accompanied by these words: "In the original edition this took the form of a doxology hardly connected with the Ode, but in this edition it has been rewritten and brought into correspondence with the Greek."

Alleluia now to thee,
Christ, our King immortal,
Who hast passed the gates of death
And the tomb's sealed portal;
Who, though never door unclose,
In the assembly standing,
Breathest on thy friends the peace
Past all understanding.

In all ages, dating from apostolic times, Christians have celebrated the resurrection, and with good reason, for to every Christian it can be said, as Paul said to the Corinthians: "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." (1 Cor. xv. 17.)

164

7s, 6s. D.

THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad,
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
 Let earth her song begin!
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein!
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.
John of Damascus.
Tr. by John M. Neale.

This is the first of eight odes in the "Easter Canon" of John of Damascus, and has been pronounced by a student of hymnology as "the grandest piece in Greek sacred poetry." It is called "the golden canon" or "the queen of canons." The hymn is sung every Easter day in Athens and throughout the Greek Church generally amid scenes of joyful acclamation. It is customary when this hymn is sung for the "men to clasp each other's hands and rejoice as though some great joy had suddenly come to them all." A visitor describing the Easter celebration at Athens as he witnessed it, including the singing of this hymn, says:

All the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory in tones so loud and clear that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how Christ is risen from the dead.

In Dr. Neale's *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862, where this translation of the original Greek hymn was first published, it begins, "'Tis the day of resurrection;" but the author changed this to "The day of resurrection," as above, for his *Parish Hymn Book*, 1863. The hymns of John of Damascus find their inspiration in the incarnation, life, and resurrection of Christ. His resurrection hymns are especially inspiring, and have found a thoroughly appreciative and sympathetic translator in Dr. Neale. "The brilliant phrases," says a judicious and discriminating critic, "culminating in acclamation, the freedom of the thoughts, the ringing, victorious joy, and the lofty presentation of the

import of the resurrection, compose a series of magnificent efforts of imaginative devotion."

165

L. M.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness vells the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
 The Lord of Glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains!

5 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
 And, "Where's thy victory, boasting
 grave?"
Isaac Watts. Alt. by Martin Madan.

Title: "Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning." From *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1709. The first stanza, as given in *Watts's Poetical Works*, is as follows:

He dies! the Heav'nly Lover dies!
 The Tidings strike a doleful Sound
 On my poor Heartstrings: deep he lies
 In the cold Caverns of the Ground.

The second line of verse three has also been altered. The author wrote:

Up to his Father's Court he flies.

One stanza, the second, has been omitted. These changes are confessedly great improvements. They were made by the Rev. Martin Madan for his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, London, 1760. We notice, however, that he altered only six lines. The merits of the hymn—and they are of the highest rank—belong largely to the original author.

The death, resurrection, ascension, and reign of Christ are all set forth in worthy notes in this noble hymn.

166

11s.

WELCOME, happy morning! age to age
shall say:

Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won
to-day!

Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him their true Creator, all his works adore.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for
spring,

All good gifts returned with her returning
King.

Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every
bough,

Speak his sorrows ended, hail his triumph
now.

3 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human na-
ture's fall,

Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

4 Thou, of life the author, death didst under-
go,

Tread the path of darkness, saving strength
to show;

Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy
word,

'Tis thine own third morning, rise, O buried
Lord!

5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with
Satan's chain;

All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations
see,

Bring again our daylight; day returns with
thee!

Venantius Fortunatus.

Tr. by John Ellerton.

"*De Resurrectione Domini*" is the title of this hymn in the Latin. The original upon which it is based is a Latin poem of 110 lines on the resurrection, beginning: "*Tempora florifero rutilant distincta sereno.*" The thirty-ninth line begins, "*Salve festa dies toto venerabilis aevo,*" and marks the beginning of that section of the poem which is translated, or rather paraphrased, by Ellerton and given in the above hymn. The poem is addressed to Felix, Bishop of Nantes in Brittany, who died in 582. The first stanza is repeated as a refrain at the end of each stanza. The third stanza of the translation, omitted above, is:

Months in due succession,
Days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments,
Praise thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning,
Sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness,
Bring their praise to thee.

That Fortunatus, who was Bishop of Poitleres in the early part of the seventh century, should have written a hymn that could strengthen and inspire one of the greatest martyrs of the Christian Church is an honor to his memory and a tribute to the influence of his hymn. Jerome of Prague is said to have sung this hymn on his way to the stake where he was burned to death: "As the fires wrapped their awful folds about his body, he was heard to exclaim: "This soul in flames I offer, Lord, to thee!" And so he finished his course and kept the faith."

167

C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;

Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid.
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever, on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God;
And we shall reign with thee.

Isaac Watts.

This is the first hymn in Dr. Watts's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Title: "*A new Song to the Lamb that was slain.*" (Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.) Of eight stanzas, these are the first three, the sixth, and seventh. One word only has been changed. In the last line of the second stanza Watts wrote: "And harps of *sweeter* sound."

It is interesting to compare these stanzas with the verses of Scripture upon which they are based:

6 And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.

7 And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne.

8 And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints.

9 And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.

10 And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.

The title and first stanza come from verses 6 and 9, the second stanza from verse 8, the third stanza from the last part of verse 8, the fourth stanza from verse 9, and the fifth stanza from verse 10.

The poet Montgomery says that "Dr. Watts may almost be called the *inventor* of hymns in our language." It is said that young Watts found fault with the hymns of his day in the hearing of some of the leading members of his father's Church at Southampton. The reply was: "Young man, give us something better." He did give something better, and became the father of modern hymn-writers.

Watts was at his home, in Southampton, from the spring of 1694 until the fall of 1696, two and a half years. It was during this time, some of his biographers say, that he began to write hymns for use in the chapel at Southampton. This hymn is said to be the first that was so used.

We give herewith, as a matter of curiosity, some specimens of the hymns sung

before the days of Watts, and of which he so justly complained. They were "deaconed off and sung one line at a time;"

'Tis like the precious ointment
Down Aaron's beard did go;
Down Aaron's beard it downward went,
His garment skirts unto.

In 1562 a version of the Psalms known as Sternhold and Hopkins's was issued, in which the tenth and eleventh verses of the seventy-fourth Psalm are put into verse. The Psalmist says: "O God, how long shall the adversary reproach? Why withdrawest thou thy hand, even thy right hand? pluck it out of thy bosom." The poet renders it for singing thus:

Why dost withdraw thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lappe?
O pluck it out, and be not slack,
To give thy foes a rappe.

The Scripture language, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," was thus arranged for singing, and, as one says, "it contains truth, whatever may be said of its poetry;"

The race is not forever got
By him who fastest runs:
Nor the battle by those people
Who shoot the longest guns.

Of the following specimen Dr. Belcher says: "Though our readers may smile at it, their fathers did not:"

Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises spout:
Up from the sands, ye codlings, peep,
And wag your tails about.

W. G. Horder, in commenting on the occasion which called forth this first hymn and others by Watts, says:

It was this poverty which really gave birth to our modern hymnody, for, in the deepest sense, Dr. Watts is its founder. His version of the Psalms and his original hymns supplanted all previous ones, and for many a long year held undisputed possession of the Nonconformist Church against all comers. . . . So venerated were his hymns and psalms that in this very century [the nineteenth] there were persons who refused to sing any others and actually sat down if any others were

given out. . . . This unique position of Dr. Watts is due partly to the excellence and suitability of his hymns to the purposes of public worship and partly to the nakedness of the land at the time he wrote. He is the pioneer of popular English hymnody. He broke new ground. For this he deserves to be kept in perpetual remembrance.

168

L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley.

This hymn was first published, so far as is known, in George Whitefield's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1775, in nine stanzas of four lines each. It is also found in Medley's *Hymns*, London, 1800. In the first stanza, lines two and four, the author wrote, "What comfort this sweet passage gives!" and "He lives, my ever-living Head." In the fourth stanza, lines two and three, he wrote:

He lives, my *Jesus*, still the same:
O the sweet joy *this sentence* gives.

It is based on Job xix. 25, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," interpreted in the light of New Testament events.

169

8s, 7s. 6l.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:

In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.
Thomas Kelly.

Text: "And he shall reign forever and ever." (Rev. xi. 15.)

From the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, third edition, 1809. Unaltered and entire. Julian says: "In popular and extensive use in Great Britain and America. It ranks with many of the best hymns of Watts and C. Wesley."

170

7s. D.

HE is gone; a cloud of light
Has received him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toll, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone; toward their goal
World and Church must onward roll.
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast.
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us he will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one.

Arthur P. Stanley.

This hymn, "For Ascension Day," was first published in *Macmillan's Magazine*

for June, 1862, and later in the *Westminster Abbey Hymn Book*, 1883, where it has seven stanzas of eight lines each. In its original unabridged form it begins: "He is gone—beyond the skies." It is also printed in Schaff's *Christ in Song*, 1870, accompanied by the following note:

It is here given complete from a manuscript copy kindly furnished by the author to the editor on Ascension Day, May 6, 1869. The Dean informs me that this hymn "was written about ten years ago (1859), at the request of a friend whose children had complained to him that there was no suitable hymn for Ascension Day, and who were eagerly asking what had been the feelings of the disciples after that event."

The revised and abbreviated version given above was prepared and published with the author's consent in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, *Hymnary Appendix*, 1870.

Taken in its unabridged form, this hymn is a sermon in a song, at once uplifting and inspiring.

171 8s, 7s. D.

- H**AIL, thou once despis'd Jesus!
Hall, thou Gallilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hall, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;

Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!
John Bakewell.

A true and valuable hymn. A part of it was published in London as early as 1757. In *Psalms and Hymns*, 1760, published by Rev. Martin Madan, it appeared in four stanzas much as it is found here.

Tradition assigns the authorship to John Bakewell (1721-1819). He was one of John Wesley's lay preachers. He may have rewritten it for Madan's collection.

This hymn is worshipful and at the same time is strongly doctrinal. The humiliation and suffering of the Saviour are plainly brought out on the one hand and his glorification and worship on the other. The atonement and intercession of Christ are plainly taught. It has been widely used, and has strengthened the faith and inspired the worship of unnumbered disciples.

172 S. M.

- J**ESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.
- 4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.
Charles Wesley.

This is one of a number of "Hymns for Believers" found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, where it has sixteen double stanzas, of which the above are the first two.

173

C. M.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light:

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

Thomas Kelly.

Title: "*Perfect through Sufferings.*"
(Heb. ii. 10.) It is from *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1820.

The third line of the fifth stanza was originally: "Their profit and their joy to know." The last stanza is omitted:

The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

The great contrast between the Christ who humbled himself and became obedient unto death and the glorified Christ is brought out here very plainly, as is also the joy of the saved in heaven. It is a popular and valuable hymn.

174

8s, 7s. D.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.

O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

John Newton.

"*A Friend That Sticketh Closer than a Brother*" is the title of this hymn in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It is based on Proverbs xvii. 24: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The hymn, as given above, is much altered from the original, which contains six stanzas of six lines each. The above two double stanzas are made from four single stanzas, omitting the last two lines of each.

The following is the original form of this famous hymn, which many claim is the most widely known and tenderly cherished of all Newton's compositions:

- 1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 Men, when raised to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Though they valued them before:
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom he redeemed with groans.
- 4 When he lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was his name;
Now above all glories raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 5 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

6 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

"What commends these stanzas to Christian hearts," says Dr. C. S. Robinson, "is the prevailing sentiment embodied in every one of them that our Lord, the 'Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' was actuated by a positive, active, seeking love for the sinner before that sinner had even become a subject of grace. We must read the life of Jesus Christ as the mere unfolding of this love."

175 6s, 5s. D.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King,
Christ, the King of glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To his throne above.
All his work is ended;
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At his Father's side,
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.

3 Pleading for his children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

Frances R. Havergal.

Dr. Julian gives the history of this favorite hymn in the *Dictionary of Hymnology* as follows:

While visiting at Perry Barr, F. R. H. walked to the boys' schoolroom, and, being very tired, she leaned against the playground wall while Mr. Snapp [editor of *Songs of*

Grace and Glory, 1872] went in. Returning in ten minutes, he found her scribbling on an old envelope. At his request she gave him the hymn just pencilled.

Miss Havergal composed the tune, "Hermas," for this hymn. About this time Miss Havergal wrote to a friend concerning her hymns:

It does seem wonderful that God should so use and bless my hymns; and yet it really does seem as if the seal of his own blessing were set upon them, for so many testimonies have reached me. Writing is *praying* with me, for I never seem to write even a verse by myself and feel like a little child writing. You know a child would look up at every sentence and say: "What shall I say next?" That is just what I do; I ask that at every line He would give me—not merely thoughts and power, but also every *word*, even the very *rhymes*. Very often I have a most distinct and happy consciousness of direct answers.

176 8s, 7s. D.

HALLELUJAH! sing to Jesus!
His the scepter, his the throne;
Hallelujah! his the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Hallelujah! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Hallelujah! he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
"I am with you evermore?"

3 Hallelujah! Bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Hallelujah! here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Hallelujah! sing to Jesus!
His the scepter, his the throne;
Hallelujah! his the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

William C. Dix.

This hymn was written about 1866, and was first published in the author's *Altar Songs*, 1867, in five stanzas of eight lines each, where it bears the title, "*Redemption by the Precious Blood.*" It was written as a eucharistic hymn. The omitted stanza is:

Hallelujah! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Hallelujah! born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the eucharistic feast.

177 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!

Thomas Kelly.

Text: "Let all the angels of God worship him." (Heb. i. 6.) Seven stanzas. Found in the author's *Hymns*, second edition, 1806. These are one, five, and seven unaltered. Dr. Lowell Mason added the "Hallelujahs" when he set the hymn to music.

Some people will find it difficult to sing the last stanza honestly. A better selection, perhaps, would have been the sixth verse:

King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

178 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reign,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fall,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, "Rejoice!"
Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns on Our Lord's Resurrection*, 1746. It is based on Philippians iv. 4: "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, Rejoice." The theme of this hymn—the kingship and reign of Christ as the ground of confidence and joy to the believer—is well calculated to call forth from a poet like Wes-

ley just such noble and stirring stanzas as those found in this hymn.

Dr. Telford has an interesting note on this hymn:

In 1826 Samuel Wesley, the great organist, discovered in the library of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, in Handel's handwriting, three tunes which he composed for three of his father's hymns:

"Rejoice, the Lord is King!"

"Sinners, obey the gospel word."

O Love divine, how sweet Thou art!"

"Gopsal" is the tune for the first, and is attached to it in the tune book of 1904. Gopsal Hall, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, was the home of Charles Jennens, the compiler of the libretto for "The Messiah." Handel frequently visited him, and has commemorated the friendship in this name for his tune. A facsimile of Handel's manuscript is given in the *Proceedings* of the Wesley Historical Society, iii., 8, page 239, with some interesting notes by Mr. James T. Lightwood. Handel was a friend of Mr. Rich, who put Covent Garden Theater at his service for the performance of his operas. Handel taught music to Mr. Rich's daughters, and at his house Charles Wesley and his wife met the German composer. Mrs. Rich was converted under Charles Wesley's ministry, and was one of the first who attended West Street Chapel. The poet dined there on October 26, 1745, and says: "The family concealed their fright tolerably well. Mr. Rich behaved with great civility. I foresee the storm my visit will bring upon him." According to Samuel Wesley, Mrs. Rich asked Handel to set music to these hymns. He says: "I cannot anticipate a greater musical gratification (not even at the York or Birmingham festivals) than that of hearing chanted by a thousand voices, and in the strains of Handel: 'Rejoice, the Lord is King!'"

179 S. M. D.

- C**ROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown him the Lord of love;
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:

No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

- 3 Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercèd feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

Text and title: "*In Capite Ejus Diademata Multa.*" (Rev. xix. 12.) Two stanzas have been omitted. From *Hymns of the Heart for the Use of Catholics*, by Matthew Bridges, Esq., 1848.

In praise of the Lamb, the world's Redeemer, it is difficult to exaggerate. His name is above every name.

180 C. M.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

This hymn, which has been called "The most inspiring and triumphant hymn in

the English language," was written in 1779 and published anonymously in the *Gospel Magazine*. The first stanza, along with a tune called "*Shrubsole*," was printed in that periodical for November, 1779. This tune was written in the organ gallery of Canterbury Cathedral by a young man only twenty years of age named Shrubsole, who had been a chorister there. He afterwards changed the name of the tune to "*Miles Lane*," this being the name of the Independent Chapel in London where he was then organist; and it has been so designated ever since. The first stanza and the tune as printed in the November issue of the magazine attracted favorable attention and created a demand for the entire hymn, which was accordingly published in full in the issue for April, 1780, with the title, "*On the Resurrection—The Lord Is King*." It appeared also in a volume published in 1785, titled *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred, Published for the Instruction and Amusement of the Candidly Serious and Religious*, which, though anonymous, was known to be by Perronet. This is the only hymn by the author contained in the Hymnal, but one needs to write only one such hymn as this to gain an enviable immortality in the Christian Church. The author in writing this hymn "buiided wiser than he knew." The last stanza given above was not written by Perronet, but was added by some unknown hand (possibly by Dr. Rippon); it has, however, been a part of the hymn as used in the Church for more than a hundred years. The original hymn contained eight stanzas, and has undergone changes so numerous and radical that we present it here as originally written:

All hail the power of Jesu's name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown him Lord of all!

*Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall*

*Before his face who tunes their choir,
 And crown him Lord of all!*

*Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fixed this floating ball;
 Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
 And crown him Lord of all!*

*Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all!*

*Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all!*

*Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call,
 The God incarnate, man divine,
 And crown him Lord of all!*

*Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.*

*Let every tribe and every tongue
 That bound creation's call,
 Now shout in universal song,
 The crown'd Lord of all.*

In 1787 it appeared in Rippon's *Selection of Hymns* with the additional stanza and in an altered form, which has been quite generally adopted by Church hymnals ever since, though not without several changes. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find any two important modern hymnals that give absolutely identical versions of this hymn.

We have here another fine example of the splendid service rendered not only to an author and his hymn, but to Christian hymnology by judicious editors who undertake to alter and improve the original. But for the changes and improvements made upon the original of this hymn, it could not possibly have gained the high place which it now holds among the foremost hymns of the Christian Church.

Perronet, who seems to have been possessed of some property, is said to have bequeathed Mr. Shrubsole (1758-1806) a considerable legacy in token of his appreciation of the service he rendered himself

and his hymn in composing for it the tune "Miles Lane." The tune called "Coronation," by Oliver Holden, was also composed especially for this hymn, and is regarded by many as even better suited than "Miles Lane" to the words of the hymn and to inspire those feelings of exalted adoration and triumphant worship which are aroused by the singing of the hymn by a great congregation. Both tunes, however, should always accompany the hymn when published in any modern hymnal of the Church.

"A soul triumphing in its first love is a spectacle for men and angels. It makes me forget my own sorrows and carry the cross of life without feeling it." Thus exclaimed Charles Wesley on November 10, 1746, just after witnessing the joyous conversion of Edward Perronet, then just entering upon his twenty-first year. This young man greatly delighted the Wesleys by his Christian heroism and fidelity. But when later he became convinced that the Methodists ought to separate from the Church of England and make an independent ecclesiastical organization, and published a volume vigorously maintaining this position, the Wesleys were so greatly offended as to rebuke him severely, which led him to organize an independent congregation at Canterbury. He served this Church as its pastor until his death, though he and the Wesleys were later reconciled, visiting and counseling each other. Perronet is buried in the cloisters of the cathedral at Canterbury. His death, in 1792, the year after John Wesley died, was as triumphant as his conversion was joyous. His last words were:

Glory to God in the height of his divinity!
 Glory to God in the depth of his humanity!
 Glory to God in his all-sufficiency!
 Into His hand I commend my spirit.

There are many interesting stories connected with the use of this hymn. We give place to two of them:

An incident in the experience of Rev. E. P. Scott, a missionary in India, illustrates the power of this hymn and tune over even the worst and most dangerous of heathen tribes. He had gone, against the remonstrances of his friends, to take the gospel to one of the inland tribes noted for their murderous proclivities. He had no sooner arrived than he was met by a dozen pointed spears, and instant death seemed inevitable. While they pursued a moment, he drew out his violin (with which he always accompanied his sacred songs), and, closing his eyes, began playing and singing this hymn. When he had finished he opened his eyes to witness, as he thought, his own death at the point of their spears; but to his joy he found that the spears had fallen and the murderers were all in tears. This song had saved him from death and opened an effectual door for preaching the gospel to them. He remained with them many years, doing a great work for them and other surrounding tribes, and finally died among them, beloved and venerated of the whole tribe. He often related this incident.

Some fifty years ago a Wesleyan local preacher named William Dawson was preaching on one occasion in London on the Kingship of Christ. Though an eccentric and unlettered man, he had a vivid imagination and great power to sway an audience. On this occasion, in setting forth the kingly office of Christ, he undertook to draw a picture of his coronation among the saints and angels in heaven. The great procession of patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, saints and angels had been made to move grandly on and gather into the heavenly temple to witness the magnificent spectacle. Just at the point of intensest interest and excitement the preacher suddenly paused and began singing with startling effect:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all!"

The effect, it is said, was overwhelming beyond description. The audience sprang to their feet and sang the hymn with a feeling and power which seemed to swell higher and higher with every verse. This great "coronation hymn" seemed never to have been sung with such volume and such feeling before.

No hymn has done more to inspire Christian congregations during the past century than this splendid lyric.

HYMNS TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

181

C. M.

- C**OME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke;
 Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
 Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night;
 On our disordered spirits move,
 And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
 If thou within us shine;
 And sound, with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley.

Title, "*Before Reading the Scriptures.*"
 From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

The author wrote "prolific Dove" in verse three, line one; otherwise it is unaltered and entire. It is one of Charles Wesley's best hymns.

182

S. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
 With energy divine,
 And on this poor, benighted soul
 With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 O melt this frozen heart,
 This stubborn will subdue,
 Each evil passion overcome,
 And form me all anew!
- 3 The profit will be mine;
 But thine shall be the praise;
 And unto thee will I devote
 The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome.

"*Invocation*" is the title of this hymn in the tenth edition of Rippon's *Selection*, 1800, where it was first published. It is also found in the author's posthumous volume of *Hymns*, 1817. In the third stanza, line three, the author wrote "*Cheerful to* (102)

thee" instead of "And unto thee." The second stanza of the original, omitted above, is:

From the celestial hills
 Light, life, and joy dispense;
 And may I daily, hourly feel
 Thy quickening influence.

183

C. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls, how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 And shall we then forever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

Title, "*Breathing After the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of Devotion Desired.*"
 From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1707.

In the second line of the second stanza the author wrote "*trifling toys.*" The third line of the second stanza was, as Watts wrote it:

Our souls can neither fly nor go.

Watts also began the fourth stanza:

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live.

The first two changes have been traced to George Whitefield's *Collection*, 1754. The last change was made by John Wes-

ley. With regard to the word "dear," John Wesley was very particular. He never used it himself in reference to the Saviour, and he always substituted some other word for it in the hymns that he edited. He thought it was "using too much familiarity with the great Lord of heaven and earth."

184 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart;
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!
Robert II., King of France (?)
Tr. by Ray Palmer.

The date and authorship of this hymn are unknown. It has been most frequently accredited to Robert II., who was King of France for thirty-five years (996-1031). It is said that he was accustomed to go to the Church of St. Denis in his crown and robes and direct the singing. He was a composer of music as well as of hymns. Dr. Duffield, who has made a specially careful and extensive study of the Latin hymns, pronounces in favor of Hermannus Contractus (1013-1054) as the

author, while Dr. Julian contends that the preponderance of evidence is in favor of Pope Innocent III.

Others have maintained that it was written by Stephen Langton, who was Archbishop of Canterbury 1207-1228.

The following is the first stanza of the original Latin:

*Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.*

"The loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin poetry," is what Archbishop Trench calls this hymn. "It could only have been composed by one who had been acquainted with many sorrows and also with many consolations." Dean Stanley, whose translation of the hymn into English ranks among the best, speaks of it as "the most beautiful of all the Latin hymns." "It combines," says Julian, "a stately grace, a perfect rhythmic melody, and a faculty of saying just the right thing in just the fitting words, in such a measure as to disarm criticism and at once to defy comparison with any other hymn in any other language, and to make it almost impossible to present an adequate translation."

There are no less than forty translations of this hymn into English. It is no small compliment to Dr. Ray Palmer that the editors of this *Hymnal* should have given his translation the preference over all others. It was first published in the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, Andover, 1858. The fourth stanza of the original is omitted:

Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
O, icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

185

7s.

HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this gully heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

Title, "*Prayer to the Spirit.*" From Dr. Reed's *Collection*, published in 1817. The original contains four double stanzas. This hymn is made up of the first half of each stanza without change.

Good hymns addressed to the Holy Spirit are all too few. Some of the best that have been written are in this book; we hope they will come into frequent and joyful use.

Notice the progress of the work of the Holy Spirit as given in this hymn: first, he illuminates; second, he cleanses; third, he cheers; and fourth, he dwells and reigns in the heart. It is happily constructed.

186

C. M.

I WORSHIP thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for thy company.

2 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
I grieved thee long, alas! thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.

3 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost
At last it conquered me!

4 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
With thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.

William F. Warren.

This simple but useful hymn, by one of the most honored divines of American Methodism, was contributed in 1877 to the *Hymnal* of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the special request of the editors. As a hymn of adoration and love addressed to the Holy Spirit it meets a real need in our songs of public worship.

187

L. M.

O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old!
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him
thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

3 That Spirit which, from age to age,
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy
ways?
Brightened Isalah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love thee more.
William H. Bathurst.

Title, "*For an Increase of Grace.*" It is from *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, London, 1831. It is copied *verbatim*.

The allusions to the prophets of old in this hymn are very happy, and the prayer of the last verse most appropriate. It is a comfort to the disciple to remember that the Master said: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

188

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;

Give power and unction from above,
When'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

James Montgomery.

This hymn was written in 1823 for use at the public meeting of the Auxillary Missionary Society for the West Riding of Yorkshire, to be sung in Salem Chapel, Leeds, June 4, 1823, and was first printed as a leaflet for that meeting. It was published in the *Evangelical Magazine* for August, 1823, and later in the author's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825, where it bore the title, "*The Spirit Accompanying the Word of God.*" As a hymn setting forth and emphasizing the relation of the Holy Spirit to the work of missions it fills an important and useful place in our *Hymnal*. It is a prayer as well as a hymn. The fourth and sixth stanzas of the original have been omitted:

O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet:
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through thee!

Compare this with Montgomery's other great missionary hymn beginning, "Hark! the song of jubilee," No. 646.

189 8, 6, 8, 4.

O UR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless, too.

3 He comes, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling place,
And worthier thee!

Harriet Auber.

Title, "*Whitsunday.*" It is from the author's *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829. In the last hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church this was a common meter. It is here restored to its original form with the exception of one word—the author began the third verse the same as the second: "He came," etc. Two stanzas have been omitted:

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread;
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

6 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

The hymn is sufficiently long without these fine stanzas, but they are well worth reading.

190 C. M.

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

ANNOTATED HYMNAL.

7s.

- 1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

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C. M.

186

- 1 WORSHIP thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for thy company.
- 2 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
I grieved thee long, alas! thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.
- 3 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost
At last it conquered me!
- 4 I worship thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship thee;
With thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.

William F. Warren.

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L. M.

187

- 0 FOR that flame of living fire,
Which saone so bright in saints of old!
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?
- 3 That Spirit which, from age to age,
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy
Brightened Isalah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love thee more.

William H. Bathurst.

Title, "For an Increase of Grace." is from *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, London, 1831. It copied verbatim.

The allusions to the prophets of this hymn are very happy, and of the last verse most appropriate a comfort to the disciple that the Master said: "Lo, I am with you, and will be with you always, even unto the end of the world."

L.

188

- 0 SPIRIT of the living
In all thy plenitude
Where'er the foot
Descend on our
2 Give tongues of fire
To preach the

5 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy Church on earth become
Blest as thy Church above.

Andrew Reed.

On February 10, 1829, the Board of Congregational Ministers resident in and about London recommended the appointment of a special day of humiliation and prayer with a view to promoting by the divine blessing a revival of religion in the British Churches. Good Friday was set apart in obedience to this recommendation as "the day appointed for solemn prayer." This hymn was prepared especially for that occasion. It was published in the *Evangelical Magazine* for June, 1829, with the following heading and explanatory note: "*Hymn to the Spirit.* Sung on the late day appointed for solemn prayer and humiliation in the Eastern District of the metropolis." It was republished in the author's *Hymn Book*, 1842. The fourth and seventh stanzas are omitted above:

- 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.
- 7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers:
O come, Great Spirit, come!

The original of verse one is:

Spirit Divine, attend our *prayers*,
And make *this house* thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious *powers*;
O come, *Great Spirit*, come.

In verse two the author wrote "emptiness" instead of "sinfulness." In the third and fourth lines of verse four he wrote:

That all of woman born may see
The glory of thy face.

Verses four and five are transposed in the hymn as given above. It will be seen that the author here makes the various Scripture symbols of the Spirit the themes of the successive stanzas of this

hymn—light, fire, wind, dew, dove—just as in his other hymn found in this volume (No. 185) he devotes the successive stanzas to other more spiritual symbols of the Spirit—light, power, joy, etc. It is interesting to know that two of our very best and most useful hymns on the Holy Spirit should have been written by a man whose life was crowded with philanthropic and self-sacrificing services to his fellow-man. Dr. Reed is best known in England as the founder of "The London Orphan Asylum," "The Asylum for Fatherless Children," "The Asylum for Idiots," "The Infant Orphan Asylum," and "The Hospital for Incurables." The inspiration of these two useful hymns and of his noble life work is to be found in that personal acquaintance with the Holy Spirit and that constant dependence upon him for divine guidance that was a marked characteristic of the author's life.

191

S. M. D.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.
'Tis thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.
The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

Charles Wesley.

From a pamphlet containing thirty-

two hymns, entitled *Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving for the Promise of the Father*. By the Rev. John and Mr. Charles Wesley, Bristol, 1746.

One word has been changed: the author wrote "great atoning" in verse three, line two. The third and fifth stanzas, omitted above, are:

3 I know my Saviour lives,
He lives, who died for me,
My inmost soul His voice receives
Who hangs on yonder tree:
Set forth before my eyes
Even now I see Him bleed,
And hear His mortal groans and cries,
While suffering in my stead.

5 Inspire the living faith,
Which whoso'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves who'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

The "promise of the Father" was the baptism with the Holy Spirit. (Acts i. 4, 5.) The Wesleys taught that this baptism was the high privilege of every believer.

192

8s, 7s. D.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light:
From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

2 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power:
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower:
Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace.

Paul Gerhardt.

Tr. by John C. Jacobi. Alt.

The German original of this hymn was first published in 1648 in ten stanzas of eight lines each. Jacobi translated this

into English about 1725, and published it in his *Psalmodia Germanica*. Out of these ten stanzas Toplady made a hymn of six stanzas and published them in the *Gospel Magazine* for June, 1776. Toplady's revision has been abridged and otherwise altered to make the two stanzas here given. Many hands, therefore, have had a part in making the above hymn.

193

7s. D.

HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toll shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Marcus M. Wells.

Text, "I will guide thee with mine eye." (Psalm xxxii. 8.) This is found in *Gospel Hymns* No. 1 (1875). The date of the hymn is given as 1858.

The early history of this hymn is somewhat obscure. It is found in the *Sacred Lute*, edited by T. E. Perkins and published in Boston by Oliver Ditson and Company, date not given, but copyrighted in 1864. In the prayer meeting department, on page 373, we find this hymn and tune entitled, "*The Christian Guide*." Words and music by M. M. Wells. The tune is well suited to the words.

194 L. M. 6l.

CREATOR, Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every plous mind,
Come, pour thy joys on humankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

- 2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
But O, inflame and fire our hearts!

Rabanus Maurus.
Tr. by John Dryden.

This hymn has been variously attributed to Charlemagne, St. Ambrose, Gregory the Great, and Rabanus Maurus, the preponderance of testimony being in favor of the last named. It is one of the most famous and historic hymns of the Christian Church, and has taken a deeper hold upon the devotions and life of the Church than any other hymn of mediæval origin except the *Te Deum*. The singing of this hymn in mediæval times was made an occasion of great importance, and was attended by pompous ceremonials.

The most elaborate preparations were made, the best vestments were donned by all ecclesiastics taking part in the services, bells were rung, the churches were illuminated with more than ordinary brightness, and the air was laden with incense. Its use was invested with almost superstitious significance. "Whoever repeats this hymn by day or night," the monks said, "no enemy, visible or invisible, shall assail him."

There have been more than fifty translations of this hymn into English. The translation by Dryden in seven stanzas of unequal length, making altogether thirty-

nine lines, was published in his *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1693. John Wesley was the first to adapt Dryden's translation to public worship. He abbreviated it and published it in his *Psalms and Hymns*, 1741.

This hymn has found a place in the ritual of many Churches, and is used at the coronation of kings and popes and the ordination of bishops and elders. The translation used in our ordination service for elders and bishops is by John Cosin (1594-1672), Bishop of Durham. It begins:

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

The following is the first verse of the original in Latin:

*Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creati pectora.*

195 7s. 6l.

- G**RACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be,
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.
- 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.
- 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
In temptation's darksome hour,
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.
- 4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unalred man must fall;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be:
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to him who gave me thee.

Thomas T. Lynch.

From an English book entitled, *The Rivulet: A Contribution to Sacred Song*, 1855. One stanza is omitted.

One thing can be truthfully said of this hymn: it is unlike any other ever written. People who object to individualities in worship will not like this hymn. It is subjective to the last degree. It is very suitable for private use.

196

S. M.

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch.

This was first published in Henry Alton's *Congregational Psalmist Hymnal*, London, 1886, and later in the author's posthumous volume titled *Towards Fields of Light*, London, 1890. "A delightful hymn to the Holy Spirit, an earnest prayer for greater consecration of life."

Dr. Hatch was the Bampton Lecturer at Oxford in 1880. Among the most beautiful verses found in his *Towards Fields of Light* are the following on heaven:

Some seek a Heaven of rest,
And some an ample sphere

For doing work they cannot do
While they are prisoned here.

Some seek a Heaven of song,
And others fain would rise
From an articulate utterance
To silent ecstasies.

Some seek a home in Heaven,
And some would pray to be
Alone with God, beyond the reach
Of other company.

But in God's perfect Heaven,
All aspirations meet,
Each separate longing is fulfilled,
Each separate soul complete.

197

10s.

SPIRIT of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its
pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
And make me love thee as I ought to
love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast thou not bid us love thee, God and
King?
All, all thine own, soul, heart and
strength and mind;
I see thy cross; there teach my heart to
cling:
O let me seek thee, and O let me find!

4 Teach me to feel that thou art always
nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to
bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered
prayer.

5 Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The kindling of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame.
George Croly.

Text, "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." From *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*. Written and compiled by the Rev. George Croly, LL.D., London, 1854.

HYMNS ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

198

C. M.

- A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

"*The Light and Glory of the Word*" is the title of this hymn in the *Olney Collection*, 1779, where it has five stanzas, the first being omitted here. This hymn, like most of the others written by Cowper, was the outgrowth of an actual experience. He dated his conversion in July, 1764, when in the St. Alban's Asylum his eyes one day fell upon Romans iii. 24, "Being justified freely by his grace," etc., the Spirit breathed upon the Word and brought its saving truth sensibly to his sight. "In a moment," says he, "I believed and I received the gospel." The omitted stanza is:

The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

199

L. M.

- U**PON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
(110)

And, as it soars, the gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

- 3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers un-
furled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.
John Bowring.

Title, "*Progress of Gospel Truth.*" From the author's *Mattins and Vespers*, London, 1823. In the last line of the second stanza the author wrote:

Adds to its influence more and more.

And in the last line of the third verse:

Its waters shall o'erflow the world.

One stanza, the third, is omitted:

Truth, strengthened by the strength of
thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And wisdom's self become more wise.

In his preface the author says: "These hymns were not written in the pursuit of fame or literary triumph. . . . I have not sought to be original; to be useful is my first ambition; that obtained, I am indifferent to the rest."

200

7s, 6s. D.

- O** WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

- 2 The Church from thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine,

And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of thee, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

4 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old;
O teach thy wand'ring pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

William W. How.

Written for the 1867 *Supplement to Morrell and How's Psalms and Hymns*. This noble hymn, addressed to the Word of God, the incarnate Christ, sets forth in lofty and fitting terms the value of the Word of God as revealed in and through the written page, and the duty of the Church to carry the light of God's Word, both as incarnate and as written, to all men and nations that sit in darkness.

Few, if any, definitions of the real and true minister of the gospel ever given have surpassed that given by the author in the following quotation, and those who knew him best said that in writing thus he was unconsciously describing himself as others saw him:

A man pure, holy, and spotless in his life; a man of much prayer; in character meek, lowly, and infinitely compassionate; of tenderest love to all; full of sympathy for every pain and sorrow, and devoting his days and nights to lightening the burdens of humanity; utterly patient of insult and enmity; utterly fearless in speaking the truth and rebuking sin; ever ready to answer every call, to go wherever bidden in order to do good; wholly without thought of self; making himself the servant of all; patient, gentle, and untrifling in dealing with the souls he would

save; bearing with ignorance, willfulness, slowness, cowardice in those of whom he expects most; sacrificing all, even life itself, if need be, to save some.

Few honors can come to a hymn writer greater than that which came to Bishop How in 1897, when he was selected to write the national hymn to be sung in all worshiping assemblies throughout the British Empire on the occasion of the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne of England. It is worthy to be quoted here in full:

O King of kings, whose reign of old
Hath been from everlasting,
Before whose throne their crowns of gold
The white-robed saints are casting:
While all the shining courts on high
With angel songs are ringing,
O let Thy children venture nigh,
Their lovely homage bringing.

For every heart, made glad by Thee,
With thankful praise is swelling;
And every tongue, with joy set free,
The happy theme is telling.
Thou hast been mindful of Thine own,
And lo! we come confessing
'Tis thou hast dowered our queenly throne
With sixty years of blessing.

O royal heart, with wide embrace
For all her children yearning!
O happy realm, such mother-grace
With loyal love returning!
Where England's flag flies wide unfurled,
All tyrant wrongs repelling,
God make the world a better world
For man's brief earthly dwelling.

Lead on, O Lord, thy people still,
New grace and wisdom giving,
To larger love, and purer will,
And nobler heights of living.
And, while of all Thy love below
They chant the gracious story,
O teach them first Thy Christ to know,
And magnify His glory.

201

C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;

Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and
a light unto my path." (Ps. cxix. 105.)

The original has six stanzas. These
are verses one, five, and six, unaltered.

From *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, by John Fawcett, 1782.

The enemies of the Bible claim that it
is obsolete; but new and large editions
are sold every year, new translations into
other languages are being made, and Bi-
ble societies were never so busy and so
useful as at the present time.

202

L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Books of Nature and of Scripture Compared; or, The Glory and Success of the Gospel*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Psalms of David*,

1719. It is based on certain verses found
in the nineteenth Psalm:

The heavens declare the glory of God; and
the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day
unto day uttereth speech, and night unto
night showeth knowledge. There is no speech
nor language, where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
and their words to the end of the world. In
them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
which is as a bridegroom coming out of his
chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to
run a race.

Compare with Dr. Watts Sir Philip Sid-
ney's quaint rendering of this Psalm:

The heavenly frame sets forth the fame
Of Him that only thunders;
The firmament, so strangely bent,
Shows His hand working wonders.
Day unto day doth it display,
Their course doth it acknowledge;
And night to night succeeding right
In darkness teach clear knowledge.

There is no speech, nor language, which
Is so of skill bereaved,
But of the skies the teaching cries
They have heard and conceived.
There be no cyne, but read the line
From so fair book proceeding;
Their words be set in letters great
For everybody's reading.

203

L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.
- 3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fall,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Robert Grant.

Founded on Psalm xix. It is intended
as a sequel or counterpart to Addison's
well-known hymn, "*The Spacious Firma-*

ment on High" (No. 84), and it is in no wise inferior to that wonderful hymn.

From *Sacred Poems*, 1839. The original contains four double stanzas. This hymn is made up of the first and last, *verbatim*. The omitted verses are good, but they are not equal to these.

204 C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts.

"*Instruction from Scripture*" is the author's title to this hymn in his *Psalms of David*, 1719. His metrical version of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm is divided into eighteen "Parts." This is from the fourth part, which contains eight stanzas, being verses one, two, three, and eight. It is based more especially upon the ninth verse of the Psalm: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

205 C. M.

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveler's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of his glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

8

4 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton.

Title: "*Holy Scriptures*." Published in *The Reliquary*, 1836. The original has eleven stanzas. These are one, two, nine, and eleven with slight changes.

Good hymns upon the Bible are rare. This is one of the best, and is widely used.

206 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on thy word!
O let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found!
God speed his word!

2 Hail, blessèd Jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan;
From thee the work began;
Away with praise of man!
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word!
One for his truth we stand,
Strong in his own right hand,
Firm as a martyr band:
God shield his word!

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before.
His words ere long shall run
Free as the noonday sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless his word!

Hugh Stowell.

This was written for the jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, March 7, 1853, and is found in the posthumous volume of the author's *Hymns*, 1868, which were published three years after his death. He is more generally known in America as the author of the hymn beginning, "From every stormy wind that blows."

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

207

7s, 6s. D.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

Samuel J. Stone.

Title: "*The Holy Catholic Church.*"
First written in 1866. It was revised by
the author for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*,
1868. The third stanza of the 1868
version, omitted here, is as follows:

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distress,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

(114)

A fine poem and truly worthy of a
place in this *Hymnal*. It honors the
Church of Christ and longs for its pros-
perity.

208

S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

This is the most popular of all our
hymns on the Church. It first appeared
in the author's edition of *Watts's Psalms*,
1800, under the title, "*Love to the Church.*"
It is there entered as part third to Psalm
cxxxvii., being based more particularly
on the fifth and sixth verses: "If I for-
get thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand
forget her cunning. If I do not remem-
ber thee, let my tongue cleave to the
roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jeru-
salem above my chief joy." Three stan-
zas have been omitted:

3 If e'er to bless her sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

A growing spirit of Christian fraternity and coöperation among different Churches is one of the most notable and healthful signs of our times. Nothing has perhaps done so much to bring this about as the singing of such hymns as this. It is one of those matchless and imperishable lyrics of Christian love the singing of which by countless thousands in all Churches the world over is not only doing much to increase genuine Christian fellowship, but is preparing the way for that larger and more perfect Christian unity for which many are praying as one of the most manifest and imperative needs of our day.

209 C. M.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest song,
One King omnipotent!

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

4 How gleam thy watch fires through the
night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock,
The eternal city stands.

Samuel Johnson.

Author's title, "*The City of God.*" Mr. Johnson was one of the editors of *Hymns of the Spirit*, Boston, 1864, and contrib-

uted this hymn to that work. It is unaltered and entire. The unity, strength, and immutability of God's Church are well illustrated in this fine poem.

210 8s, 7s. D.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.

John Newton.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, where it bears the title "*Zion; or, The City of God.*" It is one of Newton's best hymns, and, as Julian remarks, "It ranks with the first hymns in the language." It is full of optimism, and is prophetic of a glorious future for the Church of God. Only the first half of the five double stanzas of the original are here given, verse three repeating at the close the first four lines of the hymn, by which repetition a better climax in poetic form and sentiment is secured for the hymn as thus abbreviated than was furnished by the following lines, with which the third stanza of the original closes:

Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.

There are two additional stanzas:

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God;
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

This hymn abounds in Scripture references, being based more particularly upon the following: "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God" (Ps. lxxxvii. 3); and, "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby." (Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.)

211 8s, 7s. D.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:

God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night:
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

William Cowper.

Title: "*The Future Peace and Glory of the Church.*" It is founded upon Isaiah lx. 18-20:

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Instead of "Scenes," verse one, line five, some editions have "Themes" and some "Thorns." From *Oiney Hymns*, 1779.

212 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

This is taken from the 1806 edition of the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, where it bears as a title the words of Scripture upon which it is based: "*As the Mountains Are Round About Jerusalem, So the Lord Is Round About His People from Henceforth Even*

Forever." (Ps. cxxv. 2.) The omitted stanzas are:

- 3 Zion's friend in nothing alters,
 Though all others may and do:
 His is love that never falters,
 Always to its object true.
 Happy Zion!
 Crowned with mercies ever new.
- 4 If thy God should show displeasure,
 'Tis to save, and not destroy:
 If he punish, 'tis in measure;
 'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
 Be thou patient:
 Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

213 L. M.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs;
 To spend one day with thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace,
 Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
 God is our shield, he guards our way
 From all the assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
 And devils at thy presence flee;
 Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

Isaac Watts.

The original title to this grand old hymn is "*God and His Church; or, Grace and Glory.*" It is founded on the last part of Psalm lxxiv.:

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah. Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

From the author's *Psalms*, 1719. One stanza, the fourth, has been omitted:

All needful Grace will God bestow,
 And crown that Grace with Glory too:

He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real Good from upright Souls.

The rules of capitalization have been changed since the time of Dr. Watts. A genuine hymn this, one of the author's best.

214 C. M.

O WHERE are kings and empires now,
 Of old that went and came?
 But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
 A thousand years the same.

- 2 We mark her goodly battlements
 And her foundations strong;
 We hear within the solemn voice
 Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world
 Thy holy Church, O God!
 Though earthquake shocks are threatening
 her,
 And tempests are abroad;
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
 Immovable she stands,
 A mountain that shall fill the earth,
 A house not made with hands.

A. Cleveland Cox.

This is taken from a poem titled "*Chel-sea*," and first published in the *Churchman* in 1839. It is found also in the author's *Christian Ballads*, 1840. The original contains ten stanzas of eight lines each. The hymn here given is composed of the first half of the sixth stanza, the last half of the eighth, and the whole of the seventh. There have been several verbal alterations, all of them being improvements upon the original, and rendered desirable, if not necessary, by the abbreviation of the hymn.

215 L. M.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With strong desire my spirit faints
 To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
 Around thy throne of majesty;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace:

Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

- 4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*The Pleasure of Public Worship.*" Part of Psalm lxxxiv.:

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

There are seven stanzas in the author's *Psalms*, 1719. These are verses one, four, five, and seven.

216

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

- 2 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

- 3 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

- 4 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

Charles Wesley.

In the first edition of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, this was the last hymn in the book. In this edition the third line of verse one had "the nations" instead of "hell's kingdom," which appeared first in the edition of 1780. We have here the first and the last three stanzas of the original, which contains ten stanzas and is based on Isaiah li. 9-11:

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the

waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

The following incidents will show the large use made of this hymn by the early Methodists:

In her last illness Mrs. Benson, the wife of the noted commentator, and one of the saintly women of early Methodism, suffered much and long; but her joy and peace with God were unbroken. A short while before she died she asked her daughter to come to her bedside and read to her the last three verses of this hymn, beginning: "By death and hell pursued in vain." When the daughter had finished the reading, she exclaimed: "O what a blessed hymn! Let me hear it again." She then gave them instructions to bury her behind City Road Chapel, and, bidding her husband and children good-by, she,

"Shouting, her heavenly Zion gained,
And passed through death triumphant home."

Some time after this Mr. Benson was spending a social evening with Rev. Jabez Bunting, when, according to Mr. Bunting's testimony, he made the occasion memorable and deeply interested all present by reciting in a most impressive and feeling manner these same three verses that had cheered his wife in her dying hours.

Tyerman, in his "Life of Fletcher," records an instance in the early history of Methodism when this song was sung with great power and effectiveness by an audience of ten thousand, who had been attracted to a meeting at Everton at which Fletcher, Berridge, Madan, Venn, and Lady Huntingdon were present. At the close of a three days' meeting, which was one of great spiritual power, the immense audience joined in singing "with the spirit and the understanding:"

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down."

"It was one of Charles Wesley's earliest compositions," says the historian, "but never before had so many persons unitedly sent up their prayers to heaven in these words."

217

L. M.

- A**WAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
 No longer in thy sins lie down;
 The garment of salvation take,
 Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
 And hides the promise from thine eyes;
 Arise, and struggle into light,
 The great Deliverer calls, Arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
 Zion, assert thy liberty;
 Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
 And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
 Be purged from every sinful stain,
 Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
 Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

Charles Wesley.

From a long hymn of three parts, thirty-two stanzas in all. These are verses one, three, and four of part one, and verse two of part three, *verbatim*. The whole is founded on Isaiah lii. 1: "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem." From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

218

L. M.

- G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
 Down to the deep, and buried there;
 Convulsions shake the solid world—
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide;
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
 Our grief allays, our fear controls;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title, "*The Church's Safety*

and *Triumph among National Desolations.*" First published in 1719 in the author's *Psalms of David*. It is based on the first five verses of the forty-sixth Psalm:

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

In the second line of the fifth stanza Watts wrote:

That all our raging fear controls.

This was one of Dr. Dwight's improvements. One stanza is omitted:

- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threat'ning hour;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and armed with power.

219

- 7s, 6s. D.

- L**ORD of the living harvest
 That whitens o'er the plain,
 Where angels soon shall gather
 Their sheaves of golden grain;
 Accept these hands to labor,
 These hearts to trust and love,
 And deign with them to hasten
 Thy kingdom from above.
- 2 As laborers in thy vineyard,
 Send us, O Christ, to be
 Content to bear the burden
 Of weary days for thee;
 We ask no other wages,
 When thou shalt call us home,
 But to have shared the travail
 Which makes thy kingdom come.
- 3 Come down, thou Holy Spirit!
 And fill our souls with light,
 Clothe us in spotless raiment,
 In lincn clean and white;
 Beside thy sacred altar
 Be with us, where we stand,
 To sanctify thy people
 Through all this happy land.

John S. B. Monseil.

Title: "*An Ordination Hymn.*" The first stanza was written upon John iv. 35:

Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

The second stanza was founded on Matthew ix. 38:

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.

The hymn closes with this doxology:

Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
O Blessed Three in One.
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore;
And fill us with Thy fullness
Now and for evermore.

From *Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year*, 1863. This is one of the most useful of modern consecration hymns. Consecration to service is the theme, love is the motive, and the glory of God is the end.

220

L. M.

JESUS, the truth and power divine,
Send forth these messengers of thine;
Their hands confirm, their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallowed fire.

2 Be thou their mouth and wisdom, Lord;
Thou, by the hammer of thy word,
The rocky hearts in pieces break,
And bid the sons of thunder speak.

3 To those who would their Lord embrace,
Give them to preach the word of grace;
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
And melt them with the fire of love.

4 Let all with thankful hearts confess
Thy welcome messengers of peace;
Thy power in their report be found,
And let thy feet behind them sound.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn is taken from the 1749 edition of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, and bears the title, "*For a Minister Going Forth to Preach.*" The only change in the hymn is of the singular to the plural,

"these messengers" for "this messenger," and so uniformly throughout the hymn. It is often sung at the Annual Conferences of Methodism just before reading out the "appointments" of the preachers for the ensuing year. There are few scenes more impressive than that of a body of several hundred itinerant Methodist preachers awaiting their "marching orders" at the hands of the constituted authorities of the Church. Nor is there any better spiritual preparation for receiving these "appointments" and interpreting them as the call of God than to precede this closing event in the session of the Conference by singing a hymn like this.

221

L. M.

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys;
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move;
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See where the servants of their Lord,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.

5 O multiply thy sower's seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear;
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare!

Augustus G. Spangenberg.

Tr. by John Wesley.

Title: "*God's Husbandry.*" It is part of a poem of thirteen double stanzas which the author presented to Count Zinzendorf on his birthday in 1734. John Wesley published his translation of the whole hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. In verse three, line one, he wrote "God" instead of "Lord."

This hymn came into the Methodist

Episcopal hymn book in one of the editions of the *Pocket Hymn Book* between the ninth edition (1788) and the eighteenth edition (1793).

222

C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

"After Preaching in a Church" is the title of this magnificent hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is one of Charles Wesley's best. It is culled from a hymn of twenty-two stanzas. The first line of the original is, "Jesu, accept the grateful song." In verse four, line three, above, the author wrote "which" instead of "that." The following circumstances are believed by Stevenson, the Wesleyan hymnologist, to have suggested the writing of this hymn:

On August 6, 1744, Charles Wesley preached in Mr. Bennet's church at Laneast, in Cornwall. As he was speaking against their drunken revels a person in the congregation contradicted and blasphemed. The preacher asked, "Who is he that pleads for the devil?" and one answered in those very words: "I am he that pleads for the devil."

He says: "I took occasion from hence to show the revelers their champion, and the whole congregation their state by nature. Much good I saw immediately brought out of Satan's evil. Then I set myself against his avowed advocate, and drove him out of the Christian assembly. I concluded with earnest prayer for him."

This is one of those hymns which, as Dr. Telford remarks, has "stamped itself deep in the religious life of Methodism."

Few hymns have been more quoted by Methodist ministers in their dying hours than this, especially the last stanza. But perhaps the youngest "preacher" that ever made use of it tenderly and effectively in the dying hour is described in the following incident, which serves also to show how the early Methodists taught such hymns as this to their children at home and in Sunday schools:

By a distressing accident a little girl only seven years of age was severely burned and had to be taken to a hospital in London. At a Methodist Sunday school she had learned to love and to sing the hymn beginning, "Jesus, the name high over all." On the last night of her life all the patients were quiet in the ward where she lay, and nothing was heard but the tick and strike of the clock, when suddenly the little sufferer broke the silence by sweetly singing a verse from her favorite hymn:

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

Then silence reigned again in the room, and for some time, as before, only the ticking of the clock was heard when the melodious voice of the little sufferer again broke the silence and many other sufferers in the room heard her singing softly:

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

And with that the little preacher's voice was indeed hushed in death, but not until many had heard, in the words of this tender song as she so sweetly sang it, a gospel message never to be forgotten.

223

C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls that must forever live
In raptures or in woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge.

Author's title: "*Watching for Souls in the View of the Great Account.*" It is based on Hebrews xiii. 17:

Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief.

This valuable hymn was written for the ordination of a minister, and has not been altered. One stanza, the fourth, has been omitted:

- 4 All to the great Tribunal haste,
Th' Account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our
Faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, London, 1755.

224

C. M.

HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favors, how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

- 2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare;
How mean, when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share!
- 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay;
And the weak sons of mortal race
The immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the victory gives;
Quickly they molder back to earth,
Yet still thy gospel lives.

- 5 Such wonders power divine effects;
Such trophies God can raise;
His hand, from crumbling dust, erects
His monuments of praise.

Philip Doddridge.

This is one of Doddridge's very finest hymns; and yet, strangely enough, it is not found generally in modern collections. It was written September 23, 1739, for the author's use in his own Church. It is found in his *Hymns*, 1755, where it bears the title, "*The Gospel Treasure in Earthen Vessels.*" It is based on 2 Corinthians, iv. 7: "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

This is one of the hymns that called forth from Horder the following observation:

Doddridge's hymns appear to me to be a connecting link between Dr. Watts and Charles Wesley. They are akin to the Independent's in form, but to the Methodist's in their lyric force and fervor. Thus they possess the excellences of both.

225

L. M.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed or word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.
John J. Winkler. Tr. by John Wesley.

From the German. The translation is entitled, "*Boldness in the Gospel.*"

Something of the dignity and responsibility of an ambassador of Christ is shown in this hymn. The translation is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The translation has ten stanzas; these are the first five. Verses seven and eight are as follows:

- 7 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 8 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

Doubtless these stanzas not only represent the feelings of the author but of the translator as well.

226 L. M.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant—so he came—
And we receive thee in his stead.

- 2 Come as a shepherd—guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as an angel—hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, softly walking at thy side,
We fall not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 4 Come as a teacher—sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
James Montgomery.

"*On the Appointment of a Minister*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825, where it has six stanzas. It is designed, as sung by a Christian congregation, to convey the sentiment of welcome felt by a Church for a new pastor. The Methodist itineracy furnishes frequent occasions for the use of such a hymn. The two omitted stanzas are:

- 3 Come as a watchman;—take thy stand
Upon the tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

It is well for the preacher and pastor to be told occasionally what the people want him to be and what they have a right to expect him to be. The six qualities here named serve well to define the Christian ideal of a minister of the gospel—viz., servant, shepherd, watchman, angel, teacher, messenger. The preacher who measures up to this definition will never lack for an audience nor for the confidence and love of his people.

227 S. M.

- AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go!
- 3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.
- 4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end,
- 5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.
Charles Wesley.

Title: "*At Parting.*" It is one of the *Hymns for Christian Friends*. The original is in two parts and comprises ten eight-lined stanzas. This hymn is from part one. Several lines were changed for the *Collection* of 1780, probably by John Wesley.

The original hymn is found in Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

One stanza, the next following the hymn, is too comforting not to quote:

O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet;
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

This hymn has been frequently sung by the Wesleyans and other Methodists at the closing of Annual Conferences. It stirs the soul to hear it sung by a large gathering of Methodist preachers, as it often is, just before receiving their "appointments" and going forth for another year of service and sacrifice.

228 C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

Charles Wesley.

"*At Parting*" is the title of this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. In verse one, line four, the author wrote "joined" instead of "one," and in verse five, line one, "But" instead of "Then." Three stanzas are omitted:

4 Closer and closer let us cleave;
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 While thus we walk with Christ in
light,
Who shall our souls disjoin?

Souls which Himself vouchsafes to
unite
In fellowship Divine.

6 We all are one who Him receive,
And each with each agree;
In Him, the One, the Truth, we live,
Blest point of unity.

This hymn is frequently sung at Annual Conferences before reading out the "appointments" of the preachers for the ensuing year, its use and associations in Methodist history being quite similar to those of the preceding hymn, beginning: "And let our bodies part."

John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, gives an interesting account in his *Autobiography* of the singing of this hymn when as a boy he left home for America in June, 1839. While the ship on which he was to sail was becalmed and tarried at Sandgate, his father and other loved ones came on board. When the visitors were about to leave for the shore, they formed their boats in a semicircle around the ship, and all stood up and with blended voices sang their affectionate farewell in the words of this hymn. As the music floated over the calm waters in the weird twilight of the dying day, it left an impression never to be forgotten by any of those who witnessed the beautiful leave-taking in the words of the poet:

Blest be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

229 L. M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

3 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

4 Eternal Spirit, from on high,
 Baptizer of our spirits thou!
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now.
Charles Wesley.

Title: "*At the Baptism of Adults.*" Wesley wrote the second line of the first verse:

Honor the Means *Injoin'd* by Thee.

It was changed for the *Collection* of 1780. The second line of the third verse was:

Effectuate now the Sacred Sign.

This awkward expression was changed by the editors of the hymn book in 1849.

Two stanzas have been omitted.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

230 C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
Phillip Doddridge.

This hymn on "*Christ's Condescending Regard to Little Children*" is frequently sung at the baptism of infants. It is based on Mark x. 14: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Two stanzas are omitted:

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
 Ye children, seek his face,
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.

If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust,
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 While weeping o'er their dust.

From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

231 L. M.

O GOD, great Father, Lord, and King!
 Our children unto thee we bring;
 And strong in faith, and hope, and love,
 We dare thy steadfast word to prove.

2 Thy covenant kindness did of old
 Our fathers and their seed enfold;
 That ancient promise standeth sure,
 And shall while heaven and earth endure.

3 Look down upon us while we pray,
 And visit us in grace to-day;
 These little ones in mercy take
 And make them thine for Jesus' sake.

4 While they the outward sign receive,
 Wilt thou thy Holy Spirit give,
 And keep and help them by thy power
 In every hard and trying hour.

5 Guide thou their feet in holy ways:
 Shine on them through the darkest days;
 Uphold them till their life be past,
 And bring them all to heaven at last.
E. Embree Hoss.

At one of the meetings of the Joint Commission it was found that we were greatly in need of suitable hymns for the baptism of children. At a subsequent meeting it came to the knowledge of the Commission that Bishop Hoss, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, one of the Chairmen of the Commission, had written the above hymn for use on the occasion of the baptism by himself of some children at the session of the White River Conference which was held at Walnut Ridge, Arkansas, in November, 1903. It appeared in print soon thereafter in the columns of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*. If the vote for its admission to the Hymnal was not unanimous, it was only because the author did not himself vote. It is a hymn at once scriptural, devotional, and in every way appropriate for use in connection with the baptism of children.

232 L. M.

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
 O God of grace and purity!
 Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
 And let thy love its life prolong.

- 2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth!
- 3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.
- 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

*From the German.
Tr. by Samuel Gilman.*

The date assigned by Professor Bird to this translation of an anonymous German hymn is 1823. It is found in Putnam's *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*, 1874.

233

C. M.

- T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready, come away.
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "Room at the Gospel Feast."
Luke xiv. 22: "And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." One word only has been changed. The author wrote "*dainties*" instead of "blessings" in the second line. Two stanzas, the third and fifth, of the original have been omitted:

- 3 Ye hungry Poor, that long have stray'd
In Sin's dark Mazes, come:
Come from the Hedges and Highways,
And Grace shall find you Room.
- 5 Yet is his House and Heart so large,
That Millions more may come;

Nor could the wide assembling World
O'erfill the spacious Room.

*From Hymns Founded on Various Texts
in the Holy Scriptures, 1755.*

234

C. M.

- A**CCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee!
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

James Montgomery.

This hymn is one of the most beautiful and useful of all our hymns written to be sung in connection with the sacramental services of the Lord's Supper. It was first published in the author's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. The words of Luke xxii. 19 furnish at once the title and the Scripture basis of the hymn: "*This Do in Remembrance of Me.*"

235

8s, 7s. D.

- J**ESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet, bread of heaven,
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.
- 2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;

In thy fasting and temptation,
 In thy labors on the earth,
 In thy trial and rejection,
 In thy sufferings on the tree,
 In thy glorious resurrection,
 May we, Lord, remember thee.

Roswell Park.

These are the second and third verses, *verbatim*, of a hymn of six stanzas entitled "*The Communion.*" It is taken from the author's *Poems*, 1836.

The introduction to this hymn is found in the first stanza. In some churches the congregation is dismissed before the communion service:

1 While the sons of earth retiring,
 From the sacred temple roam;
 Lord, thy light and love desiring,
 To thine altar fain we come.
 Children of our Heavenly Father,
 Friends and brethren would we be;
 While we round thy table gather,
 May our hearts be one in thee.

236 C. M. D.

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn
 To feel a friend is nigh—
 O shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's woe!

2 While yet His anguished soul surveyed
 Those pangs He would not flee,
 What love His latest words displayed—
 "Meet and remember me!"
 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame
 Our sinful hearts to share!
 O memory, leave no other name
 But His recorded there!

Gerard T. Noel.

"*This Do in Remembrance of Me*" is the author's title for this hymn in his *Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, London, 1810. It is also found in his *Arvendel; or, Sketches of Italy and Switzerland*, 1813. It is a tender and beautiful lyric of love to the Lord of life.

237 10s.

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
 Here would I touch and handle things
 unseen;

Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
 Here drink with thee the royal wine of
 heaven;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-
 given.

3 Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear;
 The feast, though not the love, is passed
 and gone;
 The bread and wine remove: but thou art
 here,
 Nearer than ever,—still my shield and
 sun.

4 I have no help but thine, nor do I need
 Another arm save thine to lean upon;
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed:
 My strength is in thy might,—thy might
 alone.

5 I have no wisdom save in him who is
 My wisdom and my teacher both in one;
 No wisdom can I lack while thou art wise,
 No teaching do I crave save thine alone.

6 Feast after feast thus comes, and passes
 by;
 Yet, passing, points to the glad feast
 above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss
 and love.

Horatius Bonar.

The author's title is, "*This Do in Remembrance of Me.*" Ten stanzas; these are one, two, four, five, six, and ten, unchanged.

Written at the request of the author's brother, Dr. John James Bonar, in 1855. It appears in the author's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857.

To those to whom this hymn has become familiar by use it is very precious and helpful. The *Dictionary of Hymnology* says: "In literary merit, earnestness, pathos, and popularity this hymn ranks with the best of Dr. Bonar's compositions."

238 9s, 8s.

BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed;
 And be thy feast to us the token
 That by thy grace our souls are fed.
Reginald Heber.

"*Before the Sacrament*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Hymns*, 1827.

239 8, 8, 8, 4.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
 We keep the memory adored,
 And show the death of our dear Lord
 Until he come.

2 His body, broken in our stead,
 Is here, in this memorial bread;
 And so our feeble love is fed
 Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
 His lifeblood shed for us we see:
 The wine shall tell the mystery
 Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
 With the last advent we unite—
 The shame, the glory, by this rite,
 Until he come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
 Until the ancient graves be stirred,
 And with the great commanding word
 The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate
 Let not our hearts be desolate,
 But strong in faith, in patience wait
 Until he come!

George Rawson.

Title: "*Holy Communion.*" This fine lyric was written in 1857 and first published in a Baptist book, *Psalms and Hymns*, 1858.

Dr. Julian says: "It is a hymn of more than usual excellence, and has attained to a greater position in modern hymnals than any other of the author's numerous compositions."

The unique refrain, "Until he come," is evidently borrowed from Paul: "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death, till he come." (1 Cor. xi. 26.) In the author's *Hymns, Verses, and Chants*, London, 1876,

the text is the same as here, except the first line of verse three, which is: "The streams of his dread agony." The change is an improvement.

240 7s. 6l.

TILL he come!" O let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords;
 Let the "little while" between
 In their golden light be seen;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that "Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast?
 Hush, be every murmur dumb;
 It is only "Till he come."

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
 Would we have one sorrow less?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is lost,
 Death and darkness, and the tomb,
 Only whisper, "Till he come."

4 See, the feast of love is spread;
 Drink the wine, and break the bread—
 Sweet memorials—till the Lord
 Call us round his heavenly board,
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only "Till he come."

Edward H. Bickersteth.

This hymn was written in 1861, and was first published in the author's volume titled *The Blessed Dead*, 1862, and was republished in several of his later volumes. It is titled: "*Ye do Show the Lord's Death till He Come.*" (1 Cor. xi. 26.) In the author's *Hymnal Companion*, 1870, it is accompanied by a note stating that it is given as a hymn representing one aspect of the Lord's Supper which is passed over in many hymnals, "Ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come," and also our communion with those of whom we say: "We bless thy Holy name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear." The author is most widely and favorably known throughout the world of English letters by his poetic volume titled *Yesterday, To-Day, and Forever*.

HYMNS ON THE GOSPEL CALL.

241

C. M.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "Written Before Preaching at Portland."

The fact that many of the people worked in stone quarries probably suggested to Wesley this Scripture: "Is not my word . . . like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" (Jer. xxiii. 29.)

The author wrote, verse four, line one:

Conclude us first in unbelief.

There are three additional stanzas. It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles Wesley, 1749.

242

C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he sped,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;

9

And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts.

"Praise to the Redeemer" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, where it first appeared. "I hope," says the author, "the reader will forgive the neglect of rhymes in the first and third lines of the stanzas." "This hymn," observes a thoughtful critic, "is sufficient to prove that such rhyme is not necessary to the loftiest poetical composition. There are very few lines of sacred poetry so sublime as the last part of this hymn." Three stanzas are omitted above:

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursèd projects tries;
We that were doomed his endless slaves
Are raised above the skies.

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adorèd name!

No hymn in the entire range of Christian lyric poetry furnishes a finer study in literary climax than this. The beginning of the hymn in the "gulf of dark despair," created by sin, furnishes the poet with an opportunity to ascend through the succeeding stanzas to the lofty climax of grace and glory with which the last stanza closes the hymn. It is a fine specimen of lyric poetry, whether viewed from the standpoint of literary art or of spiritual devotion.

The profound hold which Dr. Watts's
(129)

hymns have taken upon the hearts of English Christians for the past century gives them a devotional value second only to the Bible in the lives of multitudes. This influence is well illustrated in a case cited by Dr. Telford. When George Elliot's aunt, Mrs. Samuel Evans, the fiery little Methodist heroine of *Adam Bede*, who is described as "a small, black-eyed woman, very vehement in her style of preaching," was dying, in December, 1858, she was one night sitting by her bed in great pain, when she exclaimed: "How good the Lord is! Praise his holy name." As a friend supported her she quoted from the hymn beginning, "When I survey the wondrous cross," this stanza:

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

A little later she quoted from another of Dr. Watts's hymns the familiar lines:

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

Then, after a pause, she quoted from this hymn the incomparable words with which it closes:

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

243

C. M.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

- 2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-belovèd Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.
- 4 The Holy Spirit sealed the plan,
And pledged the blood divine,

To ransom every soul of man;
That price was paid for mine.

- 5 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?
- 6 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

James Montgomery.

Author's title: "*The Soul*." It is taken unaltered and entire from *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

A recent hymn critic in his annotations says: "Few hymns set forth in so brief a space so many cardinal truths concerning the way of salvation."

This writer has furnished more hymns to the Hymnal than any other except Watts and the Wesleys. There are nineteen by Montgomery, and all of them are valuable. The only criticism that can be justly made is that, like this, most of them are didactic poems rather than hymns.

244

L. M.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

- 2 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve
Must take the path thyself hast showed;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
- 3 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone;
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.
- 4 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast;
My glory swallowed up in shame.
- 5 Gully I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just—but O, thy Son hath died!
Charles Wesley.

This hymn has thirteen stanzas in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

We have here verses one, five, six, eight, and nine. In verse one the original has "God" instead of "Lord," and in verse five "I feel on me" instead of "On me I feel." It is based on Micah vi. 6-8:

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

We quote three additional verses:

- 10 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bore our sins upon the tree,
Beneath our curse he bowed his head,
'Tis finished! He hath died for me!
- 11 For me I now believe he died!
He made my every crime his own,
Fully for me he satisfied:
Father, well pleased behold thy Son.
- 13 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesu, thou canst not pray in vain.

245

C. M.

- T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee;
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns for the Use of Families*, by Charles Wesley, 1767. There are three valuable additional stanzas:

- 6 Extort the cry, What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?
- 7 I must this instant now begin,
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.
- 8 I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity.

There is a scripturalness and a positiveness about this whole hymn that is truly refreshing.

246

C. M.

- S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe.
- 4 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 5 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

John Fawcett.

From the author's *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, Leeds, 1782. It is based on Isaiah lv. 7: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." In the last line of verse three

the author wrote "immortal" instead of "eternal." The two omitted stanzas are:

- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

247

7s. D.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooded you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley.

The Scripture basis of this hymn is Ezekiel xviii. 31: "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

These are the first three verses of a long poem published in *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741. In sixteen double stanzas Wesley pleads passionately with sinners. In the tenth verse he says:

What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

248

7s.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest swift death should thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott.

"Delay" is the author's title to this hymn in his *Lyric Poems, Devotional and Moral*, London, 1773. In the first stanza, lines three and four, the author wrote:

*Longer wisdom you despise,
Harder is she to be won.*

The original of line three in verse four is: "Lest perdition thee arrest."

249

L. M.

BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Joseph Grigg.

The Scripture basis is Revelation iii. 20: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." The original has eleven stanzas. These are the first four with slight al-

terations. From *Four Hymns on Divine Subjects*, etc., 1765.

The tenderness and love of Christ are revealed in this lyric in a remarkable manner. The closing stanza is a unique and comprehensive prayer:

Sov'reign of Souls! thou Prince of Peace!
O may thy gentle Reign increase!
Throw wide the Door, each willing Mind,
And be his Empire all Mankind.

250 S. M.

- 0** WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery.

"*The Issues of Life and Death*" is the author's title to this hymn, which was written for the *Anniversary Sermons of the Red Hill Wesleyan Sunday School*, Sheffield. These sermons were preached on March 15 and 16, 1818, and the hymn was printed for use on a broad sheet. It is also contained in Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819, and in Montgomery's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. The last stanza was changed by the author. As it appeared when first published, in 1818, it read as follows:

Lord God of grace and truth,
Teach us that death to shun;
Nor let us from our earliest youth
Forever be undone.

When it appeared in the *Christian Psalmist*, in 1825, this stanza had been changed so as to read as above.

There are few, if any, more solemn and impressive hymns in the language than this. It is said to have been founded on the author's own sad and bitter experience, out of which he was happily led by the Spirit of God, and thus enabled to write this most useful and impressive hymn. Describing that unhappy period of his life, he said:

My restless and imaginative mind and my wild and ungovernable imagination have long ago broken loose from the anchor of faith, and have been driven, the sport of winds and waves, over an ocean of doubts, round which every coast is defended by the rocks of despair that forbid me to enter the harbor in view.

This is one of the "portions of his history" to which he refers as preparing him to write with heartfelt penitence and gratitude this hymn, which is based on Hebrews iv. 11: "Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."

The last stanza, omitted above, is:

- 6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

251 L. M.

HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes on
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

- 2 O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
And Christ the light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.
- 3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.
- 4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way!

William B. Collyer.

Original title: "*Fleeing from the Wrath to Come by Flying to Christ.*" It is founded on Genesis xix. 17: "Escape for thy life." The original has seven stanzas. These are one, two, four, and six. It is found in *Rippon's Selection* (the twenty-seventh edition, published in 1827), where each stanza except the last closes with this burden:

Haste, traveler, haste!

Verses three, five, and seven are omitted:

3 Awake, awake! pursue thy way
With steady course, while yet 'tis day;
While thou art sleeping on the ground,
Danger and darkness gather round.
Haste, traveler, haste!

5 O yes! a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come.
Haste, traveler, haste!

7 Poor, lost, benighted soul! art thou
Willing to find salvation now?
There yet is hope; hear mercy's call:
Truth! Life! Light! Way! in Christ is all!
Haste to Him, haste!

Like some other hymns, this is an exhortation in rhyme; but, considering the needs of men, it is entirely justifiable.

252

L. M.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:

Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen.

Tr. by Sarah Borthwick Findlater.

"A beautiful hymn on God's gracious call to turn to him, and what our answer should be." The German original first appeared in the second edition (1735) of Tersteegen's *Spiritual Flower Garden* (*Geistliches Blumen Gärtlein*), where it is titled "*To-Day if Ye Will Hear His Voice.*" Jane Borthwick and her sister Sarah (who became the wife of Rev. Eric John Findlater) were both translators of German hymns, which they published in a volume titled *Hymns from the Land of Luther* (first series, 1854; second, 1855; third, 1858; fourth, 1862; complete edition, 1862; and a new edition, 1884). Sixty-one of these translations are by Jane Borthwick, and fifty-three are by Sarah Borthwick Findlater. The translation here given has been generally accredited to Jane Borthwick, but she informed Dr. Julian that it was not her own but one of her sister's translations. As it came from the translator's hand it was in a different meter, beginning: "God calling yet! and shall I never hearken?" The changes made in the hymn, in order to adapt it to an ordinary "long meter" tune, were by the compilers of the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, Andover, 1858. It appears in this altered form in all the American Church hymnals that contain it.

The German original contains eight stanzas, only six of which were translated. The fifth stanza of the translation is omitted in the Andover revision given above, and is as follows:

Ah! yield Him all—all to His care confiding:
Where but with him are rest and peace abiding?

Unloose, unloose, break earthly bonds asunder,

And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder.

This hymn is a remarkable soliloquy of an awakened and penitent soul. It could

have been written only by one who had himself passed through the deep spiritual experiences involved in conviction of sin and conversion from sin. The author was a somewhat eccentric but deeply pious mystic. Methodist hymnology owes much to the purest and best representatives of Christian mysticism in Germany. At the age of twenty-seven Tersteegen wrote, in his own blood, a dedication of himself to God, in which he says: "God graciously called me out of the world and granted me the desire to belong to him and to be willing to follow him. I long for an eternity, that I may suitably glorify him for it."

253

S. M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O! be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "*The Vanity of Worldly Schemes Inferred from the Uncertainty of Life.*" Scripture basis, James iv. 14: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." It is unaltered and entire from the author's *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, London, 1755.

254

L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

Timothy Dwight.

From Dr. Dwight's edition of *Watts's Psalms*, 1800, where it bears the title, "*Life the Only Accepted Time*," and is given as part third of the eighty-eighth Psalm. The last two stanzas of the original are omitted here:

5 No wonders to the dead are shown,
(The wonders of redeeming love:)
No voice his glorious truth makes known,
Nor sings the bliss of climes above.

6 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In these forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

255

L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

William B. Collyer.

From Collyer's *Hymns*, London, 1812. Six stanzas. These are one, two, four, and five, unaltered. The author's title was "*The Backslider*," and the Scripture basis Jeremiah xxxi. 18-20.

One of the saddest reflections in the history of Christendom is the thought that many having found the way of life are led to turn away from it. Great care should be taken to keep believers in the faith and to restore such as have fallen away.

256

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Great Supper*" is the title to this impressive hymn of invitation and welcome to the sinner. It is based on Luke xiv. 16-24. It was first published in 1747 in the author's *Hymns for Those That Seek and Those That Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. The original has twenty-four stanzas, this being the first, second, twelfth, twentieth, and twenty-second. Some of the omitted stanzas have a "quaint simplicity" and use a "plainness of speech" that makes them well worth quoting:

Jesus to you his fullness brings,
A feast of marrow and fat things.

Do not begin to make excuse,
Ah! do not you his grace refuse.

Your grounds forsake, your oxen quit,
Your every earthly thought forget,
Seek not the comforts of this life,
Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.

"Have me excused," why will ye say?
Why will ye for damnation pray?
Have you excused—from joy and peace!
Have you excused—from happiness:

Excused from coming to a feast!
Excused from being Jesus' guest!
From knowing *now* your sins forgiven,
From tasting *here* the joys of heaven!

Excused, alas! why should you be
From health, and life, and liberty,
From entering into glorious rest,
From leaning on your Saviour's breast?

Sinners my gracious Lord receives,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
Drunkards, and all ye hellish crew,
I have a message now to you.

The worst unto my supper press,
Monsters of daring wickedness,
Tell them my grace for all is free,
They cannot be too bad for me.

In July, 1790, Jesse Lee preached the first Methodist sermon ever delivered in Boston, Mass. Having spent a week trying to find a place to preach at, but finding all places of worship closed against him and his Methodist Arminian "heresy," he concluded to preach in the open air on the Common. He borrowed a table from some one living near by, and, placing it under the shade of the famous Old Elm located near the center of the Common, he mounted it, and, with an audience of only five persons, began singing:

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

He sung the whole hymn through. Nor could anything be more fitting for the introduction of Methodism into new soil, for it is a hymn that is full of the central doctrine of Wesleyan theology—an unlimited atonement. They had never heard such

hymns and such preaching in Calvinistic New England before. Before he had finished his sermon he had an audience of nearly three thousand, and on the succeeding Sabbath an even larger number. In 1876, we may add, this historic old elm tree was blown down in a severe storm. The Methodist preachers of the city resolved to have a large armchair made of some of the wood of the tree, to be preserved as a memorial of the introduction of Methodism into Boston. On the day of its presentation to the Preachers' Meeting (in 1879) an able and interesting historical paper was read by Dr. (since Bishop) Mallaliou, and a historical poem by Dr. Studley.*

257

7s.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

*For several years this historic chair has been in the home of the Methodist bishop resident in Boston. It was in April, 1905, and in Boston, that the last meeting of the four editors of this *Hymnal* (Drs. Stuart, Tillett, Lutkin, and Harrington) was held for the purpose of concluding their long and arduous labors and giving the finishing touches to the revised proofs of all the hymns and tunes. Their place of meeting was not far from the historic spot where Methodism began its mission in this city, now grown to be the great American metropolis of letters, and the circumstance above mentioned was a frequent subject of interested conversation among the editors. Bishop Goodsell, himself a member of the Hymnal Commission, invited the editors to a much-enjoyed luncheon, one of the most pleasant incidents of which was to examine and sit in this most interesting and now famous chair, the preservation of which by the Methodists of Boston may well be made a matter of pardonable pride.

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld.

Title: "Invitation." From the author's *Poems*, revised edition, 1792. It is based on Matthew xi. 28: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

The third stanza is made up of the first half of the third and fourth of the original. The last couplets of these stanzas are as follows:

Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise.

Here repose your heavy care:
Who the stings of guilt can bear?

The last stanza the author began with, "Sinner, come," etc.

258

L. M.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Charles Wesley.

These are the first four of the thirty-one stanzas which constitute the author's paraphrase of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. The first verse furnished the basis for the above stanzas: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

This hymn is found in *Hymns and Sa-*

cred Poems, 1740. This volume bears on its title-page the names of both John and Charles Wesley. Previous to 1749 the two brothers published most of their volumes of hymns conjointly and agreed not to distinguish their hymns as to authorship; but after this date all the hymn books issued bore the name of Charles Wesley alone. Richard Green, an authority in Methodist bibliography, says that this hymn "is attributed to John Wesley according to the almost universal testimony;" but the editors of the new Wesleyan *Methodist Hymn Book* and Telford, author of *The Methodist Hymn Book Illustrated*, and other Methodist authorities pronounce in favor of Charles Wesley as the author.

259

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Joseph Hart.

The original has seven stanzas. These are the first four. The author's title is: "*Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.*" From *Hymns, Composed on Various Subjects*, by J. Hart. Date of preface, 1759.

A few lines have been changed. Hart published the first line:

Come, ye sinners, poor and *wretched*.

And the fourth:

Full of pity *joined with power*.

For more than sixty years this hymn stood No. 2 in the Methodist collection. It is a favorite invitation hymn, and thousands have decided to accept Christ while it was being sung. It compels thought and meets several of the excuses commonly given for not accepting Christ.

260

C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

Edmund Jones.

Title: "*The Successful Resolve.*" Based on Esther iv. 16: "And so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." Also v. 2: "And it was so, when the king saw Esther the queen standing in the court, that she obtained favor in his sight; and the king held out to Esther the golden scepter that was in his hand." It first appeared in Rippon's *Selection*, 1787, with seven stanzas. The two omitted stanzas are:

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

7 But, if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

Instead of line two, in the second stanza given above, the author wrote: "*Hath like a mountain rose.*"

Of all the invitation hymns used in the revivals of the Methodist Church of America during the past century, this was perhaps the most popular and useful. No hymn was sung so often as this immediately following the earnest exhortation and invitation to sinners with which Methodist preachers were wont to close their sermons. As sung to the *old* tunes, *Fairfield* and *Tennessee*, it brought to tears and to repentance—and to the penitent's altar—many a soul convicted of sin. However, it is not popular now as it once was.

It has been objected that the "perhaps" of the fourth verse is misleading and false, as there is no "perhaps" about God's saving the true penitent. But the hymn is strictly true to nature in that it describes the thoughts and feelings of the penitent, or at least of many penitents, in approaching the altar and seeking the forgiveness of sins. It is not the language of God or of the preacher, but of a half-trusting penitent that is here introduced.

261 8s, 6s.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

Refrain.

Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;

Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

John H. Stockton.

Ira D. Sankey, in his *Story of the Gospel Hymns*, says: "While on the way to England with Mr. Moody, in 1873, one day in mid-ocean, as I was looking over a list of hymns in my scrapbook, I noticed one commencing, 'Come, every soul by sin oppressed,' written by the Rev. John Stockton, with the familiar chorus:

Come to Jesus, come to JESUS,
Come to Jesus just now.

Believing that these words had been so often sung that they were hackneyed, I decided to change them and tell how to come to Jesus by substituting the words: 'Only trust him.' In this form it was published in *Sacred Songs and Solos*."

In singing the chorus Mr. Sankey sometimes changed it to "I will trust him," and sometimes to "I do trust him." As an invitation hymn it has been a help and a blessing to many people.

262 7s. 6l.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:

Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Invitation*" is the title of this in the author's *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. The last stanza is omitted:

- 4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's primeval promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity!

In verse one, line one, the author wrote "who" instead of "that," and in verse three, line four, "Live" instead of "Find."

263 C. M.

JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore:
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

- 3 Lover of souls! thou knowest to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

- 4 The hardness of their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

- 5 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The author's title is: "*Before Preaching to the Colliers in Leicestershire*." It is composed of verses one, two, six, and nine of a hymn of eighteen stanzas.

The author wrote "*stony*" instead of "hardness" in verse four. Among the omitted stanzas are the following, which contain great beauties and great defects:

Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree
To trample down their sin;

Thy hands they all stretched out may see,
To take the murderers in.

Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

264 S. M.

O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice omnipotent,
The rock in sunder cleave.

- 2 Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

- 3 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

- 4 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

Charles Wesley.

This is from the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, being the first two of six double stanzas. It is one of thirty-seven hymns that bear the title, "*For One Fallen from Grace*." In the third line of the first stanza the author wrote: "Thou by thy voice *the marble rent*."

265 S. M.

O THAT I could repent!
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart;

- 2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire:

- 4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

Charles Wesley.

From Volume I. of Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. There are thirty-seven hymns with this title: "*For One Fallen from Grace.*"

Backsliding is no new thing. This hymn is the first half of No. 28 of these hymns. The author wrote "*effectual*" instead of "*resistless*" in verse four, line three. It is well adapted to the purpose for which it was written.

266

L. M.

- A** BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
To thee a sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.
Isaac Watts.

This is a portion of Part III. of the author's metrical version of the fifty-first Psalm, being based more immediately on the seventeenth verse: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." The author's title is: "*The Backslider Restored; or, Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.*" It is found in his *Psalms of David*, 1719. The first four verses are omitted above:

- 1 O Thou, who hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight!

Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

This historic paraphrase of the fifty-first Psalm by Dr. Watts is in three parts. Part I. is found in No. 270. Part II. is omitted. It is titled: "*Original and Actual Sin Confessed.*" It gives expression to a view of original sin which is but seldom preached now. As many would like to have this famous poetic paraphrase complete, we present here the omitted Part II., with the Scripture on which it is based:

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

- 1 Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
And make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy!
- 4 Behold! I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow:
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While gullt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

267

7s.

DEPH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

The author's title is: "*After a Relapse into Sin.*"

This song, so full of poetry and tenderness, is made up of verses one, two, thirteen, seven, and nine of the original. One word only has been changed. Wesley wrote "*fall*" instead of "*sins*" in verse three, line two.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by John and Charles Wesley, London, 1740.

A story is told of an English actress who was led into a cottage prayer meeting by hearing this hymn sung as she was passing by. She was deeply convicted of sin, and soon afterwards found pardon. Having given her heart to God, she resolved to leave the stage; but her manager urged her to play once more, representing that his disappointment and loss would be great unless she consented to appear. At last she yielded to his request. Her part was introduced by a song. When the curtain rose, the orchestra began the accompaniment; but she did not sing. Supposing that she was confused, the band played the air again. Still she was silent. At length, with her hands clasped and her

eyes suffused with tears, she sang, not the song of the play, but:

"Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?"

The performance suddenly ended and the people scattered, some ridiculing her act, others reflecting upon the power of religion. It is said that the woman became a consistent Christian and afterwards was the wife of a minister of the gospel.

268

C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Isaac Watts.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707.
Author's title: "*Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.*" The original has "*captive minds*" in the first stanza, "*trust upon the Lord*" in the second, "*almighty call*" in the third, "*dear fountain*" in the fourth, and "*On thy kind arms*" in the last verse. These changes were made by John Wesley. The fifth stanza of the original is omitted above:

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

Although this hymn is not often sung

now, it has a large place in Christian biography.

Dr. Spencer, in his *Pastor's Sketches*, gives the following touching account of a young woman who suddenly obtained peace by faith in Christ after a long period of gloom:

One evening, on his way to church, he called at her home. He found her just where she had been for many weeks. On leaving her he said: "I would aid you most willingly if I could, but I can do you no good." "I do not think you can," said she calmly, "but I hope you will still come to see me." "Yes, I will," said he; "but all I can say is, I know there is salvation for you; but you must repent, and you must flee to Christ." On reaching the church he gave out the hymn closing with the stanza:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm."

The next day she came to see him to tell him she had made a new discovery; and on asking her what it was, she said: "Why, sir, the way of salvation all seems to me perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I see now what I never saw before. All is light to me. I see my way clear, and I am not burdened and troubled as I was. I do not know how it is or what has brought me to it; but when you were reading that hymn last night, I saw the whole way of salvation for sinners perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never seen it before. I saw that I had nothing to do but trust in Christ—

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall.'

I sat all the evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn, and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is so light and makes me so contented. Why, sir, don't you think that the reason we don't get out of darkness sooner is that we don't believe?"

The Rev. George Marsden records of one of his interviews with the Rev. Richard Watson, during his last illness, with what pleasure the suffering divine spoke on the subject of Christ crucified. He dwelt for some time on its infinite importance as the only foundation on which to rest for pardon, acceptance with God, and eternal

life. He then spoke of his own unworthiness and of his first reliance on the atonement, and repeated with solemn and deep feeling this verse:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all."

He died in London January 8, 1833, aged fifty-one years. Dr. Doddridge told his theological students at Northampton on one occasion that he wished his last words might be these same words of Watts just quoted.

In June, 1736, three days after his ordination, George Whitefield wrote to a friend: "Never a poor creature set up with so small a stock. . . . Help, help me, my dear friend, with your warmest addresses to the throne of grace. At present this is the language of my heart,

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm," etc.

On July 19, 1738, Charles Wesley and his friends sang this hymn with the criminals on their way to Tyburn. The poet found "that hour under the gallows the most blessed hour of his life."

269

L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "Penitential Hymn." From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by Charles

Wesley, two volumes, 1749. In the last line of the second stanza the author wrote "forty" instead of "many."

Wesley was forty-two years old when he published these volumes. There are three additional stanzas:

- 5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague, I pray, remove,
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes,
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.
- 7 From now my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

270

L. M.

- S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round the word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

"A Penitent Pleading for Pardon" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719. The author's metrical version of the fifty-first Psalm is in three parts; this is part one. One stanza of the original is omitted:

- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

The hymn is based on the first four verses of the Psalm:

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

The three parts should be studied in connection with each other and in connection with the Psalm upon which it is based—the most tender and pathetic of all the penitential Psalms. Thus part one is titled "A Penitent Pleading for Pardon;" part two (beginning, "Lord, I am vile." etc.), "Original and Actual Sin Confessed;" and part three (beginning, "A broken heart, my God, my King"), "The Backslider Restored; or, Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ." (See note under No. 266.) As sung to the old tune called "Devotion" (or "The Penitent"), it was regarded as perhaps the most tender, pathetic, and heart-searching of all the penitential hymns by a former generation; but it is not now so popular as it once was.

Dr. C. S. Robinson has a suggestive note upon this hymn:

The author of the twenty-fifth Psalm in his prayer for forgiveness brings forward an argument which is startling in its originality: "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great." He does not say: "Forgive me, for I have done much good in my day, and am going to do more." He does not say: "Restore me to thy favor, for I have not done much evil when my poor chances are fairly considered." He takes his stand like one most anxiously candid. He blurts out the whole truth, and urges it without an extenuation or apology. He says: "Pardon me, for I am a great sinner." He plants himself on his unworthiness; he argues from demerit. Now this is so contrary to all human notions of pleading that it awakes curiosity. We say to our fellow-men on slightest occasion: "Pardon me; I did not mean to."

This penitent says: "Pardon me; I did mean to." And as a final result we know this prayer was answered perfectly. We are constrained on the instant to recognize a virtue, unmistakable and unparalleled, in super-abounding grace, as a principle of the gospel.

"Man's plea to man is that he nevermore
Will beg, and that he never begged before;
Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain
A former suit, and therefore comes again.
How good a God we serve, who, when we sue,
Makes his old gifts the examples of the
new!"

It seems, therefore, to be the unusual rule for our repentance that excuses are excluded and aggravations become pleas; extenuations only hinder, self-renunciations prevail.

271

L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside—
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died.

Charles Wesley.

Text: "But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe." (Gal. iii. 22.)

Composed of stanzas one, two, ten, and twelve of a hymn of thirteen verses. In the third line of the second stanza the author wrote "Fall'n" instead of "Dark;" in the fourth line, "cursed" instead of "lost;" and in the last line of the hymn, "Lord, I am *damned*," etc. Charles Wesley sometimes used strong language, as one of the omitted stanzas (the fifth) will illustrate:

Awake, the woman's conquering Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!

10

Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

272

8, 8, 8, 6.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

This much-admired and widely useful hymn was written in 1834, and was published in the author's *Invalid's Hymn Book*, second edition, 1836, with the title, "*Him That Cometh to Me I Will in No Wise Cast Out*." The history of its authorship and origin has been told many times and with not a few variations. The circumstances connected with its origin are of more than ordinary interest, and call for a note of more than ordinary length.

In 1821 Miss Elliott became an invalid and remained such until her death, in 1871. When Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, visited her father, in May, 1822, he found his invalid daughter a stranger to the comforts and joy of Christian faith and undertook to talk to her on the subject of personal religion. This she at first resented, but later apologized to her father's friend and visitor for her rude

treatment of him. She confessed her deep interest in religion, but said she did not know how to find Christ and asked his help and counsel. Seeing how she was held back from the Saviour by her own efforts to make herself better and to save herself, he said to her: "Dear Charlotte, cut the cable. It will take too long to unloose it. Cut it. It is a small loss anyway. You must come to Christ *just as you are.*" And then, bidding her give "one look, silent but continuous, at the cross of Jesus," she began to see light. Soon by his aid she was enabled to do what all sinners must do before they can be saved—viz., go to Jesus *just as they are*, and then simply *trust him* for salvation. For forty years thereafter, to the day of Dr. Malan's death, she always celebrated the ninth of May as her spiritual birthday by writing a letter to her spiritual father.

This hymn, however, was not written for twelve years after this occurrence. It was on a day in 1834, when she was especially despondent over her helplessness and apparent uselessness. Other members of her family were busy in arranging for a bazaar that was to be held for the benefit of St. Mary's Hall, a school founded and conducted by her brother, Rev. H. V. Elliott, for the education of clergymen's daughters. Bishop H. C. G. Moule, a relative of Miss Elliott's family, has written as follows of this hymn and the circumstances immediately attending its composition:

The night before the bazaar she was kept wakeful by distressing thoughts of her apparent uselessness; and these thoughts passed into a spiritual conflict till she questioned the reality of her whole spiritual life and wondered whether it were anything better, after all, than an illusion of the emotions—an illusion ready to be sorrowfully dispelled. The next day, the busy day of the bazaar, the troubles of the night came back upon her with such force that she felt they must be met and conquered in the grace of God. She gathered up in her soul the grand certainties, not of her emotions, but of her salvation: her Lord, his power, his promise. And taking pen and paper from the table, she deliberately set down in writing for her own comfort the formulæ of her faith. So in verse she restated to herself the gospel of pardon, peace, and *heaven*. As the day wore on her sister-in-

law, Mrs. H. V. Elliott, came in to see her and bring news of the work. She read the hymn and asked (she well might) for a copy. So it first stole out from that quiet room into the world, where now for sixty years it has been sowing and reaping till a multitude which only God can number have been blessed through its message.

And so it turned out that the utterly helpless invalid did more that day for her Lord and for the upbuilding of his kingdom than all they who were strong in body. Writing simply to ease her own heart and to fortify her faith and give expression to her feelings of penitence and trust, she little realized that she was writing a hymn that the world was going to make immortal. This little poem was written in the first person singular and in the present tense, but it went back and took in happily some of the simple phrases and deep experiences of her spiritual birthday, still fresh in mind. There can be few penitent believers who fail to find these words exactly suited to express their own feelings and needs.

In the latter part of 1836 Miss Elliott published a little volume titled *Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted*, in which this hymn is republished with the following verse added:

Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

The original does not repeat the words "I come" in the fourth line, as is necessary in singing it to some tunes.

The published incidents that illustrate the widespread popularity and influence of this hymn in Christian experience and in evangelistic services are numerous, and many of them touching and beautiful.

Before its authorship was generally known it is said to have been printed anonymously by some one as a leaflet and freely distributed. The family physician in the Elliott home, seeing a copy of it

and not knowing anything as to its authorship, carried it with him into the sick chamber of his patient and gave it to her to read, saying he knew it would please and comfort her. It was a surprise to her, but it did indeed please and comfort her to know that her physician thought enough of it to bring it to her to read.

The Rev. H. V. Elliott, brother of the authoress, said, with reference to this hymn: "In the course of a long ministry I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors, but I feel that far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's." The following incidents, selected from a large number, will indicate the value of this hymn in reaching the hearts of both sinners and believers:

A poor little boy once came to a New York city missionary, and holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of printed paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a *clean* paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it and found that it was a page containing the precious hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea." He looked down with deep interest into the face so earnestly upturned toward him, and asked the little boy where he got it and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it all the time she was sick; and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won't you please to give us a clean one, sir?"

The son-in-law of the poet Wordsworth sent to Miss Elliott a letter telling of the great comfort afforded his wife, when on her dying bed, by this hymn. Said he: "When I first read it I had no sooner finished than she said very earnestly, 'That is the very thing for me.' At least ten times that day she asked me to repeat it; and every morning from that day till her decease, nearly two months later, the first thing she asked me for was her hymn. 'Now *my* hymn,' she would say; and she would often repeat it after me, line for line, in the day and night."

The Rev. Dr. McCook, while in his pastorate at St. Louis, was sent for to see a young lady who was dying of consumption. He soon found that she had imbibed infidelity through the influence of a teacher in the normal school, and with her keen intellect was enabled to ward off all the arguments of the

gospel. After exhausting all the arguments he could think of during his visits, he was exceedingly puzzled to know what more to do, as she seemed unshaken in her doubts. She at length seemed so averse to the subject of religion that, when calling one day, she turned her face to the wall and seemed to take no notice of him. Mr. McCook said: "Lucy, I have not called to argue with you another word, but before leaving you to meet the issues of eternity I wish to recite a hymn." He then repeated with much emphasis the hymn. "Just as I am, without one plea," and then bade her adieu. She made no response. He was debating for some time whether, after so much repugnance, he should call again. But realizing her nearness to the eternal world, he concluded to make one more visit. Taking his seat by her side, she slowly turned around in bed. Her sunken eyes shone with unwonted luster as she placed her thin, emaciated hands in his and said slowly and with much emotion:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!"

O, sir, *I've come! I've come!*" That hymn told the story. It had decided her eternal destiny. It had done what all the logical arguments had failed to do. She soon afterwards peacefully crossed the river.

273

L. M.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free.

2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 Already springing hope I feel,
God will destroy the power of hell,
And, from a land of wars and pain,
Lead me where peace and safety reign.

4 One only care my soul shall know,
Father, all thy commands to do;
And feel, what endless years shall prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

Christian F. Richter. Tr. by John Wesley.

Title: "*Hoping for Grace.*"

The translation from the German contains eleven stanzas. This is made up of

stanzas one, three, eight, the first couplet of nine, and the last couplet of eleven. The original of the last couplet of verse three was:

God, from the land of wars and pain,
Leads me where peace and safety reign.

We find this translation in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, London, 1739; but it was first published by Wesley in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, Charleston (S. C.), 1737. Between these two dates occurred his remarkable experience of May 24, 1738, when his heart was "strangely warmed."

There is one remarkable stanza in the American book that was omitted when he republished it in the London book two years later:

I feel well that I love thee, Lord:
I exercise me in thy Word;
Yet vile Affections claim a part,
And thou hast only half my Heart.

It is just possible that this omitted stanza may throw some light upon the much-discussed question of Wesley's spiritual condition before that memorable May day of 1738.

274

L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart.

"*The Stony Heart*" is the title of this "melting" hymn in the *Supplement of*

Hart's Hymns, 1762. As the fourth stanza of the original has been omitted and the last stanza has been altered somewhat, we give these stanzas as the author wrote them:

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But *something yet* can do the deed,
And *that dear something much* I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And *move* and *melt* this heart of mine.

It is based on Ezekiel xxxvi. 26: "I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

The author of this hymn and of the yet more widely known hymn beginning, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," was prepared by experience to write his hymns—an experience in sin, in penitence and pardon, in backsliding and restoration, and in a final absolute surrender and consecration of himself such as few have undergone—and his hymns reveal in many delicate expressions something of this experience. When about thirty years of age and at the height of his impenitent state, just after writing his notorious pamphlet on "The Unreasonableness of Religion," which was especially directed against John Wesley's sermon on Romans viii. 32, he settled in Sheerness, Kent, where Rev. William Shrubsole (composer of the popular tune called "Miles Lane") was pastor. His example, teachings, and influence were so pernicious in the village that Mr. Shrubsole and others besought him earnestly to leave the community and return to London, where his influence would be less keenly felt. This he did, but it was ten years and more before his life of sin ended in penitence and pardon. The preface to his volume of *Hymns*, published soon after his entrance upon the Christian life, contains "a brief account of the author's experience and the great things that God hath done for his soul."

Few sinners have had harder hearts for divine grace to melt than did the author of this hymn. Let the reader turn to the sketch of the author's life in the Biographical Index and then re-read the above and other hymns by him, and these hymns will be found to take on a new meaning when thus studied in the light of his remarkable career in sin and his no less remarkable experience in the religious life and in the service of Christ.

275

S. M.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*The Resignation.*" This hymn is made of stanzas fifteen to eighteen, inclusive, of a poem of twenty-two verses. The following stanza, the fourteenth of the poem, throws light upon the first verse of this valuable hymn:

14 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

And can I yet delay [etc.].

Unaltered from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

276

S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul:
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

"*Before Sermon*" is the title of this hymn as published in Rippon's *Selection*, 1787. It is based on Luke xix. 41: "He beheld the city, and wept over it." It is also found in a posthumous volume of Beddome's *Hymns*, which were collected and published by Rev. Robert Hall in 1817.

277

C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*A Prayer of Faith.*"

From *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published by John Wesley, 1741. Six stanzas; these are one, two, five, and four, unaltered. The omitted stanzas are:

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
Now my poor soul Thou wouldst re-
trieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see Thy face:
O, let me hear Thy quickening voice,
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

There has been some doubt about the authorship of this hymn. In the Wesleyan *Collection* of 1876 it was marked "Unknown." In the recently revised book Charles Wesley's name is connected with it. If there are no stronger claims, internal evidence would give it to Wesley. It is a hymn of fine spirit and elevated thought beautifully expressed.

278

C. M.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!

2 **O** for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!

2 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. The original has two double stanzas, the last four lines of the second being omitted above:

Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

In the first verse the author wrote "acknowledges" and "trembles" instead of "acknowledging" and "trembling." The hymn is based on 2 Kings xxii. 19, 20:

Because thine heart was tender, and thou hast humbled thyself before the Lord, when thou heardest what I spake against this place, and against the inhabitants thereof, that they should become a desolation and a curse, and hast rent thy clothes, and wept before me; I also have heard thee, saith the Lord. Behold therefore, I will gather thee unto thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered into thy grave in peace; and thine eyes shall not see all the evil which I will bring upon this place.

279

7s. 6l.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady. Alt.

This grand and favorite hymn cannot be correctly understood so long as it is divorced from its original title, "*A living and dying PRAYER, for the HOLIEST BELIEVER in the World.*"

The author's main thought is, the holiest man must say in his prayer:

Thou must save, and Thou alone.

The purest saint on earth must cast himself wholly on the merits of Christ's atonement and say:

In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

This hymn first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* in March, 1776, when Toplady was its editor. In its altered and improved form of three verses it is found in *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, edited by the Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1815. Mr. Cotterill was a notorious hymn-mender, and it was probably rewritten by him for his *Collection*.

We here give a reprint of the original:

1
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
From thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of Sin the double Cure,
Cleanse me from its Guilt and Pow'r.

2

Not the Labours of my Hands
Can fulfill thy Law's demands:

Could my Zeal no respite know,
 Could my Tears forever flow,
 All for Sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3

Nothing in my Hand I bring;
 Simply to thy Cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for Dress;
 Helpless, look to Thee for Grace;
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly:
 Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die!

4

Whilst I draw this fleeting Breath—
 When my Eye-strings break in Death—
 When I soar through tracts unknown—
 See Thee on thy Judgment Throne—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in THEE!

A. T.

This hymn is a universal favorite. The British Premier, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, made a version of it in Latin and another in Greek. Many persons, and among them Prince Albert of England, have used it as a dying prayer.

The steamship *London* was lost in the Bay of Biscay in 1866. The last man that escaped said that when he left the ship the passengers were singing:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Many people think that this is the best hymn in the language, the first hymn of the first rank. We believe, however, that it would never have won this place in its original form. Compare the two versions: "Riven," in the first stanza, is not correct and not scriptural; "wounded," in the revision, is both. "He was wounded for our transgressions." In the last couplet of the first verse "cure" does not rhyme with "power." It does rhyme with "pure" of the revision. The first couplet of the second stanza is not rhythmic, and is well left out. The same must be said of the last couplet of the third verse. "Naked" is not a pleasant word to sing in public, and is eliminated. All the cream of Toplady's second and third stanzas is gathered in the second stanza of the revision.

In the last stanza the original, "When my eye-strings break in death," is shocking, while the revised line is comforting and fine. We gladly admit that the great merits of the hymn belong to Toplady. At the same time he deserves criticism for his careless and faulty work. We repeat that much of the popularity and usefulness of the hymn is due to the revision made by Thomas Cotterill and James Montgomery.

The merits of this hymn are confessedly great. It is saturated with the spirit of prayer, and it brings out clearly the utter dependence of the soul upon Christ alone for salvation. To write a hymn so popular and so useful is a privilege an angel might covet.

280

7s. 6l.

BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
 By thy human griefs and fears;
 By thy conflict in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power,
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By the bitter tears that flowed
 Over Salem's lost abode,
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
 By thy fearful conflict there;
 By thy cross and dying cries;
 By the one great sacrifice,
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
 By thy power the lost to save;
 By thy high, majestic throne;
 By the empire all thine own,
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

Robert Grant. Alt.

Sir Robert Grant wrote a piece titled "*The Litany*," which was published in the *Christian Observer* in 1815. It is found elsewhere in this volume (see No. 500). The present hymn seems to have been made from that poem. It was al-

tered by Thomas Cotterill and published by him in his *Selection* in 1819, and has been still further altered by others to give it the form here presented.

281

C. M.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy sovereign aid impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

Isaac Watts.

The author's title is: "*Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and Unsanctified Affections.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1709. Six stanzas. These are the first and the last three, unaltered. The two stanzas which are omitted are not necessary to the hymn, which is one of real value.

282

7s, 6s. D.

- O** JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door;
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear!
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there!
- 2 O Jesus, thou art knocking!
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
- 3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"

O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.
William W. How.

This hymn first appeared in 1867 in a supplement to Morrell and How's *Psalms and Hymns*, the first edition of which was published in 1854. Bishop How has given an account of the origin of this hymn:

I composed the hymn early in 1867, after I had been reading a very beautiful poem entitled "*Brothers and a Sermon.*" The pathos of the verses impressed me very forcibly at the time. I read them over and over again, and finally, closing the book, I scribbled on an odd scrap of paper my first idea of the verses beginning, "O Jesu, thou art standing." I altered them a good deal subsequently, but I am fortunate in being able to say that after the hymn left my hands it was never revised or altered in any way.

This hymn is based on Revelation iii. 20: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

The poem referred to by the author is by Jean Ingelow, who describes two brothers listening to the parson of the fishing village:

As one that pondered now the words
He had been preaching on with new surprise,
And found fresh marvel in their sound, "Behold!
Behold!" saith He, "I stand at the door and knock."

Open the door with shame, if ye have sinned;
If ye be sorry, open it with sighs.
Albeit the place be bare for poverty,
And comfortless for lack of plenshing,
Be not abashed for that, but open it,
And take Him in that comes to sup with thee;
"Behold!" He saith, "I stand at the door and knock!"

Speak, then, O rich and strong:
Open, O happy young, ere yet the hand
Of Him that knocks, wearied at last, forbear:
The patient foot its thankless quest refrain,
The wounded heart for evermore withdraw.

Holman Hunt's famous picture, "The

Light of the World," now at Keble College, Oxford, is also said to have had its influence upon the author in the writing of this hymn.

This painting [says Dr. C. S. Robinson] represents the scene which the hymn portrays with a fidelity as pathetic as it is forceful. Some of the incidental forms of Oriental imagery seem likewise to have been taken by the artist from the similar scene suggested by the Bride's words concerning her Lord in Canticles v. 2: "I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." The Figure stands as if in the act of waiting and listening. He is in the garden, for the vines trail across the door still shut to him; he is under the shadows of night, for he bears a lantern which flings its beams upon the fruit that lies in the path by his feet. The story is told with a delicacy that rivals description; the painting is an exquisite illustration of the spirit of the hymn.

283

S. M. D.

- A** H! whither should I go,
Burdened and sick and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.
- 2** What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display:
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.
- 3** I now believe in thee,
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

Charles Wesley.

The Scripture basis for this hymn is 1 Timothy ii. 4: "God will have all men to be saved."

The hymn consists of sixteen double stanzas. This is made up of the first, the first half of the second, the last half of the third, and the twelfth. The poet's idea can be better seen by reading the omitted lines:

Some cursèd thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

Jesu, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of Thee.

From *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741.

284

10s.

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in:
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
"Come!"

- 2** So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw
me near.
- 3** The while I fain would tread the heavenly
way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from
all."
- 4** It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me
near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5** 'Twas he who found me on the deathly
wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
child,
And day by day, whereby my soul doth live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6** O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious
dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness!

7 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous
Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great re-
ward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the gold-
en crown;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid
down.

Samuel J. Stone.

This hymn is based on an expression found in the Apostles' Creed, "*The Forgiveness of Sins*," and was written in 1866 for a parochial mission. It was first published in the author's *Lyra Fidclium*, 1866, and later it was revised by the author and published in the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868. The last stanza has been omitted:

Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe;
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

"Of all my hymns," says the author, "the one beginning, 'Weary of earth,' is the most dear to me because of the letters I have received from or about persons to whose joy and peace in believing it has been permitted to be instrumental."

"This," says Dr. Robinson, "is one of the finest in our language as an eager and wistful imploration of pardon for one's iniquities in the sight of God."

285

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

6 "Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still;
My promised grace receive!"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

John Newton.

Title: "*The Effort*." Unaltered and entire from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. A recent critic says: "This is one of the finest hymns of invitation for a penitent sinner ever written."

286

L. M.

FAITH is a living power from heaven
That grasps the promise God hath given,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Fixed heartily on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save or strengthen us indeed;
Receives the grace he sends us down,
And makes us share his cross and crown.

3 Faith in the conscience worketh peace,
And bids the mourner's weeping cease;
By faith the children's place we claim,
And give all honor to one Name.

4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death;
Faith worketh hourly joy in God,
And trusts and blesses e'en the rod.

5 We thank thee, then, O God of heaven,
That thou to us this faith hast given
In Jesus Christ thy Son, who is
Our only fount and source of bliss.

Petrus Herbert.

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

This has been called "a noble confession of a true Christian faith." It is a didactic hymn—a sermon in a song. The original appears in the *Brethren's German Hymn Book*, 1566, in eighteen stanzas of four lines each, six of which, beginning with the third stanza, are found in Bunsen's *Versuch*, 1833. Miss Winkworth's translation is limited to the stanzas quoted by Bunsen, and first appeared in the second series of her *Lyra Germanica*, 1858. The last stanza is omitted:

And from his fullness grant each soul
The rightful faith's true end and goal,
The blessedness no foes destroy,
Eternal love and light and joy.

287 C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Isaac Watts. Alt.

Author's title: "Salvation."

One stanza, the second, has been omitted:

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

The last stanza was not written by Dr. Watts. It was appended by some unknown author. This additional stanza is not modern; it is found in the early editions of Lady Huntingdon's *Collection*, and was possibly written by the editor of that book, the Rev. Walter Shirley.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1709.

288 S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;

It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn is titled "Salvation by Grace" in the author's *Hymns*, 1755, and is based on Ephesians ii. 5: "By grace ye are saved." It is perhaps the most familiar and popular that Doddridge ever wrote. It is exceedingly difficult to read the third and fourth lines of the second stanza so as to bring out the meaning clearly. The Committee of Revision spent some time discussing an "improvement" for the two lines, but none could be agreed upon, and so they reluctantly left it as Doddridge wrote it.

In verse one, line two, the author wrote, "Harmonious to *my* ear;" in verse two, line one, "Grace first contrived a way;" and in verse four, line four, "And well deserves *the* praise." The first of these changes is not an improvement. Dr. Robinson says of this hymn:

In the course of its wide use by Churches of various denominations it was considerably altered, and many forms of it are to be found. . . . It seems to us that Dr. Doddridge is alluding here to Zechariah iv. 7, where we read: "And he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." Each verse describes some work which grace has done: it contrived the way, it taught my feet, it drew the plan, and it shall crown the work by "laying" the topmost stone in heaven.

289 L. M.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing:
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly:
I drink, and yet am ever dry;

Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?
Bernard of Clairvaux.
Tr. by Anthony W. Boehm.

This hymn is found in every edition of the Methodist Episcopal Hymn Book back to the Coke and Asbury book adopted soon after the organization of the Church, and in the English ancestor of that book, *The Pocket Hymn Book*, edited by Robert Spence, of York.

Its history is greatly involved. It is a part of a famous Latin hymn entitled, "*Jesu dulcis memoria.*" Its date and authorship are really unknown, though it is attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux. Later it appeared in German. About 1712 A. W. Boehm made a free translation into English. This was altered by John C. Jacobi in 1720. The hymn as found here is made up of selections from Jacobi.

We quote one unique stanza, the fourteenth, from the Moravian hymn book of 1754:

O wondrous Jesu! greatest King!
 The world doth with thy triumphs ring;
 Thou conquer'st all, below, above,
 Dire fiends with force, and men with love.

This stanza, still further edited, appears in Martin Madin's *Collection*, 1760, as follows:

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
 All Heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!
 Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
 Devils with Force, and Men with Love.

290 L. M.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 While listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

John Bowring.

Author's title: "*Jesus Teaching the People.*" It is based on Matthew xi. 28, 29: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." From the author's *Matins and Vespers*, 1823. One stanza is omitted:

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

The author of this hymn wrote: "In the cross of Christ I glory." It is a curious fact that not a few of our most beautiful hymns about Christ were written by Unitarians who deny his divinity, but make much of his exalted and matchless humanity.

291 C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

A favorite and useful hymn.

The author's title is: "*Praise for the Fountain Opened.*" It is based on Zechariah xiii. 1: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."

Some people think that the first stanza is offensive to good taste, but no one who believes in the necessity of the atonement need be disturbed by it.

A great change has been made in the last part of the second stanza. The author wrote:

And there *have* I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

There is no doubt but that Cowper gave his personal experience and testimony in this hymn. These two lines are the only ones that have been changed. They are found in various forms.

In Rippon's *Selection*, 1787, they are found in the form of prayer:

O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

In the *Hartford Selection*, 1799:

And there *may* I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

The great question with hymnal editors is, Which form is best? No doubt many can sing as here given who could not honestly use it as the author wrote it.

The last two stanzas have been omitted:

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

These also, I think, may be considered as an expression of the author's faith and hope at the time the hymn was written.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

292

C. M.

0 WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;

Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and
wounds;

Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

Samuel Medley. Alt.

This is from a hymn of six stanzas which appeared in the first edition of the author's *Hymns*, 1789. The first and third stanzas here given are by Medley, but the second stanza is from some unknown hand.

293

8, 5, 8, 3.

A RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?

"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?

"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?

"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?

"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

John M. Neale.

Suggested by the Greek of St. Stephen the Sabaite.

Stephen, born in 725, was placed in a monastery in the Wilderness of Judea overlooking the Dead Sea when he was ten years of age by his uncle, John the

Damascene, where he remained until his death, A.D. 794. These stanzas, says the translator, Dr. John Mason Neale, "strike me as very sweet." The hymn has not been changed except in the last verse. The translator wrote: "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins."

In the preface to the third edition of his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1866, Dr. Neale wrote: "'Art thou weary' and two other hymns contain so little that is from the Greek that they ought not to have been included in this collection."

294 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of Charles Wesley's finest hymns. It is on his favorite theme—an

unlimited atonement for sinners, who are nowhere exhorted more tenderly and earnestly to return than in this hymn. "*The Year of Jubilee*" is its title. It is one of the author's seven *Hymns for New-Year's Day*, 1750. Strangely enough, it has been sometimes attributed to Toplady, who was born in 1740. It is based on Leviticus xxv. 9, 10:

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.

295 7s, 6s. D.

COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee!

William C. Dix.

Written in 1867 and published the same year in *The People's Hymnal*, London. It is based upon some of the precious promises of Christ, especially Matthew xi. 28: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

In a letter to Mr. Jones, author of *Famous Hymns*, London, 1902, Mr. Dix tells the story of this hymn in the following words:

I was ill and depressed at the time, and it was almost to idle away the hours that I wrote the hymn. I had been ill for many weeks, and felt weary and faint, and the hymn really expresses the languidness of body from which I was suffering at the time. Soon after its composition I recovered, and I always look back to that hymn as the turning point in my illness.

In *The People's Hymnal*, verse two, line three, reads:

O peaceful voice of Jesus.

Otherwise it has not been changed.

296

L. M. 6l.

WHEN time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

2 His name is Jesus, and he died,
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin:
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

3 If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

George W. Bethune.

This hymn was first published in the *Lyra Sacra Americana*, 1868. It is invested with a more than ordinarily pathetic interest growing out of the fact that the author died the day after he wrote it. He

was on a visit to Florence, Italy, and on Sunday, April 28, 1862, he died suddenly after having preached that morning on the text: "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." The last two stanzas of the original are:

4 I read God's holy Word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thoughts so high, so deep, so wide:
This is my best theology,
I know the Saviour died for me.

5 My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by Me are all forgiven;
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee."

297

C. M.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley.

Part of a long hymn founded on Romans iv. 16-23, "Therefore it is of faith," etc.

The third stanza is a good definition of faith. This hymn is composed of verses one, nine, fourteen, fifteen, and twenty, unaltered.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

HYMNS ON THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

298

L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same.

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save;
Save us, a present Saviour thou:
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Life of Faith, Exemplified in the Eleventh Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews,*" is the author's title to his poetic paraphrase upon this chapter. The original contains eighty-five stanzas. The hymn above is composed of the first six stanzas, and is based on the first verse: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. In the last line of the fourth stanza the author wrote "happiness" instead of "holiness."

299

C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.
(160)

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the helms of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of Joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

Isaac Watts.

Watts's title was: "*The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit.*" Its Scripture basis is as follows:

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. [Rom. viii. 14-16.]

In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory. [Eph. i. 13, 14.]

The author wrote "*Some tokens*" in the last line of the first stanza, and the last two lines of the last stanza:

*And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.*

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1709.

300

S. M. D.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my Heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

Horatius Bonar.

"*Lost but Found*" is the author's title to this in his *Songs in the Wilderness*, 1843, where it first appeared. Two stanzas, the third and fourth of the original, have been omitted:

3 They spoke in tender love;
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away;
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer!

4 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

It is based on 1 Peter ii. 25: "Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."

The third, fifth, seventh, and eighth lines of the second stanza begin with the word "*They*" instead of "*He*."

The last stanza has suffered at the hand of revisers. It originally read:

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,—
I love, I love his home.

The following incident is narrated by Long in his *History of the Hymns*:

During a revival in a female seminary in Massachusetts many of the pupils had shown the natural "enmity" of the "carnal mind" to spiritual things. Helen B—— was among those who noticed the Spirit's work only by a curling lip and a scornful laugh.

It seemed in vain to talk with her or seek to induce her to attend a prayer meeting. Christians could do nothing more than to pray for her.

One evening, however, as a praying band had gathered, the door opened, and Helen B—— entered. Her eyes were downcast, and her face was calm and very pale. There was something in her look which told of an inward struggle. She took her seat silently, and the exercises of the meeting proceeded. A few lines were sung, two or three prayers offered, and then, as was their custom, each repeated a few verses of some favorite hymn. One followed another in succession until it came to the turn of the newcomer. There was a pause and a perfect silence, and then, without lifting her eyes from the floor, she commenced:

"I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold."

Her voice was low, but distinct; and every word, as she uttered it, thrilled the hearts of the listeners. She repeated one stanza after another of that beautiful hymn of Bonar, and not an eye save her own was dry as, with sweet emphasis, she pronounced the iast lines:

"No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my Heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love his home."

That single hymn told all. The wandering sheep, the wayward child, had returned.

301 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

A RISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:

Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Behold the Man.*"

A much-used and blessed hymn. It is a satisfaction to know that it remains, except the title, as it was published by the author in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

Wesley had clear views concerning the atonement. In the hymn that follows this in his *Poems*, 1742, the reason of Christ's death is made as clear as crystal:

He died, that we to sin might die,
And live to God alone;
He died, our hearts to purify,
And make them all his own.

George John Stevenson, of London, gave the following illustration of the usefulness of this hymn. It was furnished by the Rev. Matthew Cranswick, an English Wesleyan minister who labored in the West Indies. He said:

I feel it due to the honor and glory of God to inform you of the utility of one hymn in

particular, commencing, "Arise, my soul, arise." I have a record of upward of two hundred persons, young and old, who received the most direct evidence of the forgiveness of their sins while singing that hymn. My plan of using the hymn was the following: After ascertaining as far as possible that the professed sorrow of the penitent was godly sorrow, we then commenced that hymn, requesting the penitent to join. Some of them would hesitate to sing the last verse; in that case I would begin to sing the whole or part of the hymn again until the penitent had obtained courage to sing every part. I have never known one instance of a sincere penitent failing to receive a joyous sense of pardon while singing that hymn.

302

L. M. 61.

NOW I have found the ground where
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fall, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.
Johann A. Rothe. Tr. by John Wesley.

"*Joy in Believing*" is the title which the author of the original gave to this hymn when he first published it, in 1727; but John Wesley titled his translation "*Redemption Found*" in his *Hymns and Sa-*

cred Poems, 1740, where he first published it. In the fourth verse Wesley wrote "With faith" instead of "By faith." This hymn in the German contained ten stanzas, and was dedicated by the author to his friend, Count Zinzendorf. "Perhaps there is not," observes Stevenson, "in the whole collection a hymn which is so full of Scripture truth in Scripture phraseology. One lover of this hymn has been led to compare it to the Word of God, and he has found no less than thirty-six separate passages of Scripture which, in language or spirit, correspond with the several lines of this hymn." When the translation of this hymn was finished, John Wesley sent a copy of it to P. H. Molther, one of the German Moravians in London, and under date of January 25, 1740, Mr. Molther returned the translation with his approval of all but one verse, which Mr. Wesley altered as suggested.

The fifth stanza of Wesley's translation is omitted above, and is as follows:

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 be gone,
 Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,—
 On this my steadfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

This hymn was a great favorite with John Fletcher, of Madeley, and also with his saintly wife.

303 S. M.

HOW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven?

- 2 What we have felt and seen
 With confidence we tell;
 And publish to the sons of men
 The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
 That he for us hath died,
 We all his unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburdened of her load,

And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*The Marks of Faith*." As published by Charles Wesley in *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (two volumes), 1749, this hymn has eight stanzas of eight lines each. The first three were altered into this meter for the *Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists, probably by John Wesley, 1779*.

Knowledge of sins forgiven, or an assurance of salvation, was a *sine qua non* with the early Methodists. This hymn is an answer to the question: "How can a sinner know his sins on earth forgiven?" An omitted verse, the fourth, if possible, makes the answer more plain. We give it in the original form:

The Pledge of Future Bliss
 He now to us imparts,
 His gracious Spirit is
 The Earnest in our Hearts.
 We antedate the Joys above,
 We taste th' Eternal Powers,
 And know that all those Heights of Love,
 And all those Heavens are Ours.

304 C. M. D.

- I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast!"
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad;
 I found in him a resting place,
 And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright!"
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my star, my sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar.

"*The Voice from Galilee*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857. There is no change from the original. Dr. C. S. Robinson, writing of this hymn, says:

The two secrets of the wonderful popularity of this hymn are found in the fact that it introduces the words of our Lord in a picturesque way, as if one's ear had happened to catch them on the air, and then his voice made an immediate response by "coming" toward the words of invitation and promise; and then that it employs possessive pronouns for its phraseology, and so individualizes the believer. Christ says, "Come to me," and the Christian says, "I came." Christ says, "I give the living water," and the listener answers, "My thirst was quenched." Christ says, "I am the light," and the child of God replies, "I found in him my Star, my Sun!"

305

L. M.

INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call!
O raise me, heal me by thy grace!

2 Arm me with thy whole armor, Lord,
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight.

3 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on,
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

Wolfgang C. Dessler.
Tr. by John Wesley.

From the German. John Wesley found this hymn in the *Herrnhut Gesang-Buch*, 1731, and translated six of the eight double stanzas. We have here the first half of the fourth and all of the sixth stanza of his translation without change. The translation begins, "Jesu, whose glory's streaming rays," and is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

306

L. M. D.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,

The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

John Cennick.

This is taken from the author's *Sacred Hymns for the Use of Religious Societies. Generally Composed in Dialogues*, 1743, where it is titled: "*Following Christ the Sinner's Way to God.*" There have been several unimportant verbal changes, all of which are improvements upon the original, as will be seen by noting the following words in italics, which represent the original:

Verse one, line two:

He *that* I fix my hopes upon.

Verse two, lines three and four:

My grief *my* burden long has been,
Because I *could not cease* from sin.

Verse two, lines six and eight:

I *sinned and stumbled* but the more,
Come hither, soul, *for I'm* the way.

Verse three, lines one, three, and four:

Lo! glad I come; and thou, *dear* Lamb.
Nothing but sin *I Thee* can give.
Yet help me and Thy Praise I'll live.

Verse three, line five:

I'll tell to all poor sinners round.

The original has single stanzas, the third, fourth, and fifth, omitted above, being:

3 No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin;
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No ravenous Tyger shall be there.

- 4 No nothing may go up thereon
But traveling Souls, and I am one:
Wayfaring Men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.
- 5 Nor Fools, by carnal men esteemed,
Shall err therein; but they redeemed
In Jesus' Blood, shall shew their Right
To travel there, till Heaven's in Sight.

This hymn reads as if it were written by one who knew by experience the joy of finding Christ—as if it came from one who knew when and where he was convicted and converted; and so it was. Frequenting London in his fifteenth and sixteenth year in search of employment, but all in vain, says his biographer:

He became addicted, in consequence, to sight-seeing, song-singing, play-going, card-playing, horse-racing, bull-frequenting, and the like. But on an Easter visit to London, in 1735, he was seriously impressed as he was walking hastily in Cheapside. He became greatly distressed on account of his sins, broke off from his sinful course, and walked softly before God; but he found no peace until September 6, 1737, in his nineteenth year, when he was enabled to trust in Christ alone and find joy and peace in believing.

307

7s.

- H**ARK, my soul! It is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shall be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;

Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!
William Cowper.

Original title: "*Lovest Thou Me?*"
(John xxi. 16.)

One word has been changed. In the second line of the fifth stanza Cowper wrote:

When the work of *grace* is done.

Some Arminian hymn editor made this change because he thought that "grace" savored of Calvinism. It ought to be restored out of regard to the author.

The third stanza of this hymn is a reproduction of a remarkable passage in Isaiah xlix. 15.

First found in Maxfield's *New Appendix*, 1768. Also in *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

Dr. Julian in his *Dictionary of Hymnology* says:

It rapidly attained great popularity with hymn book compilers, and is found at the present time in most of the high-class hymnals in all English-speaking countries. It is a lyric of great tenderness and beauty, and ranks as one of Cowper's best hymns.

308

L. M.

- L**ET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might,
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
- 2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?
- 3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
- 4 The Lord, my Righteousness, I praise,
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.
Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based on Jeremiah ix. 23, 24:

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither the mighty man

glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.

In verse one, lines one and two, the author wrote "his" instead of "their," and in verse four, last line, he wrote "through" instead of "to."

309

C. M.

A MAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton.

Title: "*Faith's Review and Expectation.*" It is based on 1 Chronicles xvii. 16, 17:

Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house, that thou hast brought me hitherto? And yet this was a small thing in thine eyes, O God; for thou hast also spoken of thy servant's house for a great while to come, and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God.

The author of this hymn plainly refers to his own life and experience.

Newton wrote his own epitaph, which *he* requested might be put up on a plain

marble tablet near the vestry door of his church in London:

JOHN NEWTON, Clerk.
Once an Infidel and Libertine,
A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour

JESUS CHRIST,
Preserved, restored, pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long labored to destroy,
Near 16 years at Olney in Bucks
And . . . years in this church.
On Feb. 1, 1750, he married

MARY,
Daughter of the late George Catlett
Of Chatham, Kent.
He resigned her to the Lord who gave her
On 15th of December, 1790.

Unaltered and entire from *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

310

L. M. 6l.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace!
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

Charles Wesley.

"Free Grace" is the author's title to this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. This is one of Charles Wesley's finest hymns. It is a profound study of the atonement by a soul that is filled with appreciation and awe over the realization, both intellectual and experimental, of the significance and mystery of the sufferings and death of Christ. It was doubtless written very soon after the author's conversion in May, 1738. The fifth stanza has been omitted:

Still the small inward voice I hear,
That whispers all my sins forgiven;
Still the atoning blood is near,
That quenched the wrath of hostile Heaven:
I feel the life His wounds impart;
I feel my Saviour in my heart.

In the last line of the first stanza above Wesley wrote "God" instead of "Lord."

John Wesley in describing his conversion speaks of going to Charles Wesley's room in Little Britain and singing a hymn "with great joy." Some have thought that this is the hymn referred to; but evidence points to the hymn beginning, "Where shall my wondering soul begin," as that which was sung on this occasion. It is to be regretted that this historic hymn, which has been described as "the birth song of the Evangelical Revival," has not been given a place in this collection. But while the present hymn was doubtless not the one sung in celebration of John Wesley's conversion, it is associated very closely with the close of his life, as the following words, quoted from Telford, will show:

On the last Sunday afternoon of John Wesley's life, after he had said, "There is no need for more; when at Bristol, my words were,

I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,"

Miss Ritchie writes: "Seeing him very weak and not able to speak much, I said: 'Is this the present language of your heart, and do you now feel as you then did?' He replied: 'Yes.' I then repeated:

'Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.'

And I added: "'Tis enough; he, our precious Emmanuel, has purchased, has promised all.' He earnestly replied, 'He is all, he is all,' and then said: 'I will go.' I said, 'To joys above; Lord, help me to follow you;' to which he replied: 'Amen.'"

John and Charles Wesley make frequent reference in their journals to the evangelical use which they make of their hymns. The entry in Charles Wesley's Journal for Wednesday, August 22, 1739, makes reference to how this hymn was graciously used by the Holy Spirit in the conviction and conversion of "a drunken servant of Mr. Seward:" "This morning the work upon poor Robin appeared to be God's work. The words that made the first impression were:

'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

He now seems full of sorrow and joy and astonishment and love. The world, too, set to their seal that he belongs to Christ."

311 6, 6, 9. D.

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me."

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*For One Fallen from Grace.*" It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

A few slight changes have been made, and two stanzas, the fifth and sixth, omitted:

5 On the wings of His love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe,
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
(Freely justified I!)
Nor envied *Elijah* his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

There is a "part second" that contains nine verses more. The old *Pocket Hymn Book* contained the whole sixteen stanzas, which were retained in all the editions down to 1849, when all the stanzas were left out except these five. They are all that are worth saving. Some writers, judging from internal evidence, have doubted whether Charles Wesley ever wrote this hymn, thinking him incapable of writing such stanzas as the sixth, quoted above. The real wonder is that in the great harvest of his writings—some six thousand pieces—there should be so much good wheat and so little worthless chaff.

This hymn was intended to express the joy of the happy convert. It has had a long and useful career, and we hope it will be used for generations to come as it has been in the past.

312

L. M.

0 HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Refrain.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Philip Doddridge.

Original title: "*Rejoicing in our Covenant Engagements to God.*" It is based on 2 Chronicles xv. 15: "And all Judea rejoiced at the oath; for they had sworn with all their heart, and sought him with their whole desire; and he was found of them: and the Lord gave them rest round about." It is found in the author's *Hymns*, published in 1755, four years after the author's death. The editor of this posthumous volume (J. Orton) admits that in some instances he tampered with the text of the original. In 1839 J. D. Humphreys brought out what he claimed was the accurate text of the original, and it in some instances differs from Orton's text. In the edition of Humphreys the last two lines of verse four read as follows:

O who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blessed?

Other hymns of Dr. Doddridge may have more of poetic merit; but no other is so dear to Methodists as this familiar and precious hymn. It has the warm and fervent glow of rapturous experimental

religion about it. If we did not know that Doddridge wrote it, if its authorship had been uncertain, the student of hymnology would most surely have attributed it to Charles Wesley. It is a high compliment to this hymn that it was chosen by Prince Albert, the consort of Queen Victoria, to be sung always on occasions when members of the royal family were confirmed. "Blessed is the man," says James Montgomery, "who can take the words of this hymn and make them his own from similar experience." This hymn could have been written only by one who had a deep, rich, and joyous experience in the precious things of God. It is one of the best revival hymns ever written; for it not only rejoices in covenant engagements already entered into with God, but it is exceedingly helpful in bringing penitent souls who are under conviction of sin up to the point of a full and hearty decision for Christ. It is exceedingly fortunate in having a tune that is exactly suited both to the words and the sentiment of the hymn. There are few hymns that are so much enjoyed by young and old, by saint and sinner, as this rapturous song that celebrates the joy of a redeemed sinner over having found Christ the Saviour.

313 L. M.

O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think, for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me;

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It was written on Leviticus vi. 13: "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out."

It is unaltered and complete. John Wesley said that his experience might always be found in these lines.

This admirable hymn has one blemish: "inextinguishable," in the second verse, is almost unsingable. Bishop Bickersteth, in his *Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, suppressed the line and substituted the following: "Unquenched, undimmed, in darkest days." This is an improvement, yet not altogether happy.

314 C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

3 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies!

John Fawcett.

This hymn has eight stanzas in the author's *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782, where it bears the title, "*The Nature and Necessity of Inward Religion.*"

315 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

This favorite hymn was written in 1841 and contributed to *Hymns and Anthems*, edited by the Rev. William Johnson Fox. It was the fruitage of a gifted mind and a pious heart. It is founded upon the story of Jacob's journey as given in Genesis xxviii. 10-19:

And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and beheld the angels of God ascending and descending on it. . . . And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel.

One word only has been changed.

The author wrote in the fifth line of the first stanza:

Still all my song *would* be.

In *Anglican Hymnology* this is No. 13 in hymns of first rank; in *Best Hymns*, No. 12; in *Hymns That Have Helped*, No. 7.

Who shall say that this hymn was not written in answer to prayer or at least to strong desire? In the same little book in which "Nearer, my God, to thee" was published we find another hymn by the same author. We quote two verses:

O! I would sing a song of praise,
Natural as the breeze
That stirs amongst the forest trees,
Whispering ever,
Weary never,
Summer's prime or wintry days—
So should come my song of praise.

O! I would sing a song of praise
Holy as the night,
When heaven comes to us in the light
Of stars whose gleaming,
Influence streaming,
Draws us upward while we gaze—
So should rise my song of praise.

Is not this hymn a "song of praise," "natural as the breeze," and "holy as the night?"

The last words of President McKinley, as reported by his physician, Dr. Mann, were: "'Nearer, my God, to thee, e'en though it be a cross,' has been my constant prayer." On the Sunday following the burial at Canton, Ohio, September 22, 1901, this hymn was used in memorial services all over the land.

The following reminiscence is related of Bishop Marvin:

The Bishop, at a prayer meeting that he had conducted, stated that he had recently been traveling in the wilds of Arkansas. His mind was oppressed, his heart sad. He had been compelled to leave his family and home—it was during the trying years of the Civil War—and could not hear of their welfare; and it seemed to him that clouds and darkness had completely enveloped him. In this depressed state of mind and heart he approached an old log cabin in a very dilapidated condition. As he drew nearer he dis-

tinguished the sound of a woman's voice singing:

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

He at once alighted and went in, for the sound of that familiar hymn seemed to enter his very soul. He found the singer to be an aged widow in the midst of poverty, but cheerful and happy in the love of God in spite of her loneliness and want. He thought to himself: If that poor widow in such loneliness could sing such a song, surely he could too. He gave to the winds his fears, and from that time forth, with full confidence in the providence of an overruling God and Father, and with aspirations of heart unfelt before, he had been singing:

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

"This simple personal narrative," says the writer, "made a deeper impression on my mind than even the rich sermons he preached and with which I was delighted."

316

C. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.
Tate and Brady. Alt. by Henry F. Lyte.

This metrical version of a part of the forty-second Psalm is from H. F. Lyte's *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834, and is an alteration and improvement of the original as found in Tate and Brady's *New Version of the Psalms of David*, 1696. The original of verse three in this version is:

I sigh, when recollecting thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

The last line of the hymn was originally:
"Thy health's eternal spring."

The original has twelve stanzas, the above being the first, second, fourth, and eleventh.

317

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

We are pleased that the third stanza, frequently omitted, is inserted here. It is now complete, as the author wrote it. In her *Life* written by her husband, Dr. George L. Prentiss, we find some account of this hymn. He says:

The hymn, "More Love to Thee, O Christ," belongs probably as far back as the year 1856. Like most of her hymns, it is simply a prayer put into the form of verse. She wrote it so hastily that the last stanza was left incomplete, one line having to be added in pencil when it was printed. She did not show it, not even to her husband, until many years after it was written; and she wondered not a little that, when published, it met with so much favor.

We do not wonder. It was a heart song inspired by love and prayer.

318 8, 8, 6. D.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days,
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart!

Charles Wesley.

From *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. The original has eight stanzas; these are the first three and the last. The fourth stanza should not be omitted:

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

There is a large class of Church members whose spiritual condition and whose heart yearnings are accurately portrayed in this hymn. Though members of the Church, they do not *know* that they are regenerate Christians; they have not the witness of the Spirit, but sincerely yearn for it. They are oftentimes much discouraged because they have not a clear knowledge of sins forgiven and of their acceptance with God. But such Christians are not hypocrites; they are sometimes among the most devout, exemplary, and useful members of the Church. Others have more confidence in their religion than they themselves have. As long as the absence of the witness of the Spirit leads the timid believer to yearnings of

soul and to prayer for His testimony to sins forgiven, there are the signs of a healthful and genuine spiritual life. But alas for that large number of professing Christians who enjoy not the Holy Spirit's witness to their acceptance, and yet the absence of this, the only satisfactory evidence of conversion, seems to create no concern as to their spiritual condition!

319 8s, 7s.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings.

Title: "*Pilgrimage*." This is a genuine prayer-song and worthy of frequent use. It first appeared in *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*, words and music arranged by Thomas Hastings, of Utica, N. Y., and Lowell Mason, of Boston. Utica, 1832.

320 C. M. D.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!
Charles Wesley.

Charles Wesley never wrote a more delicately and deeply spiritual lyric than this, which he titled "*For a Tender Conscience.*" It is the aspiration and prayer of a soul that is inspired by the loftiest ethical ideal. To pray this prayer and live daily up to this ideal is to make an argument for inward holiness and Christian perfection that none will gainsay or resist. It is well for the young Christian to commit this hymn to memory. It is found in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, where it has five double stanzas, the above being the second, the third, and a half each of the fourth and fifth stanzas. The hymn is greatly improved by this abbreviation.

Mr. Wesley was once asked by Samuel Bradburn in open Conference if any one could fall from the sanctified state without at the same time losing his justification. Wesley's only reply was to take up the hymn book and turn to this hymn and read the last stanza:

O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!

In a similar manner on another occasion he made a quotation from one of Charles Wesley's hymns answer the question propounded to him as to whether or not he had himself experienced the blessing of entire sanctification. From the hymn beginning, "O thou who camest from above," he quoted the last two stanzas:

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think, for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

This was a suggestive and beautiful answer, though it may not have been altogether satisfactory to the questioner. Mr. Wesley was much more concerned about living sanctification than he was about professing it. But while he did not profess it for himself, others professed it for him. And this, after all, is the most effective way to make a profession of entire sanctification—viz., to live the doctrine so that one's neighbors and fellow-workers will profess it for him.

321

C. M.

JESUS, let all thy lovers shine,
Illustrious as the sun:
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

2 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

3 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.

4 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their luster still increase
Unto the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based upon Judges v. 31: "Let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might." The original has three eight-line stanzas. This hymn consists of the first two, with only one slight change. Verse four, line one, Wesley wrote: "As the *great* Sun of righteousness."

322

L. M.

GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge.

Author's title: "*Praising God through the Whole of Our Existence.*" It is found in the author's *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755. In verse one, line one, the author wrote "*its days*" instead of "*my days*;" in line three, "*the song*" instead of "*my song*;" and in line four, "*And warble* to the silent night." In verse three, line two, he wrote "*its powers*" instead of "*the powers*." This hymn is based on Psalm cxlvi. 2: "While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being." It is one of Doddridge's best hymns. It is said to have been written only a short while before his death, which was due to consumption. The first hymn in the volume of Doddridge's *Hymns* referred to above closes with these lines:

I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight
To realms of heavenly day,
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds
To bear this flesh away.

Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the sharpest pangs of death
That break its way to God.

A venerable man of God who had

preached the gospel for fifty years in the North Carolina Conference was approaching his end. A most distressing and exhausting cough had taken away his voice, and it seemed certain as he approached death that he would soon be unable, although retaining consciousness, to communicate with his children even in a whisper. But before this moment came, he had his son get the hymn book and open it at No. 831 and follow him as he, with fast-falling voice, gave his dying testimony in the expressive words of this hymn:

God of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

Blessed is the man whose dying testimony finds happy expression in such words as these. But more blessed still is that Christian poet who, in giving expression to his own dying thoughts, has unconsciously used such happy and fitting words that others also, learning them by heart, will shout them back, when standing at the brink of the grave or launching out into eternity, as most expressive of their own thoughts and feelings in the dying hour.

323

11s, 10s.

WE would see Jesus: for the shadows
lengthen

Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock founda-
tion

Whereon our feet were set with sover-
eign grace.

Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;

The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

4 We would see Jesus: yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,

And earth from earth can scarce unclasp
its fingers;
Our love to thee makes not this love less strong.

5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away.

We would see thee, thyself our hearts reminding
What thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;

We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading:
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Anna B. Warner.

This hymn gives honor to Jesus the Christ. It is found in *Hymns of the Church Militant*, compiled by Miss Anna Warner, New York, 1858, and published by Carter and Brothers, 1861. One stanza has been left out, and a few verbal changes have been made. The last stanza is particularly fine.

324 7s, 6s. D.

TO thee, O dear, dear Saviour!
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in thy favor,
My pillow on thy breast;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am thine,
And thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour mine.

2 In thee my trust abideth,
On thee my hope relies,
O thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;

O thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then forever bound me
With threefold cords to thee.

3 My grief is in the dullness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fullness
Of all thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in thy beauty
Of holiness divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever
Have fallen in love to thee,
The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me!
O for a heart to love thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above thee
In deed, or word, or thought!

5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose!

John S. B. Monsell.

This was first published in the author's *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863. Dr. C. S. Robinson in his note to this hymn cites two instances of the marvelous power of song to sustain one under great suffering:

A medical man of the highest authority has related the story of a patient under his care whose case became so desperate that a critical operation was necessary. This promised to be perilous and extremely painful. But the poor fellow was timid; he was too weak for chloroform, and he was asked if he thought he could brave the pain. After considering a moment, he answered: "I can stand it if you will let me sing." The surgeon said: "Sing away, my friend, as much as you like." So the sufferer sang this hymn:

"There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance from the cross afar,
A Saviour's love revealing."

In the other instance it was a very much afflicted patient faced by the same awful necessity of the knife. She must have an anæsthetic perforce, for human nature could not abide the strain. But she was afraid of

what she might say in a possible delirium and so betray her sensitive soul when irresponsible. The fact is, she had been wont before her conversion to use her tongue most foully. She was fearful now that she might lapse into her former habits of language. So her pathetic prayer was lifted as the ether was given her, "O Lord, keep thou the door of my mouth!" and when the rack was over, her first question was, "Did I talk?" and the answer, "No; you sang." But she pressed the inquiry anxiously: "What was it?" And with tears the nurse replied: "Nothing, dear, but 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' verse after verse, over and over again."

Few hymns have greater sustaining power in the sentiments they breathe than this beautiful lyric of love and trust. To have this hymn in the head and the heart is better than an anæsthetic to get one ready for life's sufferings.

325

6s, 4s. D.

BREAK thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As thou didst bless the bread
By Gallilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All.

Mary A. Lathbury.

Title: "Study Song." It was written at Chautauqua in 1880.

This gem of prayer-song is a favorite note only with members of the "literary and scientific" circles; it has a much wider constituency, and deserves it. It ought to be memorized by all Bible lovers and frequently used.

326

L. M.

OJESUS, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all-glorious on thy throne,
Teach thou our wond'ring souls to scan
The mystery of thy love unknown.

- 2 We pray thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow thee.
- 3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
O may we bear thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.
- 4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.
- 5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at thy feet we lay it down,
Win through thy blood our pardon there,
And through the cross attain the crown.

William W. How.

This hymn was first published in 1871 in the *Parish Magazine*, and was given a place in the volume of *Church Hymns* that appeared that same year under the joint editorship of the author and other Churchmen.

327

C. M.

WITH glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to men impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

4 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
Those wounds which all my sorrows heal,
Which all my sins efface.

5 Then shall I see in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

Published without title in *Hymns for the Use of Families*, 1767. The original contains eight stanzas. These are one, two, four, five, and eight. Changes have been made in verses two, four, and five.

328

S. M.

WE hope in thee, O God!
The day wears on to night;
Thick shadows lie across our world,
In thee alone is light.

2 We hope in thee, O God!
The fading time is here,
But thou abidest strong and true
Though all things disappear.

3 We hope in thee, O God!
Our joys go one by one,
But lonely hearts can rest in thee,
When all beside is gone.

4 We hope in thee, O God!
Hope fails us elsewhere;
But since thou art in all that is,
Peace takes the hand of care.

5 We hope in thee, O God!
In whom none hope in vain;
We cling to thee in love and trust,
And joy succeeds to pain.

Marianne Hearn.

We greatly need some good hymns on the Christian doctrine of hope. Hymns on faith and love abound; hymns on hope are very few. This hymn by Miss Hearn is not found in many Church collections. We do not know when or where it was first published.

The most popular of all Miss Hearn's hymns is the one titled: "*Waiting and Watching for Me.*" We quote two stanzas:

When my final farewell 'to the world I have said,

And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"

And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
And when with my glorified vision at last
The walls of that City I see,
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

O, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace

Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,

Pray only for self while I live,
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,

If sorrow in heaven can be,
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me!

12

329

8s, 5s.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by;

Refrain.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life for me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

Fanny J. Crosby.

Written in 1868 at the request of William Howard Doane, Doctor of Music, who gave Mrs. Van Alstyne the first line as a theme. It was a success from the beginning, and has now been in common use for forty years.

Ira D. Sankey, in his *Story of the Gospel Hymns*, says: "No hymn in our collection was more popular than this at our meetings in London in 1874." Some hymns never get "worn out" because they are seldom used; others do because they are used so much. This "gospel hymn" has probably been sung more times and by more people than any standard hymn in the language. A hymn, like a sermon, is not an end in itself; it is an instrument. Its value depends upon its execution. Dr. Adam Clarke said: "A sermon that does good is a good sermon." I dare to say the same of a hymn; and judged by that standard, this is one of the best hymns ever written.

The author, in her *Memories of Eighty Years*, gives her idea of poetic inspiration:

That some of my hymns have been dictated by the blessed Holy Spirit I have no doubt; and that others have been the result of deep meditation I know to be true; but

that the poet has any right to claim special merit for himself is certainly presumptuous. . . . At times the burden of inspiration is so heavy that the author cannot find words beautiful enough or thoughts deep enough for its expression.

330 L. M.

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Refrain.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in him be found;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

Edward Mote.

"A grand hymn of faith" is what Bishop Bickersteth said of this poem, which was written in 1834 and first printed as a leaflet; and shortly thereafter the author published it in the *Spiritual Magazine*. It also appeared in the author's volume of original and selected poems titled *Hymns of Praise*, 1836, with the title, "*The Immutability Basis of a Sinner's Hope*."

The first stanza is made up of the first two verses of the author:

- 1 Nor earth nor hell my soul can move,
I rest upon unchanging love;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
- 2 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
'Midst all the hell I feel within,
On his completed work I lean.

In verse two, the author wrote "upon" instead of "on his" in the second line, and "rough" instead of "high" in the third line. In verse three the first two lines of the original read:

His oath, his cov'nant and his blood
Support me in the sinking flood.

In verse four the first two lines of the original are:

When I shall launch in worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in him.

The fifth stanza, omitted above, is:

5 I trust his righteous character,
His council, promise, and his pow'r;
His honor and his name's at stake
To save me from the burning lake.

The author says:

One morning as I went to labor, it came into my mind to write a hymn on "*The Gracious Experience of a Christian*." As I went up Holborn I had the chorus:

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

In the day I had the first four verses complete and wrote them off.

While the words were thus fresh in mind and heart he sung them at the bedside of a dying parishioner, who was so impressed and comforted by them that the author was encouraged to make larger use of them, hoping thereby to comfort and strengthen the faith of others. The hymn reads as if it might have been written on the words of Paul: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

331 C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up?

- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.
- 5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,

Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

Author's title: "A Morning Hymn."
From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1741.

These are the first five verses unchanged, but the last stanza, which gives the reason for the writer's prayer, has been omitted:

Grant this, O Lord: for Thou hast died
That I might be forgiven;
Thou hast the RIGHTEOUSNESS supplied
For which I merit heaven.

332 8s, 7s.

THOU my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

This hymn on "Christ the Portion of His People" was first published in the author's *Songs of Grace and Glory*, 1874. In her *Memories of Eighty Years* (1906) Fanny Crosby, speaking of her lifelong habits in connection with the writing of her hymns, says: "It may seem a little old-fashioned always to begin one's work

with prayer; but I never undertake a hymn without first asking the good Lord to be my inspiration in the work that I am about to do." This may explain why so many of her songs are prayer-hymns.

333 L. M. 6l.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am,
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

3 Unwearied may I this pursue;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O Jesus, in that solemn hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.
Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by John Wesley.

From the German, a translation of Gerhardt's "O Jesu Christ, mein schönster Licht." Wesley found it in the *Herrnhut Gesang-Buch*, 1731. The translation contains sixteen stanzas. These are one, three, four, and sixteen.

Changes for the better have been made in four lines. This translation was published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

334 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;

As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer.

"This hymn," says Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, "is by far the most precious contribution which American genius has yet made to the hymnology of the Christian Church." It was written in December, 1830, when the author was only twenty-two years old. He had just graduated from Yale College, and had begun the study of theology, supporting himself by teaching in a seminary for young ladies in New York City. He was poor and in bad health, and was laboring under many discouragements when he wrote these verses, which were "born of his own soul." "I gave form to what I felt," he says, "by writing, with little effort, these stanzas. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and ended the last line with tears. I composed them with a deep consciousness of my own needs, without the slightest thought of writing for another eye, and least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship."

With little thought he placed the manuscript away in his pocket memorandum book, where it remained for a year or more, until one day Dr. Lowell Mason met him on the streets of Boston and asked him if he did not have something to contribute to a new hymn and tune book which he and Rev. Thomas Hastings were soon to issue (*Spiritual Songs for Social*

Worship, 1832). He produced this hymn from his pocket notebook and made a copy of it for Dr. Mason, who went to his room and immediately wrote for it the now familiar tune called "Olivet." A few days later Dr. Mason met the author and accosted him thus: "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My faith looks up to Thee.'" All of which has been literally verified.

"*Self-Consecration*" is the title which the author first gave to this hymn. It originally had six stanzas, the first two being the translation of a poetic description in German of "*A Suppliant before the Cross*," which the author chanced to come upon in his reading, and which so deeply impressed and touched him that he at once translated the two verses into English. He then added four stanzas of his own, in which he undertakes to set forth what the suppliant is saying. These four stanzas constitute the hymn as it is now known and sung everywhere. The first edition had in the fourth stanza, line five, the word "distress" instead of "distrust," but it seems to have been a typographical error.

It is something unusual that an author's first hymn should be his best and greatest hymn, but this is true of this author and of this his first hymn. It is still more remarkable that a hymn written by a theological student only twenty-two years old should come to be recognized as the greatest of all the hymns ever written by Americans. This is one of the few American hymns that has become popular in England, being found in nearly all the English hymnals except that of the English Church. It has been translated into about thirty different languages. In Europe, Africa, Asia, and the islands of the sea, as well as in America, it is admired and sung, and has become one of the favorite channels of devotion to worshipping assemblies everywhere throughout the world.

This is one of the noblest prayer-hymns ever written. It is throughout an expression of sincere penitence and saving faith, and of a lofty aspiration after the full realization of the experience and life that have been made possible to the Christian believer by grace. The first verse is a prayer for conversion and consecration; the second verse is a prayer for perseverance, zeal, and love in Christian service; the third verse is a prayer for sustaining grace and divine guidance while the soul's sanctification is being wrought out through suffering and sacrifice; the fourth verse is a prayer for dying grace and for the safe and happy passage to the life eternal that is vouchsafed to the ransomed soul.

In a letter to Bishop Bickersteth, written shortly before he died, the author said of this hymn:

It was introduced into England in 1840, has been translated into other languages, and has been referred to as one of the last hymns that dying saints have sung or desired to hear in a great number of obituary notices that have met my eye. It has been a comfort to Christian hearts, doubtless, chiefly because it expresses in a simple way that act which is most central in all true Christian life—the act of trust in the atoning Lamb.

This hymn was perhaps never used in a more suggestive and impressive manner than it was by a group of soldiers during the Civil War:

It was the evening before a great battle was to be fought, and the soldiers had met in one of the tents for prayer and such words and messages as they well knew might prove the last for many of them. One suggested that, as they stood thus face to face with death and with the realities of the unseen world, they should draw up and sign a paper expressive of their faith and trust in that solemn hour, that it might be sent as a dying message and testimony to the friends and loved ones of such as should fall in battle. One of the number who had learned this hymn by heart suggested that it would make a fitting document for them to sign in the face of death, and they all agreed. He there-

upon wrote it out, and each man signed his name to it. Only one of the number lived through the battle to tell the tale of this their death covenant and transmit the precious document to the loved ones of those who fell.

Surely that must be a well-nigh perfect hymn of trust and prayer that Christian believers can thus adopt as the best possible expression of their penitence and faith and hope in the dying hour. Safe and serene will be the rest of that soul who, pitching his tent night after night a day's march nearer home, can affix his name to this hymn as a covenant with God and a testimony to his fellow-men.

335

L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

N. L. Zinzendorf and J. Nitschmann.

Tr. by John Wesley.

In his translation, containing eight stanzas, Wesley tried to take the cream of four different German hymns. The first two stanzas are from a hymn of the Moravian Bishop Zinzendorf beginning: "*Ach! mein verwundter Fürste.*"

The other three verses were translated from J. Nitschmann's hymn beginning: "*Du blutiger Versöhner!*"

Verses seven and eight, omitted above, were built upon fragments of two others.

The translation first appeared in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, London, 1740.

336

L. M.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.
Philip Doddridge.

"*Christ's Service the Fruit of our Labors on Earth*" is the title which the author gave this hymn. It is found in his *Hymns*, 1755. It is one of Dr. Doddridge's best hymns. Addressed to Jesus Christ as Lord, it recognizes in him "such a Friend" as we should love and live for alike in the vigor of youth and in hoary age.

The third line in the second stanza was originally: "Thine ever-smiling face to see." The first line of the third stanza had "breathe" instead of "sigh," and the fourth stanza had "untainted Eden" instead of "all worldly honor," while the last line of the hymn read: "His love hath animating power."

337

7s.

PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;

Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

Mary A. S. Barber.

We are glad that at last the authorship of this useful prayer-song has been settled and its history ascertained.

Several editors have attributed the authorship to an American writer, Mrs. M. B. Shindler. It is of English origin, was written by Miss Barber, and first appeared in the *Church of England Magazine* March 3, 1838, in four eight-lined stanzas. Title: "*He is our Peace.*" (Eph. ii. 14.)

We give the original poem. It will be seen that the hymn is made up of the first stanza and parts of the others slightly altered.

1 Prince of Peace control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.
Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the way to God:
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

2 Thou who still'd the raging deep
Placidly to childlike sleep;
Thou whose voice the maniac heard,
Knew, and straight confessed his Lord:
Thou who hush'd the mourner's cry
Mid maternal agony,
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Faith and perfect peace impart.

3 King of Salem! strong to save,
No ecstatic joy I crave;
Let thy Spirit's soothing calm
Glide into my soul like balm;
Raise my heart to things above,
Modulate my soul to love:
May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one.

4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
Broken is the parting all;
Thou the foe hast reconcil'd;
Tame'd the rebel to the child.
Lord of glory, I am thine;
Let thy peace around me shine,
And thy happy servant be
One with God, and one with thee.

338

C. M.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more!

Philip Doddridge.

"An Appeal to Christ for the Sincerity of Love to Him," based on John xxi. 15: "Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs." From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

The first and sixth stanzas of the original have been omitted:

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

This hymn on "Love to Christ" is frequently compared with another by Doddridge which many consider the finest he ever wrote, and which, being unfortunately omitted from our Hymnal, we reproduce here. It was written to be sung after a sermon on 1 Peter ii. 7: "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yea, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Speaking of the above and other hymns by Dr. Doddridge, a writer in the *North British Review* says: "If amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns like these are a spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared forever; but at once beautiful and buoyant, these sacred strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is loved and where his mother tongue is spoken."

339

L. M.

HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above?

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

3 O let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than these?

5 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But thou canst give the victory.
Josiah Conder.

Based upon John xii. 26: "If any man serve me, let him follow me." From the author's *Star in the East*, London, 1824. Eleven stanzas. These are one, four, six, seven, and eight.

A wholesome meditation, emphasizing the thought that the followers of Christ are not to shrink at trials and difficulties, but to be brave imitators of the Master.

340 S. M. D.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley.

"A Poor Sinner" is the title of the original poem of seven double stanzas from which this is taken and which is found in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1741. The above are the first, third, and fourth stanzas. The last stanza puts a truth very impressively:

I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfill,
To know myself, and what Thou art,
And what Thy perfect will.
I want I know not what,
I want my wants to see,

I want—alas! what want I not,
When Thou art not in me?

"Do you want to be a Christian?" asked a minister of the gospel once of an unconverted man who appeared somewhat serious. "If I may answer you frankly, no," said the man. "Well, can you not truly say," continued the minister, "that you want to want to be a Christian?" "Yes," said he, "I can say that." "Shall we not pray God now to give you a desire to be saved and make you want to want to be a Christian?" the minister pleaded. The prayer was offered in faith, and the man was not long in feeling the "want" for which he prayed, nor long thereafter in having his want satisfied by finding the Saviour that he sought. This hymn by Charles Wesley is well adapted to meeting the needs of "a poor sinner" like this.

341 L. M.

0 THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mold every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Jane Cotterill.

Title: "*For Entire Subjection to the Will of God.*"

The original has six stanzas. These are verses one, two, three, and six.

One couplet has been changed. The author wrote the last part of verse two:

O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

The author wrote, verse four, line three:

Until the joyful summons come.

This valuable lyric was contributed to the sixth edition of Thomas Cotterill's *Selection*, 1815.

The form of this hymn is ideal, and its spirit is calculated to cultivate Christian devotion. The third verse is a gem of rare poetic value and beauty.

342 L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Samuel Davies.

This is one of the finest consecration hymns in the language. The author titled it "*Self-Dedication at the Table of the Lord.*" The second, fifth, and seventh stanzas of the original are omitted:

2 Here, Lord, my Flesh, my Soul, my All,
I yield to Thee beyond Recall;
Accept thine own, so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield!

5 Be thou the Witness of my Vow,
Angels and Men attest it too,
That to thy Board I now repair,
And seal the sacred Contract there.

7 Do Thou assist a feeble Worm
The great Engagement to perform:
Thy Grace can full Assistance lend,
And on that Grace I dare depend.

The author died in 1761, but this hymn was not published until 1769, when Rev. Thomas Gibbons gave it a place in his volume of *Hymns* published that year.

343 C. M.

LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine;
O lowly is the loftness
Of these desires divine.

2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray?

4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see,
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
O holy One! for thee.

Thomas H. Gill.

Title: "*Lowly Ambition.*" Eight stanzas in the author's *Golden Chain of Praise*, London, 1869. This hymn is made up of verses one, three, five, six, and eight *verbatim*.

Like many others, this hymn had to be severely cut to bring it within reasonable limits. Experience teaches that three double stanzas or four or five single verses are about all that can be allowed for the average hymn.

344 6s, 5s. D.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be;
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

- 3 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toll, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round thy throne.
- 4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.
- 5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toll and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last!
- 6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.
- 7 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.
Godfrey Thring.

"*Pressing Onwards*" is the title of this processional hymn, which, although written in 1862, was not published until 1866, when it appeared in *Hymns, Congregational and Others*, in eight stanzas of eight lines each. When it was republished in *Church Hymns*, 1871, the author added another stanza beginning, "Farther, ever farther." Two stanzas, therefore, are omitted. Nevertheless, it is still, as it appears above, the longest hymn in this Hymnal. Processional hymns which are

frequently sung in Episcopal Churches have never been much used among the Methodists. As, however, they are now being more frequently called for in connection with our young people's celebrations, it was thought well to provide a few processional hymns like this, suited to being sung while marching.

345 L. M. 6l.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen.
Tr. by John Wesley.

From the German. A translation of Tersteegen's "*Verborgne Gottes-Liebe du.*" The original ten stanzas Wesley found in the *Hernnhut Gesang-Buch*, 1731.

The translation was made in 1736 at Savannah, Ga. It was first published in *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, London, 1738. The translation has eight verses. This hymn is composed of one, four, six, and eight.

Lord Selborne, an English hymnologist, said: "Of all the more copious German hymn-writers after Luther, Tersteegen was perhaps the most remarkable man. Pietist, mystic, and missionary, he was also a great religious poet."

346

8, 7, 8, 7, 3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

Refrain.

Even me, even me,
Let some drops now fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
While thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

Two stanzas of the original have been omitted:

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O! forgive, and rescue me,
Even me.

7 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me,
Even me.

This hymn was written in 1860 and published as a leaflet in 1861. It has attained such widespread popularity and usefulness, and is so serviceable in revival meetings, that we give in full the author's account of its origin:

A party of young friends over whom I was watching with anxious hope attended a meet-

ing in which details were given of a revival work in Ireland. They came back greatly impressed. My fear was lest they should be satisfied to let their own fleece remain dry, and I pressed upon them the privilege and responsibility of getting a share in the out-poured blessing. On the Sunday following, not being well enough to get out, I had a time of quiet communion. Those children were still on my heart, and I longed to press upon them an earnest individual appeal. Without effort words seemed to be given to me, and they took the form of a hymn. I had no thought of sending it beyond the limits of my own circle, but, passing it on to one and another, it became a word of power, and I then published it as a leaflet. Of its future history I can only say the Lord took it quite out of my own hands. It was read from pulpits, circulated by tens of thousands, and blessed in a remarkable degree. Every now and then some sweet token was sent to cheer me in a somewhat isolated life, of its influence upon souls. Now it would be tidings from afar of a young officer dying in India and sending home his Bible with the hymn pasted on the flyleaf as the precious memorial of that which brought him to the Lord. Then came the story of a poor outcast gathered into the fold by the same means. Then came to me a letter given me by Mr. E. P. Hammond, which he had received, and in which were the words: "Thank you for singing that hymn 'Even Me,' for it was the singing of that hymn that saved me. I was a lost woman, a wicked mother. I have stolen and lied and been so bad to my dear, innocent children. Friendless, I attended your inquiry meeting; but no one came to me because of the crowd. But on Saturday afternoon, at the First Presbyterian Church, when they all sang that hymn together, those beautiful words, 'Let some drops now fall on me,' and also those, 'Blessing others, O bless me,' it seemed to reach my very soul. I thought, 'Jesus can accept me—"even me,"' and it brought me to his feet, and I feel the burden of sin removed. Can you wonder that I love those words and I love to hear them sung?"

The original rendering has in a variety of instances been departed from. To some alterations I have consented, but always prefer that the words remain unchanged from the form in which at first God so richly blessed them. The point of the hymn, in its close and individual application, is in the "Even me" at the end of the verse. I thankfully commit them to whoever desires to use them in the services of our blessed Master,

347

L. M.

- L**ORD, thou hast promised grace for grace
 To all who daily seek thy face;
 To them who have, thou givest more
 Out of thy vast, exhaustless store.
- 2 Each step we take but gathers strength
 For further progress, till at length,
 With ease the highest steps we gain,
 And count the mountain but a plain.
- 3 Who watch, and pray, and work each hour
 Receive new life and added power,
 A power fresh victories to win
 Over the world, and self, and sin.
- 4 Help us, O Lord, that we may grow
 In grace as thou dost grace bestow;
 And still thy richer gifts repeat
 Till grace in glory is complete.

Samuel K. Cox.

This hymn first appeared in print in the *Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate*, but was not otherwise used until published here in the *Methodist Hymnal*. The Scripture passage referred to is in John i. 16: "And of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace." The hymn is didactic in form until we reach the last stanza, which is a rich and appropriate prayer.

348

7s. D.

- T**AKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
 Take my moments and my days;
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of thy love;
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for thee.
- 2 Take my voice, and let me sing,
 Always, only, for my King.
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from thee.
 Take my silver and my gold;
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as thou shalt choose.
- 3 Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart, it is thine own;
 It shall be thy royal throne.
 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store.
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

This beautiful hymn of consecration was written at Areley House, England, February 4, 1874, in eleven stanzas of two lines each, and was first published in the author's volume titled *Loyal Responses*, 1878. It has been translated into nearly all of the European languages and into several of the languages of Asia and Africa. In a letter to her sister Miss Havergal gives an account of the origin of this hymn:

Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, "Take my life." I went for a little visit of five days [to Areley House]. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for; some converted, but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer: "Lord, give me all in this house." And He just *did!* Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit, after I had retired, the governess asked me to go to the two daughters. They were crying, etc. Then and there both of them trusted and rejoiced. It was nearly midnight. I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration; and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another until they finished with "Ever, ONLY, ALL for thee!"

Miss Havergal always sang the hymn to a tune titled "Patmos," which her father composed especially for it. About six months before she died she wrote:

I had a great time early this morning, renewing the never-regretted consecration. I seemed led to run over the "Take my life," and could bless Him verse by verse for having led me on to much more definite consecration than even when I wrote it—voice, gold, intellect, etc. But the eleventh couplet,

"Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store,"

that has been unconsciously *not filled up*. Somehow I feel mystified and out of my depth here. It was a simple and definite thing to be *done*, to settle the voice, or silver and gold; but *love!* I have to love others, and I do; and I've not a small treasure of it, and even loving in Him does not quite meet the inner difficulty. I shall just go forward and expect Him to fill it up, and let my life from this day answer really to that couplet. The worst part of me is that I don't in practice prove

my love to Him by delight in much and long communion with Him; hands and head seem so full of other things (which yet are His given work) that heart seems not free to serve in fresh and vivid love.

349 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

SAVIOUR, thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 At the blest mercy seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee;
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Liveness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee!
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

Sylvanus D. Phelps.

Dr. Robert Lowry, the composer of the music to which this hymn is set, requested Mr. Phelps to furnish some hymns for *Pure Gold*, a Sunday school singing book he was editing. Among the contributions he furnished was this hymn, which had previously been printed in the *Watchman and Reflector*, Boston. Upon the author's seventieth birthday Dr. Lowry wrote him a letter of congratulation in which he said:

It is worth living seventy years even if nothing comes of it but one such hymn as "Saviour, thy dying love." Happy is the man

who can produce one song which the world will keep on singing after its author shall have passed away.

350 7s, 6s. D.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide.

2 O let me feel thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

John E. Bode.

This was written by the author in 1866 for the confirmation of his son, the late Rev. C. E. Bode. It was first published in 1869 in the Appendix to a volume titled *Psalms and Hymns*, issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

351 7s.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Refrain.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;

Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

William McDonald.

In a letter dated Monrovia, Cal., January 31, 1889, the writer of this hymn said:

The hymn was written in 1870 in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., while I was a pastor in that city. I had felt the need of a hymn to aid seekers of heart purity while at the altar. I desired something simple in expression, true to experience, and ending in the fullness of love. The tune composed by Mr. Fisher, with the first two lines of the chorus, I had seen, and was much pleased with their simplicity. And as I was sitting in my study one day, the line of thought came rushing into my mind, and I began to write, and in a few moments the hymn was on paper. It was first sung at a national camp meeting held at Hamilton, Mass., June 22, 1870. It has been translated into many languages and sung all round the globe.

352 S. M.

Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley.

This brief but beautiful hymn of consecration to service is one of the author's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is founded on 1 Chronicles xxix. 5: "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

353 7s, 6s. D.

I COULD not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost:

Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own:
But thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on thee.

3 I could not do without thee,
For O, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange, deep longings,
Interpreting its need:
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessed Lord, like thine.

Frances R. Havergal.

Title: "*Jesus All in All.*" It was written May 7, 1873. It appeared first in *Home Words* the same year.

W. Garrett Horder, in *The Hymn Lover*, speaking of Miss Havergal's hymns, says:

They have done much to foster that warmer and more consecrated type of religion which is one of the remarkable features of our time and is the real barrier against the spirit of skepticism which is so common, whilst they show how independent of dogmatic formularies is the religious life.

354 C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,

Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley.

"*Make Me a Clean Heart, O God*" is the title of this hymn, which is one of the finest Charles Wesley ever wrote, and is scarcely less popular than "A charge to keep I have." The author wrote "A heart" throughout the hymn. Instead of "O for a lowly, contrite heart," he wrote "An humble, lowly," etc. In verse two, line two, he wrote "dear Redeemer." These changes were made by John Wesley for his *Collection* published in 1780. The hymn is improved by the omission of three inferior stanzas, the fifth, sixth, and seventh of the original. It is taken from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

John Wesley quotes from this hymn in his *Journal* in a curious and suggestive manner: "I find scarcely any temptation from anything in the world: my danger is from persons.

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!"

The saintly Fletcher once said of this hymn: "Here is undoubtedly an evangelical prayer for the love which restores the soul to a state of sinless rest and scriptural perfection." A venerable English Congregational minister and his wife talked much of the Methodist doctrine of Christian perfection, but finally agreed that if it consisted in the ability to sing this hymn with the whole heart, they and the Methodists were not far apart.

Schluppallus, a Dresden preacher of fervent piety (1745), used to say to his family: "Children, accustom yourselves to God's praise, for that will be our chief oc-

cupation throughout eternity. But we must make the beginning here." This beautiful thought suggests the two closing stanzas of Addison's great thanksgiving hymn beginning: "When all thy mercies, O my God." (See No. 105.)

355

8s, 7s. D.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, 1747.

This hymn, one of the most valuable the author ever wrote, was evidently intended for "those that seek." Changes are found in only two lines. In the fifth line of the second stanza Wesley wrote: "Take away our power of sinning." This, literally interpreted, would be a prayer to take away our free moral agency, which, of course, the author did not intend. The

word "bent" was substituted for "power" by Bishops Coke and Asbury when they adopted the "York" book as the official hymn book of the new Church in America.

The author also wrote in the second line of verse four: "Pure and *sinless* let us be." This was changed to "spotless" by John Wesley for his *Collection*, 1779. Just why he made this change does not appear, for he taught that "even babes in Christ are so far perfect as not to commit sin." The new Wesleyan Hymn Book, London, 1904, omits the second verse of this hymn.

356

C. M.

- L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

This is taken from the last hymn in the 1740 edition of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, being verses one, two, ten, and eleven. The original contains seventeen stanzas. It is based on Hebrews iv. 9: "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." In the third line of verse two the author wrote, "Where *doubt* and *pain* and *fear* expire," which John Wesley altered to the above form for his *Collection* of 1780. In Dr. Osborn's thirteen-volume edition of the *Poetical Works* of J. and C. Wesley an asterisk at the end of verse five of the original points to the following footnote: "Wesley found under the pressure of controversy (*Works*, Vol. VI., page 159, Am. Ed.), if not sooner, that these ex-

pressions were indefensible, and marked verses four and five to be omitted in future editions." The following are the verses alluded to:

- 4 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
The agony is o'er;
We wrestle not with flesh and blood,
We strive with sin no more.
- 5 Our spirit is right, our heart is clean,
Our nature is renewed;
We cannot now, we cannot sin,
For we are born of God.

It would not be proper to attach dogmatic significance to the fact that the above hymn, written in 1740, indicates that the author believed in the doctrine of "instantaneous sanctification" as a second work of grace subsequent to regeneration, seeing that he later abandoned this view and went so far as to write hymns expressive of a different conception of Christian perfection than that set forth in this hymn. Says Thomas Jackson, the biographer of Charles Wesley:

Until this time (1762) it had been understood that Mr. Charles Wesley agreed with his brother on this as well as every other doctrine of Christian verity, although he had repeatedly used unguarded expressions in his hymns which could not be justified. But now his views on this subject appear to have undergone a change in consequence of the extravagance and pride of which he was a distressed witness. . . . Hence he condemned "the witnesses," as he called them—that is, the persons who testified of the time and manner in which they were delivered from the root of sin and made perfect in love, regarding them as self-deceived. In some of his *Short Hymns* (1762) he has given considerable importance to these peculiarities of opinion. This change in Mr. Charles Wesley's manner of speaking on the subject of Christian perfection, as might be expected, gave considerable uneasiness to his brother, who felt it to be undesirable that they should even seem to contradict each other in their ministry and writings. (See Jackson's *Life of Charles Wesley*, page 595, and Tyerman's *Life of John Wesley*, Volume II., page 442.)

Methodists from the very beginning have believed and taught that Christian perfection, rightly defined as the ideal

Christian experience, is not only a possibility but the privilege and duty of every regenerate child of God. Nevertheless it is a well-known fact that differences concerning this doctrine have been a source of embarrassment among Methodists from the beginning. But these differences have had reference mainly to the manner of attaining it and not to what may be called the vital and essential elements of the doctrine. John Wesley always believed that the experience could be best attained instantaneously, and for some time he insisted upon this as the only mode; but during the last several years of his life he allowed differences among his followers on this point.

Wesley refers to this hymn in his *Plain Account of Christian Perfection* (1766) as follows:

Can anything be more clear than: (1) That here also is as full and high a salvation as we have ever spoken of? (2) That it is spoken of as receivable by mere faith, and as hindered only by unbelief? (3) That this faith, and consequently the salvation which it brings, is spoken of as given in an instant? (4) That it is supposed that instant may be now? that we need not stay another moment? that now, the very "now is the accepted time? now is the day of" this full salvation.

The reader may compare and contrast John Wesley's insistence upon the necessary instantaneousness of the experience of entire sanctification in his sermon on "The Repentance of Believers," written in 1767, and the marked liberality of his views on this point as set forth in his sermon on "Patience," written in 1784.

Alas for those Methodists who are so much occupied with discussions concerning the theory and the mode and the time of attaining entire sanctification that they never seem to attain it by any mode or at any time! For humble souls who are ceaselessly longing and praying to be made perfect in love, and are trying to live the perfect life of love, these high-pitched hymns of the Wesleys have a holy charm, and are as manna to the soul.

357

C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley.

The original title to this favorite hymn is: "*Christ Our Righteousness.*" (1 Cor. i. 30.) The first two stanzas, which have been omitted, are as follows:

1 Jesus, Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were Thine:
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made Him mine.

2 Spotless and just, in Thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in Thy name,
And antedate my heaven.

Two lines have been changed. Verse two, line three:

Sprinkle me ever ~~in~~ Thy blood.

Verse four, line three:

Till hope ~~shall in~~ fruition die.

Salvation, present and eternal through the atonement of a divine Saviour, is well expressed in this favorite hymn. It is taken from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

358

C. M.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart."

4 Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!
Charles Wesley.

From a hymn of fourteen stanzas in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, being the ninth, tenth, thirteenth, and fourteenth stanzas. It is based on Titus ii. 14: "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity." In verse two, line three, the author wrote "roots out sin," and in verse three, line one, "soul" instead of "heart."

359 L. M.

0 THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.
Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.
Tr. by John Wesley.

A free translation of a part of Zinzendorf's German hymn beginning "*Seelen-Brautigam, O du Gotteslamm,*" except the third verse, which was translated from a hymn by J. A. Freylinghausen. One fine stanza, the second, has been omitted:

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

Except the omission of this stanza, and "Jesus" for "Jesu" in verse three, line three, the text of this hymn is the same as that given by John Wesley in his *Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People Called Methodists*, London, 1779. The translation first appeared in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1738.

360 S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be!
O give the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for thee!

John Keble.

"*The Purification*" is the author's title to the poem of seventeen stanzas from which this hymn is taken. It was first published in the author's *Christian Year*, 1827, but it was written October 10, 1819. It is based on Matthew v. 8: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Verses one and two are the first and last stanzas of the poem. The last stanza was written by another hand, and was first appended to the verses from Keble by W. J. Hall in his *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836.

In verse two, lines three and four, Keble wrote:

And for His *cradle* and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

This hymn, as Dr. C. S. Robinson has said, states with the utmost simplicity and brevity the deepest of all spiritual truths—namely, that purity of heart is a secret of the Lord, and consists in the actual indwelling of the divine Christ in the human soul, Christ formed in us the hope of glory. This fashions our elementary notion of excellence in piety. The Bible is full of this infinite suggestion of

a presence of the Saviour in the saint. The pure in heart will not only see God hereafter in heaven; they see him now and here in the earth. Whatever may or may not be included in the definition of the perfect Christian, this hymn calls attention to one thing that must be in him: he must be pure in heart.

361 C. M.

- W**ALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
A path, though thorny, bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

Title: "*Walking in the Light.*" It is founded on 1 John i. 7: "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The second stanza of the original is omitted:

- 2 Walk in the light! and sin abhorr'd
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ, thy Lord,
Shall cleanse from every stain.

One line has been altered—verse five, line one:

Walk in the light! *and thine* shalt be.

From the author's *Devotional Verses*, London, 1826. A useful hymn, meeting a real need in our Hymnal.

362 S. M.

- O** COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
- 2 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.
- 4 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Seeking for Full Redemption.*" From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. The first stanza is founded on 2 Corinthians iii. 17: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." The second stanza is based upon 2 Corinthians v. 17: "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." The text of the last two stanzas is Hebrews xi. 5: "Before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." The second and fourth stanzas of the original are omitted without loss to the hymn. In the third line of the third stanza the author wrote "mind" instead of "will."

Rev. William Inglis was a pious and useful Wesleyan local preacher. One of his valued admonitions was: "When the world assaults you, watch and pray; when the flesh, flee and pray; when the devil, fight and pray." The last public service that he conducted was a seven-o'clock morning prayer meeting. He gave out this hymn and read with special emphasis and impressiveness the third and fourth stanzas. That evening, in returning to the same chapel, he suddenly fell to the ground, and life was extinct. They recalled then how solemnly he had read at the close of the morning prayer meeting:

And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

363

C. M.

- O** HOW the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!
- 2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.
- 3 God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and strait the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.
- 4 O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs!
- 5 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

Frederick W. Faber.

Author's title: "*Holiness Desired.*" It is found in his *Jesus and Mary*, 1852. Eleven stanzas. These are the first five, unaltered.

It is not a hymn. It is a pious meditation and very profitable for private worship.

364

C. M. D.

- M**Y Saviour, on the word of truth
In earnest hope I live;
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.
I look for many a lesser light
About my path to shine;
But chiefly long to walk with thee,
And only trust in thine.
- 2 Thou knowest that I am not blest
As thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in thee;
And still I seek, 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexpressed,
The comfort of thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.
- 3 It is not as thou wilt with me,
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust:

Until I find, O Lord, in thee,
The Lowly and the Meek,
The fullness which thy own redeemed
Go nowhere else to seek.

Anna L. Waring.

This hymn on "*Hope in the Word of God*" is taken from the author's *Hymns and Meditations*, 1850. It is based on Psalm cxxx. 5: "I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope." The second and fifth stanzas are omitted:

- 2 In holy expectation held,
Thy strength my heart shall stay,
For Thy right hand will never let
My trust be cast away.
Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet,
In many a deadly strife,
By the stronghold of hope in Thee,
The hope of endless life.
- 5 Then, O my Saviour, on my soul,
Cast down, but not dismayed,
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand
In tender mercy laid.
And while I wait for all Thy joys,
My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,
And at Thy feet sit still.

365

8, 8, 6. D.

- O** GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
-And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Desiring to Love.*" From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

The original has nineteen stanzas, and is divided into two parts. This hymn is

made up of verses four, five, and six of the second part. They have not been altered. It is rich in poetry and in Christian faith, one of Charles Wesley's finest productions.

366 L. M.

GIVE me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

2 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own;
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!

3 Cause me to walk in Christ my Way;
And I thy statutes shall fulfill,
In every point thy law obey,
And perfectly perform thy will.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove!
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

5 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
Be less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

"*Pleading the Promise of Sanctification*" is the author's title to this hymn in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The original is based on Ezekiel xxxvi. 23-31, and has twenty-eight stanzas, the above being the eighth, ninth, twelfth, fourteenth, and twenty-eighth. The last stanza of this hymn is also used as the closing stanza of No. 377. The repetition of this stanza was doubtless an oversight of the Committee compiling the Hymnal. Its proper place is at the close of No. 377. See notes under Nos. 377 and 378, which are parts of the same hymn. See also the note under No. 356 for reference to Charles Wesley's views of entire sanctification or Christian perfection. Among the omitted stanzas is the following:

Within me thy good Spirit place,
Spirit of health, and love, and power;
Plant in me thy victorious grace,
And sin shall never enter more.

367 L. M. 6l.

I THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have
shined;

I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!
Johann A. Scheffer. Tr. by John Wesley.

Title: "*Gratitude for Our Conversion.*"

The German text may be found in the *Herrnhut Collection*. The translation is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, and consists of seven stanzas; the last four are given above unaltered. The first three are as follows:

1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and Thee alone!
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah! why did I so late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to Thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved:
For wide my wandering thoughts were
spread,
Thy creature more than Thee I loved.
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light and comes from
Thee.

368

8, 8, 6. D.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The firstborn sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

Charles Wesley.

This truly magnificent hymn on "*Desiring to Love*" is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The author is here in his happiest vein: he never sung a sweeter song than this. It is a song, prayer, and sermon all in one. As sung to the tune of "Ariel," it truly aids devotion. Two stanzas are omitted.

5 O that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove,
"Thou know'st—for all to thee is known—
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love."

7 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above:
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.

This hymn furnishes a fine study in the

use of strong metaphors and poetic hyperboles. Note, for instance, the three metaphors employed in an ascending scale of intensity in the fourth line of the first verse: "I thirst, I faint, I die to prove." Again in the third verse: "For love I sigh, for love I pine."

The inability of any and every mere creature to interpret the love of God, the absolute necessity of a divine interpreter and revealer of God's noblest name and attribute of Love, has never been more worthily and beautifully expressed in poetry than in the second and third stanzas of this hymn. The allusions to Mary, Peter, and John are accomplished in a manner at once artistic and deeply devotional. The poetic meter is well suited to the lofty thought which is contained in the words. The hymn will long stand as one of the noblest odes to divine love that was ever written. It makes one think of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians to read this lyric of "Love Divine."

Interruptions in the regular order of divine service are seldom to be commended, but we have an instance before us in which it had a happy effect. William Dawson, a pious local preacher of Leeds, England, once preached a very impressive sermon, and at its close gave out this hymn. When the choir were singing the third verse, "God only knows the love of God," he was so moved by the sentiment that he stopped them and said: "Stop, friends! If angels, the firstborn sons of light, cannot understand the height, the breadth, the depth, the length of the love of God, how can we expect to fathom it while here below?" He then repeated with deepest feeling and thrilling effect:

"God only knows the love of God."

"Let us sing it again, friends," he said, "for we shall all have to sing it in heaven." And sing it again they did most heartily. It need hardly be said that a profound feeling of majestic awe pervaded the vast assembly.

369

C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be All in All.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges.

Author's title: "Confirmation." The third and fourth stanzas have been omitted:

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,—
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne.

4 May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove,—
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love!

Unaltered from the author's *Hymns of the Heart*, 1848.

370

C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

This is from a hymn of twenty-three stanzas on "Rejoicing in Hope" (Rom. xii. 12), and is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. This is regarded by some

as one of Charles Wesley's best hymns. It is set in the music edition of the Hymnal to a noble tune taken from Handel's "Messiah."

371

C. M.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view:
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, O glorious hope!
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

Charles Wesley.

Part of a long hymn of twenty-two stanzas entitled: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." (Rev. xxii. 17.) It is composed of verses ten, fourteen, fifteen, nineteen, and twenty-one. They contain the cream of the whole poem.

One word has been changed. Wesley wrote "blessed hope" in verse three, line three.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

372

L. M.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love!

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.
- 5 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven, are one.
Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. It is a beautiful and useful poetic paraphrase of Proverbs iii. 13-18:

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Four stanzas are omitted:

- 4 Better she is than richest mines,
All earthly treasures she outshines,
Her value above rubies is,
And precious pearls are vile to this.
- 5 Whate'er thy heart can wish, is poor
To wisdom's all-sufficient store:
Pleasure, and fame, and health, and friends,
She all created good transcends.
- 7 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights!
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 8 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends,
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of paradise.

373

C. M.

- LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfill our heart's desire:

And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign:
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

Entire and unaltered, except the last line, which the author wrote: "Through all eternity."

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. This volume contained one hundred and sixty-six pieces, and was prefaced by a thesis upon *The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice*, by Dr. Brevint, a French Protestant.

Christ said: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." (Matt. v. 6.) The desire expressed in the third verse is very intense, and the consecration of the last stanza is as entire as language can make it.

374

7s.

- LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art;
Live thyself within my heart.
- 2 Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek thine own.
- 3 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley.

This is taken from one of the author's group of hymns titled "*Hymns for the Youngest*." It was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, and was republished in the author's collected *Hymns for Children*, 1763. It is a simple and beautiful hymn and might be titled "Christ the Child's Model—A Prayer to Be Like Him." A childhood modeled after the ideal set forth in this hymn means not less but more of happiness and joy in life than can be attained by any walking in the ways of worldly pleasure.

"I suppose you are going to quit playing now that you have become a Christian, are you not?" said a wicked companion in derision once to a youth who had just joined the Church. "No, I am not going to quit playing," was the happy response of the Christian youth; "but from this time on I intend always to play like a Christian." For one to become a Christian and make Christ his model does not mean that he is to give up that which makes life sunny and merry and bright; but it does mean that he will seek no pleasure and engage in no amusement into which he cannot consistently carry the thought of Christ's presence and approval.

375

C. M.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

6 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "Against Hope, Believing in Hope."

A very popular and vastly useful hymn. The original contains twelve stanzas. The first verse is as follows:

My God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have be lost in Thine,
And all renew'd I am.

This hymn is made up of verses four, seven, eight, nine, eleven, and twelve. Changes have been made in two lines of the last stanza. Wesley wrote:

My steadfast soul, from falling free
Can now no longer move;
Jesus is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

376

C. M.

O FOR a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore!

2 Come, Holy Spirit! still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart;
O make that blessing mine!

3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! breathe that peace,
That victory make me win;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

Author Unknown.

"For Inward Peace" is the title of this prayer-hymn in *Hymns of the Ages*, third series, 1864, where it is published anonymously in the section titled "Quiet." We may not know who the author of this deeply devotional hymn is, but we know what he was. One who aspires and prays and sings thus must surely have discovered what it is to dwell in the secret place of the Most High and to abide in the shadow of the Almighty. The lofty aspiration and deep spirituality pervading this hymn call to mind the following beautiful lines by John Campbell Shairp on "A Life Hid with Christ," which are well worth quoting here:

I have a life with Christ to live,
But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
Of this and that book's date?

I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die;
And must I wait till science give
All doubts a full reply?

Nay rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear thy loving voice repeat
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet:
"Come unto me and rest;
Believe Me and be blest."

377

L. M.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

- 2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.
- 3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.
- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

Part of a poem of twenty-eight stanzas entitled "*Pleading the Promise of Sanctification*." Nos. 366 and 378 in this book are parts of the same lyric. We have above verses twenty-three, twenty-six, twenty-seven, and twenty-eight.

Wesley wrote "*with thy grace*" in verse three, line one, and "*Be less than nothing*" in verse four, line three.

John Wesley published the whole of the poem from which this hymn is taken at the end of his sermon on "Christian Perfection."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

378

L. M.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall
pass,
Remains and stands forever sure.

- 2 Calmly to thee my soul looks up,
And waits thy promises to prove,
The object of my steadfast hope,
The seal of thy eternal love.
- 3 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.
- 4 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin!
Charles Wesley.

"*Pleading the Promise of Sanctification*" is the title which this hymn bears in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The original has twenty-eight stanzas, the first, second, third, and sixth being used to make this hymn. The hymn is based on Ezekiel xxxvi. 23: "And I will sanctify my great name, which was profaned among the heathen, which ye have profaned in the midst of them; and the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes." Nos. 366 and 377 are also parts of the same hymn.

This entire hymn is quoted by John Wesley at the end of his sermon on "Christian Perfection," and by John Fletcher at the end of his last *Check to Antinomianism*." This indicates the high esteem in which the hymn was held by these two fathers of Methodism.

379

L. M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

- 3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
Antoinette Bourignon.
Tr. by John Wesley.

The title of this hymn as given by the Wesleys is: "*Renouncing All for Christ.*" In Byrom's *Poems* it is: "*A Hymn to Jesus.*"

Notice that this hymn prays for the abiding presence of Christ, for an entire surrender of the will, for a supreme and unchanging love, and, in the last stanza, that this consecration may become irreversible. It is very fine.

The translation (ten stanzas) is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, and in *Miscellaneous Poems*, by John Byrom, 1773. Hymnologists are not agreed whether it was translated by John Wesley or by John Byrom. The first edition of *Hymn Studies* gave it to Byrom. The Hymnal says: "Translated by John Wesley." We know of no evidence that is absolutely conclusive, but still incline to Byrom for the following reasons:

First, Wesley never claimed that he was the translator.

Second, no one of his contemporaneous friends claimed it for him.

Third, Byrom's friends claim it for him, knowing that it had been previously printed by Wesley.

Fourth, the editor of Byrom's *Poems* said that he published it from Byrom's manuscript.

Dr. John Julian in his *Dictionary of Hymnology* comes to the same conclusion from certain letters that he quotes.

Dr. Telford, the latest Wesleyan author.

ity in hymnology, on the contrary, in his *Methodist Hymn Book Illustrated* gives the benefit of the doubt to John Wesley with the following statements:

After the volume of *Hymns and Sacred Poems* containing this hymn had been published by the Wesleys, Byrom wrote to his son April 26, 1739: "They have together printed a book of hymns, amongst which they have inserted two of Madam Bourignon's, one of which they call a 'Farewell to the World,' and the other 'Renouncing All for Christ,' I think translated from the French. They have introduced them by a preface against what they call mystic writers (not naming any particular author), for whom they say that they had once a great veneration, but think themselves obliged very solemnly to acknowledge their error and to guard others against the like, which they do by certain reasons that I do not see the reason of." Byrom differed from the brothers as to Mr. Law and the mystics. His words make it probable that the translation was Wesley's. . . . His letter to his son does not read like that of a man who is referring to his own translations.

380

8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

- 0 THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
All of self, and none of thee!
- 2 Yet he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard him pray, Forgive them, Father!
And my wistful heart said faintly,
Some of self, and some of thee!
- 3 Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
Less of self, and more of thee!
- 4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my supplication—
None of self, and all of thee!
Theodore Monod.

This hymn by Dr. Monod, of Paris, was written by him in English during a series of "consecration" meetings held at Broadlands, England, in July, 1874. It was given by the author at the close of

the meetings to Lord Mount-Temple, who printed it on the back of a program card for another series of similar meetings held at Oxford in October of that same year.

This is one of the most valuable and helpful hymns for private devotional study in the entire range of hymnology. It describes in a remarkably vivid and impressive manner the transforming power which a contemplation of the atoning work of Christ has in leading a selfish and sinful soul from utter indifference and ingratitude to entire consecration and to a grateful recognition of God's goodness and love as revealed in Christ.

The key to the interpretation of the hymn is found in the last lines of the successive stanzas. "All of self, and none of thee," the last line of the first stanza, is the language of a selfish and sinful soul utterly indifferent to the claims of the gospel. "Some of self, and some of thee," as found at the end of the second stanza, expresses the beginnings of spiritual awakening and the stirring of conscience in the soul. "Less of self, and more of thee" is the healthful and hopeful cry of a truly awakened and genuinely penitent soul. "None of self, and all of thee," at the end of the last verse, marks the climax of absolute self-surrender and perfect consecration, and is the language of the believing and loving soul that now no longer seeks its own, but the glory of Christ. This is a hymn the serious study of which cannot fail to deepen one's desire to be rid of all selfishness and ingratitude and to have the mind and heart of Christ.

381

L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

Text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Fourteen stanzas in all. These are verses one, four, five, six, and eight verbatim.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

382

S. M. D.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may overcome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Whole Armor of God*" is the original title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is based upon Ephesians vi. 11: "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." The entire poem contains sixteen double stanzas, of which the above are the first, second, and sixteenth.

Among all the hymns setting forth the Christian life under the figure of a warfare, none is more effective and impressive than this. "As inspiring as the blast of the bugle," is Mr. Stead's comment on this stirring hymn.

383

6s, 5s. D.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, his banners go!

Refrain.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee;
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory!
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
 Moves the church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King,
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

This very widely used and popular hymn was written in 1865 and published the same year in the *Church Times*. When first printed it contained six stanzas. The fourth has been omitted:

What the saints established,
 That I hold for true;
 What the saints believed,
 That believe I too.
 Long as earth endureth
 Men that faith will hold,
 Kingdoms, nations, empires
 In destruction rolled.

In 1895 the author gave the following account of the origin of the hymn:

Whitmonday is a great day for school festivals in Yorkshire. One Whitmonday, thirty years ago, it was arranged that our school should join forces with a neighboring village. I wanted the children to sing when marching from one village to another, but couldn't think of anything quite suitable; so I sat up at night, resolved that I would write something myself. "Onward, Christian soldiers," was the result. It was written in great haste, and I am afraid some of the rhymes are faulty. Certainly nothing has surprised me more than its popularity.

384

6s, 5s. 12l.

FORWARD! be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By our Captain led?
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight:
 Jordan flows before us,
 Zion beams with light!

2 Forward! flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth:
 Sick, they ask for healing;
 Blind, they grope for day;
 Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward, out of error,
 Leave behind the night:
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love him
 One day to be shared:
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word:
 Forward, marching eastward,
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight!

4 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours:
 Flash the streets with Jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold;
 Flows the gladdening river
 Shedding joys untold;
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might:
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light!

Henry Alford.

This is one of the few really popular hymns ever written by a great scholar. It is based on Exodus xiv. 15: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." The original contains eight stanzas, the above being the first, third, fourth, and fifth. It was written to be sung at the tenth festival of parochial choirs of the Canterbury Diocesan Union, June 6, 1871; but the author had joined the "choir invisible" before that date arrived. The occasion of the hymn being written is thus described:

The Rev. J. G. Wood asked Dean Alford to write a processional hymn for a Church festival, and set it to music. The Dean's first attempt did not seem to Mr. Wood well adapted to be sung on the march, and he begged the Dean to go into his cathedral and compose another hymn as he walked slowly round. He did this, and "Forward! be our watchword" was the result. It came to Mr. Wood with a little note saying that the Dean had put it into its hat and boots, and Mr. Wood might add coat and trousers himself. He had written treble and bass; Mrs. Worthington Bliss supplied the alto and tenor. The effect of the hymn when first sung by a thousand choristers was overwhelming.

When Dean Alford was only sixteen years of age he wrote in his Bible the following dedication of himself to God and to his service: "I do this day, in the presence of God and my own soul, renew my covenant with God and solemnly determine henceforth to become his and to do his work as far as in me lies." It is not surprising that one who so early in life dedicated himself to God should write a hymn which has been greatly blessed in quickening the fidelity to Christ and the zeal of thousands of young Christians all over the world, multitudes of whom have been deeply moved and inspired by the singing of this hymn.

385 7, 7, 7, 6. D.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
 Lo! your Leader from the skies
 Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of victory.
 Seize your armor, gird it on;
 Now the battle will be won;
 See, the strife will soon be done;
 Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquered when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell;
 Now he leads you on to swell
 The triumphs of his cross,
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear?
 God, our strength and shield, is near;
 We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
 Jesus points the victor's rod;
 Follow where your Leader trod;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain,
 Soon you'll join that glorious train
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

Jared B. Waterbury.

Title: "Soldiers of the Cross."

Written for and published in *The Christian Lyre*, a small tune book edited by Joshua Leavitt, New York, 1830.

In the first stanza, lines six and seven, the author wrote:

*The battle's yours, it will be won;
 Though fierce the strife, 'twill soon be done.*

And in the last stanza:

*The crown of glory you shall gain;
And walk among that glorious train.*

The changes made in these lines are doubtless improvements.

386

7s, 6s. D.

STAND up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, Jr.

This hymn was written in 1858 on the occasion of the death of an intimate friend of the author, Rev. Dudley A. Tyng (son of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D.), a most gifted and consecrated young minister of Philadelphia, who took an active part in the great revival in that city in 1857. The following year he met his death by a painful accident (his arm was caught in a cogwheel and torn out). Being asked, when at death's door, if he had any message to send to the Young Men's Christian Association (with whose mem-

bers he had worked in the revival), he replied, "Tell them to *stand up for Jesus*. Now let us sing a hymn." He soon afterwards died.

The Sunday following Dr. Duffield preached on the text: "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness" (Eph. vi. 14), and read these verses as a concluding exhortation. The superintendent of the Sabbath school had them printed as a leaflet for the children. They were soon afterwards published in a Baptist newspaper, and "from that paper they have gone in English and in German and Latin translations all over the world." Missionaries have translated the hymn into heathen tongues. It finds a place in all modern hymn books.

The Sunday before young Tyng's death he had preached a sermon, marked with unction and power, to an audience of five thousand people on Exodus x. 11: "Go now ye that are men, and serve the Lord." To this allusion is made in the second stanza above. Two stanzas are omitted:

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear:
If while ye sleep he suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout!

5 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host!
Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain.

387

7s, 6s. D.

GO forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath his banner true:
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

Laurence Tuttiett.

Based upon Exodus xiv. 15: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

Published in England in 1861, it has come into wide use both in Great Britain and America. There is one additional stanza:

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light:
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are passed:
Oh pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

388

S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the most frequently sung hymns in the language. It is short, in-

tensely practical, and seems always appropriate. It is found in the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762, and is based on Leviticus viii. 35: "Keep the charge of the Lord, that ye die not."

A distinguished minister of England, Rev. Thomas Richardson, the founder of the Bible and Prayer Union, remarked to Mr. Stead in 1885 that this hymn had been the creed of his Christian life and the inspiration of his active work for the past thirty-four years. "The genius of Methodism is almost embodied in these lines," says Telford. "The older I grow," said Thomas Carlyle in his old age, "and now I stand upon the brink of eternity, the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy him forever.'"

The serious view of life that underlies this hymn is one of its most notable characteristics. The present life is represented in this hymn as being a probation for the life to come. Very few of the modern hymns on Christian service strike so serious a note as this. Such hymns are needed; they invest this life with a reality and far-reaching significance born of profound faith in the reality of the divine revelation concerning the life that is to come. Many regard this as the greatest of Charles Wesley's short hymns.

389

S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou knowest not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toll in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest-home!"

James Montgomery.

Author's title: "*The Field of the World.*" It is based upon Ecclesiastes xi. 6: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

The second and third stanzas of the original are omitted:

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, every where.

From *A Poet's Portfolio; or, Minor Poems in Three Books*, by James Montgomery, 1835.

390 S. M.

MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep;
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door!

Horatius Bonar.

This is taken from the first series of the author's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*,

1857, where it bears the title, "*Live*," and each stanza closes with the refrain: "Make haste, O man, to live." We give three omitted stanzas:

2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve;
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live!
Make haste, O man, to live!

5 The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies,
The silent toll that is not lost,—
Set these before thine eyes.
Make haste, O man, to live!

6 The seed, whose leaf and flower,
Though poor in human sight,
Bring forth at last the eternal fruit,
Sow thou by day and night.
Make haste, O man, to live!

391 S. M.

I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare?
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gained,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained."

4 The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. The first two stanzas were written upon the words (2 Tim. iv. 7), "I have fought a good fight," and the last two upon the words: "I have kept the faith."

The second stanza is a sublime prayer worthy of the writer. It has not been altered.

392 C. M.

WORKMAN of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

Frederick W. Faber.

This is taken from a poem of eighteen stanzas found in the author's *Hymns*, 1862, and titled, "*The Right Must Win*," being verses ten to thirteen. The hymn beginning, "O it is hard to work for God" (No. 442), is taken from the same poem. In the original it is "Workmen of God" instead of "Workman," as in the first line above. It puts iron in the blood and courage in the soul to read and sing a hymn like this. It is a hymn for preachers and Christian workers to read on "blue Mondays" and "black Fridays" when they are depressed and disheartened. They begin the fight anew after reading and singing this hymn.

393

C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toll, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

This grand and favorite hymn was first published by the author at the end of a sermon entitled, "*Holy Fortitude; or, Remedies Against Fear*." The text was: "Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." (1 Cor. xvi. 13.)

Watts wrote the last part of the fifth stanza:

They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

The change is a great improvement, whoever made it. Bishop Emory added this hymn to the *Methodist Hymn Book* when he was Book Agent and Editor at New York (1824-1832).

This is a sublime and profitable meditation. It brings out clearly the thought of conflict and the necessity of bravely contending for the Christian faith and life.

394

C. M.

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within thy holy place
To rest awhile with thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton.

"Mid-day: for a City Church" is the author's title to this hymn, which was written in 1870 for a midday service in a city church. It was first published in 1871 in *Church Hymns*.

The author of this most useful hymn on Christian service has written another, for use at the burial of Christian workers, that is greatly admired and well worth quoting. We regret that it has not a place in our Hymnal.

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

395 C. M.

O STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

- 2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.
- 4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow.

Title: "*Behold the Fields Are White.*"

Unaltered and entire as contributed to *Hymns of the Spirit*, which the author of

this hymn compiled in connection with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, Boston, 1864.

396 C. M.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet,
I'll lay my honors down.

Phillip Doddridge.

The original title of this in the author's *Hymns*, 1755, is: "*Pressing on in the Christian Race.*" It is based upon *Phillipians* iii. 12-14:

Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

This is perhaps the most familiar and the most stirring of all Dr. Doddridge's hymns. Dr. C. S. Robinson describes it as "ringing like a trumpeter's note to start the athletes." It is almost impossible to sing this hymn and not have stirred within the heart deep and uplifting emotions that make one resolve to go forth and do his best in the "heavenly race."

397

L. M.

BEHOLD! the Christian warrior stand
 In all the armor of his God;
 The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
 His feet are with the gospel shod;
 2 In panoply of truth complete,
 Salvation's helmet on his head;
 With righteousness a breastplate meet,
 And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
 Yet vain were skill and valor there,
 Unless, to foil his legion foes,
 He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.
James Montgomery.

Title: "*The Christian Soldier.*" (Eph. vi. 10-18.)

Two lines have been altered. The first was:

The Christian warrior—see him stand.

The last line of the third stanza was:

The trustiest weapon were "all prayer."

The third, fourth, and sixth stanzas have been omitted:

3 He wrestles not with flesh and blood,
 But principalities and powers,
 Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
 Nigh, and assailing at all hours.

4 Nor Satan's fiery darts alone,
 Quenched on his shield, at him are hurled;
 The traitor in his heart is known,
 And the dire friendship of this world.

6 With this omnipotence he moves,
 From this the alien armies flee,
 Till, more than conqueror, he proves,
 Through CHRIST, who gives him victory.

From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

398

L. M.

IT may not be our lot to yield
 The sickle in the ripened field;
 Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
 The reaper's song among the sheaves.

2 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
 In unison with God's great thought,
 The near and future blend in one,
 And whatsoever is willed, is done.

3 And ours the grateful service whence
 Comes, day by day, the recompense;
 The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
 The fountain, and the noonday shade.

4 And were this life the utmost span,
 The only end and aim of man,
 Better the toll of fields like these
 Than waking dream and slothful ease.

5 But life, though falling like our grain,
 Like that revives and springs again;
 And, early called, how blest are they
 Who wait in heaven, their harvest day!
John G. Whittier.

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"*Seed-time and Harvest*" is the title of this hymn as it appears in the author's *Miscellaneous Poems*. It was written about 1850, as shown by the author's manuscript. The first three stanzas of the original poem are omitted:

1 As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
 Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
 Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
 The husbandman goes forth to sow,

2 Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
 The ventures of thy seed we cast,
 And trust to warmer sun and rain
 To swell the germs and fill the grain.

3 Who calls thy glorious service hard?
 Who deems it not its own reward?
 Who, for its trials, counts it less
 A cause of praise and thankfulness?

This is a hymn full of comfort to faithful but discouraged and sorrowing Christian workers in life's great harvest field.

399

L. M.

GO, labor on; spend and be spent,
 Thy joy to do the Father's will;
 It is the way the Master went;
 Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
 Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
 The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
 Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
 Yet falter not; the prize you seek
 Is near—a kingdom and a crown!

Horatius Bonar.

Title: "*The Useful Life.*" It is from the author's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1867. The original has eight stanzas. These are the first two and the fourth, unaltered. Two additional stanzas are given in many hymnals:

Toll on, faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toll on, and in thy toll rejoice;
For toll comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

400 L. M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day;

4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.
Charles Wesley.

"*Before Work*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1749). The third and fourth stanzas of the original are omitted:

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

This hymn is an ideal expression of the spirit and feelings of a consecrated and faithful child of God as he goes forth to his daily tasks. Such sentiments have

power to turn even drudgery into a life of noble and blessed service. "Never fear," said Phillips Brooks, "to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble."

401 L. M.

O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fullness of life eternal find!

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

4 Overwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide
And glory give to God alone,
My God forever pacified.

Charles Wesley.

One of Wesley's most worshipful hymns, taken from *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based on Ezekiel xvi. 62, 63:

I will stablish my covenant with thee; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord: that thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.

In the last line of the first verse Wesley wrote: "And *write Salvation* on my heart." Four significant lines, omitted above, follow the fourth verse:

Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost,
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast

402

8s, 7s. D.

HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,
 "Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers free;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 "Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door;
 If you cannot give your thousands,
 You can give the widow's mite;
 And the least you give for Jesus
 Will be precious in his sight.

3 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you:
 Take the tasks he gives you gladly;
 Let his work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, send me, send me."

Daniel March.

This hymn was written in 1868, while the author was a pastor in Philadelphia. On the 18th of October he was to preach, by request, to the Christian Association of that city. At a late hour he learned that one of the hymns selected was not suitable. His text was: "Here am I; send me." (Isa. vi. 8.) In "great haste," he says, he wrote the hymn, and it was sung from the manuscript. In verse one the author wrote "crying" instead of "calling." The original contains one stanza that is omitted above:

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say he died for all;
 If you cannot rouse the wicked
 With the judgment's dread alarms,
 You can lead the little children
 To the Saviour's waiting arms.

This hymn is an appeal to Christian believers to consecrate themselves to service, especially service in home and foreign mission fields. It is an ideal hymn to

sing at the conclusion of a sermon on Christian service.

403

L. M.

DEFEND us, Lord, from every ill;
 Strengthen our hearts to do thy will;
 In all we plan and all we do,
 Still keep us to thy service true.

2 O let us hear the inspiring word
 Which they of old at Horeb heard;
 Breathe to our hearts the high command,
 "Go onward and possess the land!"

3 Thou who art light, shine on each soul!
 Thou who art truth, each mind control!
 Open our eyes and make us see
 The path which leads to heaven and thee!

John Hay.

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The *Christian Endeavor World* for January 12, 1905, gives a facsimile of the author's manuscript of this hymn. The title is: "*Invocation.*" The first verse, omitted here, is as follows:

Lord, from far-severed climes we come
 To meet at last in Thee, our Home.
 Thou who hast been our guide and guard
 Be still our hope, our rich reward.

The rest of the hymn is as here given. It was written for the fifteenth International Christian Endeavor Convention, held at Washington, D. C., July 8-13, 1896. The *Golden Rule* of July 16, 1896, in a report of the Convention says: "The fine invocation hymn, written for us by the Washington poet, John Hay, was read in unison by the audience and sung with a will."

Mr. Hay was not a professional hymn-writer. His poetic fame began with such compositions as "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches;" but he could write in a very different style, and that he occasionally did so this hymn is sufficient proof.

One of his serious poems, entitled "*Sinai and Calvary,*" closes with this fine stanza:

Almighty God; direct us
 To keep Thy perfect Law!
 O blessed Saviour, help us
 Nearer to Thee to draw!

Let Sinai's thunders aid us
To guard our feet from sin;
And Calvary's light inspire us
The love of God to win.

404 C. M.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith and hope and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious
blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

John Needham.

This hymn on "*The Example of the Saints*" was first published in 1768 in the author's *Hymns Devotional and Moral*. It is based on the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

405 L. M.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From him, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to his abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*The Christian Race*." From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707.

It is based upon a fine passage in Isaiah xl. 28-31:

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

Two lines have been changed. Verse three, line one, Watts wrote, "From *thee*, the overflowing spring;" and verse four, line two, "We'll mount aloft to *thine* abode." These are changes for the worse. Direct address to Deity is not only allowed, but is demanded by the exigencies of prayer and praise. It has not been otherwise changed except that the third verse of the original has been omitted.

406 C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum!
How pay the mighty debt!

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered,
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn on "*Relieving Christ in His Poor Saints*" is based on Matthew xxv. 40: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." From the author's *Hymns*, 1755. The fifth stanza is omitted:

5 Thy face with reverence and with love,
I in thy poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee!

407 P. M.

BE strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's
gift.

2 Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O
shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's
name.

3 Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the
wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how
long;
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the
song.

Maltbie D. Babcock.

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Title: "*Be Strong.*"

This hymn is found in *Thoughts for Every Day Living*, edited by Mrs. Babcock, 1901.

This is a strenuous hymn, and ought to be widely useful.

Something of the spirit of the author can be seen from a little poem that he wrote in his early ministry. It is prefaced by the words of Paul (Phil. iii. 14): "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

O Lord, I pray
That for this day
I may not swerve
By foot or hand
From thy command,
Not to be served, but to serve.

This too I pray:
That for this day
No love of ease
Nor pride prevent
My good intent
Not to be pleased, but to please.

And if I may,
I'd have this day
Strength from above
To set my heart
In heavenly art
Not to be loved, but to love.

408 7s, 6s. D.

LEAD on, O King Eternal,
The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest
Thy tents shall be our home.
Through days of preparation
Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King Eternal,
We lift our battle song.

2 Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums;
With deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal,
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.
Ernest W. Shurtleff.

This hymn on "*The Christian Warfare*" was written by the author in 1887 as a parting hymn for his class and fellow-students at Andover Theological Seminary, from which institution he graduated in 1887. It was published that same year in the author's *Hymns of the Faith*. The second verse is very fine. Some of our very finest hymns were written by theological students: "My country, 'tis of thee," "My faith looks up to thee," etc.

This lyric has the poetic flow and fervor of a true hymn in it. We could wish the author had written others like it.

409 L. M.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy
right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good
grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face:
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John S. B. Monseil.

Founded upon 1 Timothy vi. 12: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

From the author's *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1866. It has not been altered except in the third verse, which appears as follows:

Cast care aside, upon thy guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

410 L. M.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4 O give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

5 O fill me with thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

6 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.
Frances R. Havergal.

"A Worker's Prayer" is the title which the author gave to this hymn. It is based on Romans xiv. 7: "None of us liveth to himself." It was written April 28, 1872,

at Winterdyne, and was first printed that same year as a musical leaflet. Two years later it appeared in her volume titled *Under the Surface*. It is one of the most useful and popular of Mrs. Havergal's hymns, and fills a place not filled by any other hymn. It gives felicitous expression to a most worthy aspiration of every devout and consecrated soul, seeking a blessing from God which may be and must be passed on to others. "Speak to me that I may speak to others, strengthen me that I may strengthen others, teach me that I may teach others, give me rest that I may know how to give rest to others, fill me that I may fill others." This is indeed an ideal "worker's prayer" in that it is pervaded with the spirit of Christian altruism. It seeks sanctification, not for selfish enjoyment, but for service. This "worker's prayer" was richly answered in the author's own beautifully consecrated and useful life.

A competent and judicious critic, writing in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, says:

By her distinct individuality Miss Havergal carved out a niche which she alone could fill. Simply and sweetly she sang the love of God and his way of salvation. To this end and for this object her whole life and all her powers were consecrated. She lives and speaks in every line of her poetry. Her poems are permeated with the fragrance of her passionate love of Jesus. The burden of her writings is a free and full salvation, through the Redeemer's merits, for every sinner who will receive it, and her life was devoted to the proclamation of this truth by personal labors, literary efforts, and earnest interest in foreign missions.

411 L. M.

OMASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.

Washington Gladden.

In a note dated June 15, 1907, the author says:

This hymn was written in 1879 for a magazine, *Sunday Afternoon*, which I was then editing. There were three eight-lined stanzas. Dr. Charles H. Richards found the poem, which was not intended for a hymn, and made a hymn of it by omitting the second stanza, which was not suitable for devotional purposes.

It was first published in its new form in *Songs of Christian Praise*, 1880. If not written for a hymn, it has the true hymnic spirit, and ought to be widely used.

The omitted stanza reads as follows:

O Master, let me walk with thee
Before the taunting Pharisee;
Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide thy light,
The sore distrust of souls sincere
Who cannot read thy judgments clear,
The dullness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that thou art good.

412 7s.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

*H. Kirke White,
Frances S. Colquhoun.*

This hymn has a curious history. Kirke White died October 19, 1806, in the twenty-second year of his age, while he was a student at St. John's College in the University of Cambridge, but not until he had given evidence of possessing rare gifts as a poet. (See No. 124.) After his death there was found on the back of one of his mathematical papers the following unfinished poem, a mere poetic fragment.

"The Christian Soldier encouraged."

1 Tim. vi. 12. H. K. WHITE.

Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Faint not—much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christian—will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?

W. B. Collyer added six lines to these three and a half stanzas, thereby making a hymn of four stanzas, which he published in his *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*, 1812. The following are the lines added:

Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foemen rally more.

But when loud the trumpet blown
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

In 1827 Mrs. Bethia Fuller-Maitland published a volume titled *Hymns for Private Devotion*, and in it the above verses written by White were republished with additions by her own daughter, Frances Sara, then only fourteen years old, these last taking the place of the six lines written by Collyer. Frances Fuller-Maitland's lines were as follows:

Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

The hymn as thus written, partly by White and partly by Frances Fuller-Maitland, was next published by Edward Bickersteth in 1833 in his *Christian Psalmody*, with certain alterations of his own in the first stanza, which he made to read as follows:

Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

Another version of the same text was given in W. J. Hall's *Mitre Hymn Book*, 1836, the opening lines of which are:

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go.

Perhaps no hymn in this entire collection has had so many different hands to take a part in the writing of it as this hymn. We are indebted to Jullian's *Dictionary* for the explanation here given of the development of this hymn, only a few lines of which, in its present form, were written by White.

413 S. M.

STAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled.

4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

This hymn for adult baptism was written by the author for his *Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*. The scriptural basis of the hymn is Acts xxii. 16: "And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord."

Bishop Bickersteth wrote verse two, line three:

Thy faith and hope be realized.

The third stanza of the original has been omitted. It is perhaps not quite suitable for our use:

Our heavenly country now,
Our Lord and Master, thine,
Receive imprinted on thy brow
His passion's awful sign.

In the *Sunday Service*, adopted in 1784, the sign of the cross was required in the baptism of children, but it was not long retained.

414 C. M. D.

THE toll of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot;
He who God's call can understand
Will work and murmur not.
Toll is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin;
True souls, from it, all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.

2 O God! who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth thee.
Where'er thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

3 Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but thine;
We link them to the work of Him
Who made all life divine!
Our brother-friend, thy holy Son,
Shared all our lot and strife;
And nobly will our work be done,
If molded by his life.

Thomas W. Freckelton.

A useful hymn on "*Christian Service*" which was taken from Horder's *Congregational Hymns*, 1884. In no department of hymnology and Christian worship has there been in recent times a more notable enrichment and enlargement than in the many new hymns written on Christian service and on taking the Christian spirit into one's daily labors. This is one of the best of these songs for Christian toilers.

415 L. M. 6l.

FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Frederick W. Faber.

From *Jesus and Mary; or, Catholic Hymns for Singing and Reading*, by Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

There are four stanzas in the original. These are verses one, two, and four verbatim.

The third stanza is omitted for evident reasons:

Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

The author of this hymn was a Roman Catholic. If the "faith of our fathers" was Catholic, the faith of our forefathers was Protestant. In confirmation of this statement we appeal to the history of the

early Church as given in the New Testament.

It is a popular hymn, and is widely used by Protestant Churches. The last stanza is especially fine and Christian in spirit.

416 C. M. D.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valliant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They climoed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber.

This is one of the most popular and useful of the fifty-seven hymns written by Bishop Heber. It was written for St. Stephen's Day, and was first published after the author's death in his posthumous volume titled *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Services of the Year*, 1827. In the author's manuscript collection in the British Museum the first line reads: "The Son of God is gone to war." In the first line of the third verse, instead of "A glorious band" the author wrote "A noble band;" and in the fourth line of the same verse he wrote "the torch of flame" instead of "the cross and flame." The original contains eight single stanzas. The sixth and seventh, omitted above, are:

6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel:
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

Dr. Telford has the following note on this hymn:

In Mrs. Ewing's *Story of a Short Life* it is the favorite hymn in the barracks, where the soldiers call it the "tug of war" hymn. The officer's son, who had been crippled for life by an accident, begs just before his death that the soldiers will sing it again. They go under his window, and when in the midst of the verse, "A noble army, men and boys," a hand is seen at the window pulling down the blind. The brave sufferer is gone. The story made the hymn widely popular among children as the "tug of war" hymn.

417 S. M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done to obey thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work, divine.

5 Thee, then, my God and King,
In all things may I see;
And what I do, in anything,
May it be done for thee!

George Herbert. Alt.

Author's title: "*The Elixir*." It is from his volume titled *The Temple*, 1633. The first verse is verbatim from the poem. The last verse is a modification of the first.

Verses two and four were written by John Wesley and published in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1778. The third verse was altered by Wesley.

We give the original:

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossesst,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the Heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for Thy sake),
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone,
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

John Wesley possessed a fine taste. By his criticisms he improved some of his brother's hymns. He changed some of Dr. Watts's lines for the better, and in this case he took what was imperfect in form, and by omissions, additions, and changes made it into a useful and beautiful hymn. The hymn mender is sometimes a very useful man.

418 P. M.

WE march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.
We come in the might of the Lord of light,
A joyful host to meet him:
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet him.

Refrain.

We march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is his salvation,

Our banner, the cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen
gates,
And burst the bars of iron.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from
above,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

Gerard Moultrie.

This hymn was first published in the *Church Times* August 19, 1865, where it is titled *Processional Hymn before Service* ("written expressly for use during present troubles"). The stirring tune to which it is set was written especially for it by Joseph Barnby.

419

P. M.

ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

Refrain.

One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!

2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

3 One more day's work for Jesus!
O yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,
Before his face I fall.

4 O blessèd work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

Anna B. Warner.

Title: "*The Song of a Tired Servant.*"

There are two omitted stanzas, the second and fourth, that are equal, if not superior, to those given:

2 One more day's work for Jesus:
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak his beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ her life hath bought.

4 One more day's work for Jesus:
In hope, in faith, in prayer,
His word I've spoken—
His bread I've broken,
To souls faint with despair;
And bade them flee
To him who hath saved me.

The "tired servant" alluded to in the title was the Rev. Benjamin M. Adams, who, in a letter written at the close of a laborious day, spoke of physical weariness and of abounding spiritual joy.

From *Wayfaring Hymns Original and Translated*, by Anna Warner. Preface date, 1869.

420

11s, 10s.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful
and loyal,
King of our lives, by thy grace we will
be;
Under the standard exalted and royal,
Strong in thy strength we will battle for
thee.

Refrain.

Peal out the watchword! silence it never!
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free;
Peal out the watchword! loyal forever!
King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.

2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest alle-
giance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

3 True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all-
glorious!
Take thy great power and reign there
alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered and wholly thine own.

Frances R. Havergal.

An inspiring hymn on "*Faithfulness to the Saviour.*" It was first published in the author's *Loyal Responses*, 1878. It is one of the most popular and effective hymns in the entire Hymnal for use in college chapel and Sunday school services. It is a poetic call to courage and to fidelity to Christ which abides in the head and heart and conscience of every young person who sings these words.

421 S. M.

REJOICE, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

Refrain.

Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

- 2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!
- 3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!
- 4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.
- 5 Yes, on through life's long pain!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
- 6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toll,
Till dawns the golden day!
- 7 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.
- 8 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

Edward H. Plumptre.

A processional hymn written in May, 1865, for a choir festival in Peterborough

Cathedral. Published in *Lazarus, and Other Poems*, the same year. The authorized text is found in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—ten stanzas and a doxology.

The author wrote in the last stanza: "Your *festal banner.*" Otherwise than this it has not been altered, but the refrain has been added.

422 7s, 6s. D.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Coghill.

This hymn was written in 1854 while the author was residing in Canada, and was first published in a Canadian newspaper. It was first used as a song in Ira D. Sankey's *Sacred Songs and Solos* about 1870, but the name of the author was not given. It was attributed in many publications to Sidney Dyer, growing out of the fact that he wrote a hymn on the same subject about the same time that this hymn appeared in print. The author's hymns and poems were collected in 1859 and published in a volume titled *Leaves from the Backwoods*, this hymn being found in that volume; and it is also republished in her volume titled *Oak and Maple*, 1890. This is the most popular of

all the hymns written on the memorable words of Jesus found in John ix. 4: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." In most Church hymnals this hymn continues to be published under the author's maiden name (Annie L. Walker), notwithstanding the fact that she was married in 1884 to Mr. Harry Coghill.

423

L. M.

WHERE cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O Son of man!

- 2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears.
- 3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.
- 4 The cup of water given for thee
Still holds the freshness of thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of thy face.
- 5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,
- 6 Till sons of men shall learn thy love
And follow where thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

F. Mason North.

This "Hymn for the City" was written in 1903 at the suggestion of Professor Winchester, of the Hymnal Commission.

The great need of the gospel among the masses of our cities has long rested heavily upon the heart of Dr. North. This need is voiced in the first part of the hymn; the last part is an earnest prayer to Christ as the only Physician who has sufficient sympathy, skill, and ability "to heal these hearts of pain."

It was first published in a special number of the *Christian City*. This hymn has

been honored with a place in a recent book edited by Henry F. Cope, *One Hundred Hymns You Ought to Know*, New York, 1906.

424

C. M.

FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste, e'en now, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst.

This excellent hymn on "The Power of Faith" is from the author's *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, 1831, and is based on 1 John v. 4: "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." There are several verbal changes: In verse one, "any earthly" for "poverty or;" verse two, "Will lean" for "Can lean;" verse four, "seas of trouble" for "sin's wild ocean," and "Satan's" for "its soft;" verse five, "hour" for "spark;" verse six, "I'll taste" for "We'll taste."

425

L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.
Philip Doddridge.

Author's title: "*Mary's Choice of the Better Part.*" Luke x. 42: "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Unaltered and complete from the author's *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.

A worthy prayer-song; its logic is irrefutable. To be a follower of Christ is indeed to choose "the better part."

426 C. M.

MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
And lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above
Whence true contentment springs!

3 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.
Frances M. Cowper.

Strangely enough, this beautiful hymn has found a place in only one other collection besides our own. The sentiment in the third verse is rarely ever surpassed in Christian poesy, and the last two lines of the hymn have long since become an oft-quoted and much-admired Christian proverb. It first appeared in *Original*

Poems on Various Occasions. By a Lady. Revised by William Cowper, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 1792. It was titled "*The Consolation.*" In the first line of verse three the author wrote "Bear on" instead of "Courage." The original has five double stanzas.

427 C. M.

OUT of the depths to thee I cry,
Whose fainting footsteps trod
The paths of our humanity,
Incarnate Son of God!

2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear—
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer!

3 Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?

4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
Faint not, O faltering feet;
Press onward to that blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power,
The power of endless life.

Elizabeth E. Marcy.

A strong and worthy prayer-song. It was contributed to the *Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, 1878.

428 C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd. Alt.

The author wrote the first stanza as follows:

Shall Simon bear thy cross alone,
And other Saints be free?
Each Saint of thine shall find his own,
And there is one for me.

This is found in the author's *Penitential Cries*, 1692. It is not known who wrote the second and third stanzas of this hymn. The third stanza appeared in *The Social and Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1849, edited by George N. Allen (who composed the tune called "Maitland"), and some have inferred that he is the author of this closing stanza.

429

S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command:
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "*The Active Christian.*" It is founded upon Luke xii. 35-37:

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that, when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.

It has not been altered, but one stanza, the last, has been omitted:

Christ shall the Banquet spread
With his own royal Hand,
And raise that fav'rite Servant's Head
Amidst th' angelick Band.

430

10, 10, 10.

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes thy rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"

William W. How.

This hymn was first published in the volume titled *Hymn for Saints' Day, and Other Hymns*, by a layman (Earl Nelson), 1864, where it has eleven stanzas, each stanza having "Alleluia" as a refrain. The author first wrote in the opening line "*Thy* saints," but changed it later to "*the* saints." The third, fourth, and fifth stanzas, which are here omitted, sometimes appear as a separate hymn, and are as follows:

- 3 For the Apostles' glorious company
Who, bearing forth the cross o'er land and
sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to thee.
- 4 For the Evangelists—by whose pure word
Like fourfold stream, the garden of the
Lord
Is fair and fruitful, be thy Name adored.
- 5 For Martyrs—who with rapture-kindled eye
Saw the bright crown descending from the
sky
And dying, grasped it,—Thee we glorify.

431 6s, 5s. D.

I N the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial,
I depart from thee.
When thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fall thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery.

Alt. by Frances A. Hutton.

This valuable lyric appears in Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, London, 1853, under the title, "*Prayers on Pilgrimage*." It was written in 1834. The title then was: "*In Trial and Temptation*."

The author wrote the second line of the

first stanza: "Jesus, *pray* for me." The objection has been made to this line that it is unscriptural. It is not. Christ said (John xvii. 9): "I pray for them." "Plead," however, is probably better for the use of the average worshiper.

Montgomery began the second verse:

With its witching pleasures.

In the third and fourth stanzas the thought is Montgomery's, but it is toned down by the language of Mrs. Hutton. These lines, it seems to me, are not only less vigorous but less poetic than the original. Let the reader compare:

3 If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

432 8, 8, 6. D.

C OME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

- 4 Thrice blessèd, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.
- 5 That great mysterious deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

Charles Wesley.

James Montgomery said of this hymn, which is one of Charles Wesley's finest products, that it not only anticipates the lofty strains of redeemed souls in heaven, but that it "is written almost in the spirit of the Church triumphant." It first appeared in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. In the first stanza the author wrote "the vale" instead of "this vale," and in the second stanza "happy place" instead of "heavenly place." The third, seventh, and eighth stanzas, omitted above, are:

- 3 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with His radiant bands,
And join the angelic powers.
For all that height of glorious bliss,
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.

- 7 The Father shining on His throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And, lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

- 8 In Hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain Thy cross,
And at Thy footstool fall,
'Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
'Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is all in all.

433

L. M.

TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

- 4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.
Charles W. Everest.

Title: "Take Up Thy Cross."

This is not so much a hymn as a sermon in verse. The text is Matthew xvi. 24: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

From *Vision of Death and Other Poems*, by C. W. Everest; Hartford, 1845.

The hymn has been altered in each stanza, and the fourth verse, which we here give, has been omitted:

Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly Sin's wild deluge brave:
'Twill guide thee to a better home;
It points to glory o'er the grave.

434

L. M.

SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

Refrain.

- O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I;
O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.
- 2 O sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
- 3 O near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. Johnson.

The Scripture foundation for this hymn is found in Psalm lxi. 2: "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Few modern hymns have won their way into the hearts

of the people more truly than this songful sigh of the tempest-tossed soul for refuge in "the Rock that is higher than I." Words and tune are well adapted to each other, and the hymn has rare power to comfort sad hearts.

We have no facts concerning the origin of this hymn.

435

S. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each w^ould prove.

6 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by John Wesley.

This is called Gerhardt's "*Hymn of Trust*." It is from the German, "*Befehl du deine wege*." The translation contains sixteen verses. These are the first five and the seventh. It was doubtless written by him when he was suffering wrongfully for "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

Wesley published this translation in *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1739), with the title: "*Trust in Providence*." Many translations of this hymn have been made, but this is the most popular of them all.

Gerhardt was the prince of German hymnists, and this is his finest hymn.

It has comforted and inspired many sad hearts.

436

L. M.

I SHALL not want: in deserts wild
Thou spread'st thy table for thy child;
While grace in streams for thirsting souls
Through earth and heaven forever rolls.

2 I shall not want: my darkest night
Thy loving smile shall fill with light;
While promises around me bloom,
And cheer me with divine perfume.

3 I shall not want: thy righteousness
My soul shall clothe with glorious dress;
My blood-washed robe shall be more fair
Than garments kings or angels wear.

4 I shall not want: whate'er is good,
Of daily bread or angels' food,
Shall to my Father's child be sure,
So long as earth and heaven endure.

Charles F. Deems.

This is one of the best of the many hymns based on the twenty-third Psalm. (Compare it with Nos. 104 and 136.) It was written in 1872 while the author was pastor of the Church of the Strangers, in New York City. One night after going to bed he found that the cares of the young Church followed him and depressed him. It seemed to make demands which he could not meet. To comfort himself he began to repeat consoling passages of Scripture. Then occurred to him the twenty-third Psalm. He repeated over and over: "I shall not want." It began to run into stanzas, and he fell asleep upon finishing the fourth. Next morning it was so vivid that he wrote it out. It has appeared in many forms, and has been republished in some English collections of hymns.

The most popular and frequently quoted lines the author ever wrote are the following:

The world is wide
In time and tide,
And God is guide—
Then do not hurry.
That man is blest
Who does his best,
And leaves the rest—
Then do not worry.

437

S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command;
 So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.
Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by John Wesley.

Part of the same translation from the German as Hymn No. 435. These are stanzas nine to fourteen, unaltered.

Gerhardt was one of the princes of German hymn-writers, and Wesley an incomparable translator. Probably no hymn ever written has given more comfort to the afflicted or more courage to the dying. Its usefulness is unquestionable.

438

7s.

DAY by day the manna fell:
 O to learn this lesson well!
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
 Daily strength for daily needs:
 Cast foreboding fears away;
 Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
 All my sanguine hopes have planned,
 To thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
 Day by day to thee I live;

So shall added years fulfill,
 Not my own, my Father's will.
Josiah Conder.

This hymn is based upon Exodus xvi. 12-21 and also Luke xi. 3: "Give us day by day our daily bread." This hymn suggests the following incident:

The pupils of Rabbi Ben Jochai once asked him with regard to the manna sent to the Israelite host in the wilderness: "Why did not the Lord furnish enough manna to Israel for a year all at one time?" "I will answer you with a parable," responded the teacher. "Once there was a king who had a son to whom he gave a yearly allowance, paying him the entire sum on a fixed day. It soon happened that the day on which the allowance was due was the only day in the year when the father ever saw his son. So the king changed his plan and gave his son day by day that which sufficed for the day. And now the son visited his father every morning. Thus God dealt with Israel."

The author, it seems, from references made by his biographer, had occasion to practice the gospel of daily trust which he here puts into his song: "Never entirely out of the embarrassments of pecuniary struggle, the author still maintained a hopeful and trustful spirit." Like most men dependent on literature for a living, he knew what it was to struggle for his daily bread. Happy is such a one if he has trustful faith and piety sufficient either to write or to sing with the heart a hymn so expressive of loving confidence in God as this beautiful hymn is.

This hymn first appeared in the author's *Congregational Hymn Book* in 1836. It was republished a year later in a small volume by him titled "The Choir and the Oratory," where it appeared as the fourth of six metrical paraphrases of different portions of the Lord's Prayer. It is also found in the author's *Hymns of Praise*, which was prepared for publication just before his death in 1855, but which did not appear until the year following. The last two stanzas of the original, omitted in our Hymnal, are:

5 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot,
Anxious, busy cares, away:
I'm provided for to-day.

6 Oh, to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer:
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

439

L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and
sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace with-
in.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*The Pleasures of a Good Conscience.*" In the first line of the fifth stanza Watts wrote: "They scorn to seek out golden toys."

The following additional stanza is not necessary to the hymn:

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie groveling in the dust below,
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1707.

440

L. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Hopes of Heaven Our Support Under Trials on Earth*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1707. The author wrote in verse two, line two, "hellish darts" instead of "fiery darts." This precious lyric is loved and venerated wherever the English language is known.

Cowper in his poem titled "Truth" compares the lot of the infidel Voltaire with that of a poor and believing cottager who

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—

A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew:
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

It is possible for the popularity of a hymn to lead to an excessive use of it, and this very popularity and over-use to result in and be followed by an undue depreciation and nonuse of it in a later generation. This hymn is greatly admired in our day as in other days, but it is now very rarely used in public worship.

441

C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "Not Ashamed of the Gospel." It is based on 2 Timothy 1. 12:

I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

A wholesome and useful lyric, as much needed now as in other days. It is unaltered and entire from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book I., 1707.

442

C. M.

0 IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;
- 3 Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.
- 4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.
- 5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Frederick W. Faber.

"The Right Must Win" is the title of this lyric in the author's *Hymns*. 1862. The original contains eighteen stanzas, of which we have above the first, second, third, sixth, and eighteenth. The hymn beginning, "Workman of God! O lose not heart" (No. 392), is taken from the same poem. If the first stanza of the above hymn seems to strike a minor note and be unduly pessimistic, it is only that it may by contrast bring out all the more

clearly and strongly the major note of triumphant optimism which is sounded in the last stanza.

443

L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg.

Alt. by Benjamin Francis.

"Ashamed of Me" was the author's title when it first appeared in 1765. In the *Gospel Magazine* for April, 1774, it was given with omissions and alterations under the title, "*Shame of Jesus Conquer'd by Love*." In the first edition of Dr. Rippon's *Selection of Hymns*, 1787, it is given with the appropriate heading: "Not ashamed of CHRIST."

The merits of the piece belong largely to the original author, who composed it, it is said, when only ten years of age.

ORIGINAL.

Ashamed of Me. Mark viii. 38.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be!
A mortal Man asham'd of Thee?
Scorn'd be the Thought by Rich and Poor;
O may I scorn it more and more!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let Ev'ning blush to own a Star.
Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let Midnight blush to think of Noon.

- 3 'Tis Evening with my Soul till He,
That Morning-Star, bids Darkness flee;
He sheds the Beam of Noon divine
O'er all this Midnight Soul of mine.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! shall yon Field
Blush when it thinks who bids it yield?
Yet blush I must, while I adore,
I blush to think I yield no more.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! of that Friend,
On whom, for Heaven, my Hopes depend;
It must not be—be this my Shame,
That I no more revere His Name.
- 6 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no Crimes to wash away;
No Tear to wipe, no Joy to crave,
No Fears to quell, no Soul to save.
- 7 'Till then (nor is the Boasting vain),
'Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
And O may this my Portion be,
That Saviour not asham'd of me!

444

L. M.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow!
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
- 4 My suffering time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

Author Unknown.

This hymn has been attributed to Bishop Thomas Coke, but without sufficient evidence. It was in the *Pocket Hymn-Book*, published by Coke and Asbury, which was the first hymn book used by American Methodism after it was organized with the episcopal form of government at the "Christmas Conference" of 1784. Mr. Wesley published a small hymnal titled the *Pocket Hymn-Book* in February, 1785 (the preface is dated October 1, 1784). But Robert Spence, a Methodist bookseller of York, had already compiled and published under this title a collection

of hymns taken from various authors, and his book had been widely circulated among the Methodists. The *Pocket Hymn-Book*, which Coke and Asbury published in 1785, was a reprint of the book published by Spence at York. We owe the discovery of this valuable anonymous hymn, therefore, to Robert Spence. While it has always found favor with American Methodists, the Methodists of England, following the example of Mr. Wesley, have never given it a place in any of their official hymnals. Verse three, which is omitted above, is:

- 3 Correct, reprove and comfort me,
As I have need my Saviour be;
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

Mr. Wesley was grieved at the popularity among his people of this York hymn book. He pronounced fourteen of the hymns "very flat and dull," fourteen others were "prose tagged with rhyme," and nine more were "grievous doggerel." Thus early Methodism, it seems, had the same trouble that is being experienced by modern Methodism in that the people so often prefer to use inferior and cheap popular collections rather than the more stately, dignified, and noble lyrics found in the regular official hymnals of the Church. If Mr. Wesley counted the above hymn objectionable, what would he have thought of many of the modern religious ditties that are sung in some Sunday schools and popular revival services? But we must also recognize how widely men who are equally good and great differ as to the value—both the literary and the spiritual value—of individual hymns. Nothing could show this more plainly than the fact here brought to light—that a hymn book which Mr. Wesley considered exceedingly objectionable was adopted by Coke and Asbury for use in America in preference to collections which Mr. Wesley had prepared and regarded as much superior.

445 8, 8, 6. D.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes
faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Fear not, be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise;
He girdeth on his sword!

3 As true as God's own promise stands,
Not earth nor hell with all their bands
Against us shall prevail;
The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
God is with us; we are his own;
Our victory cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Thy church with strength defend;
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise,
Through ages without end.
Gustavus Adolphus, in prose.
Jacob Fabricius. Tr. by Catherine
Winkworth.

Hymnologists are not agreed as to the author of this hymn, which was the battle song of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. The *Dictionary of Hymnology* gives it to Johann Michael Altenburg (1584-1640). Date, 1631. But Miss Winkworth, the translator, in her *Christian Singers of Germany*, says:

This hymn was long attributed to Altenburg, a pastor of Thuringia. Recent researches, however, seem to have made it clear that he composed only the chorale, and that the hymn itself was written down roughly by Gustavus Adolphus after his victory at Leipsic and reduced to regular verse by his chaplain, Dr. Fabricius, for the use of the army.

The date of the battle of Leipsic is September 7, 1621. Gustavus sang this hymn with his army before entering the battle of Lützen, November 6, 1632, where he met a triumphant death. The Rev. Jacob Fabricius, D.D., chaplain of the king, lived from 1593 to 1654.

Miss Winkworth's translation is found in *Lyra Germanica*, first series. This varies from that in twelve lines.

446 S. M.

IF, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Augustus M. Toplady. Alt.

"*Weak Believers Encouraged*" is the title of the original poem of eight double stanzas from which this hymn is taken, and which was first published in the *Gospel Magazine* for February, 1772. The above hymn is made up of selections taken from the last part of the second double stanza, the first half of the third, the last half of the fourth, and the last half of the fifth. The verbal alterations are numerous, as will be seen by comparing the hymn as it appears above with the language of the original, which is as follows:

1 Fastened within the vall,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale,
That wafts you smooth along.

2 Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come;
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm
That drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

4 Yet learn in every state,
To make his will your own,
And when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.

The entire hymn may be found in the author's *Works*, and also in *The Poetical Remains of Toplady*, 1860. The original poem begins: "Your harps, ye trembling saints."

447 C. M.

WE journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last.

- 2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
"Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light!"
- 3 Though earthborn shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
- 4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.
- 5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease.
- 6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,
"At eve it shall be light."

Bernard Barton.

The author's title was: "*Hope for the Mourner.*" It is based on Zechariah xiv. 7: "But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." In verse two, line four, the author wrote: "At eve *there* shall be light;" and in verse five, line four, "*Betokening* storms shall cease."

These changes were made by Robert A. West for the Methodist Episcopal hymn book of 1849.

From the author's *Household Verses*, 1845.

448 7s, 6s. D.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:

Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

- 2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

This is from the author's *Songs of Zion*, 1822. It is based on the following verses taken from the twenty-seventh Psalm:

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

449 S. M.

MY times are in thy hand:
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

- 2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.
- 3 My times are in thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in thy hand;
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

William F. Lloyd.

Written upon Psalm xxxi. 15: "My times are in thy hand." One stanza, the fifth, has been omitted.

5 My times are in thy hand:
 Jesus, my Advocate:
 Nor shall Thine hand be stretched in vain,
 For me to supplicate.

It has not been altered. From *Thoughts in Rhyme*, by W. F. Lloyd, London, 1851. In the same volume we find a brief but comprehensive poem entitled, "*Trust in God.*" It is well worth quoting:

Each future scene to God I leave,
 Enough for me to know,
 He can from every evil save,
 And every good bestow.

This hymn first appeared in the *Tract Magazine*, March, 1824.

450 C. M.

I LITTLE see, I little know,
 Yet can I fear no ill;
 He who hath guided me till now
 Will be my leader still.

2 No burden yet was on me laid
 Of trouble or of care,
 But he my trembling step hath stayed,
 And given me strength to bear.

3 I know not what beyond may lie,
 But look, in humble faith,
 Into a larger life to die,
 And find new birth in death.

4 He will not leave my soul forlorn;
 I still must find him true,
 Whose mercies have been new each morn
 And every evening new.

5 Upon his providence I lean,
 As lean in faith I must;
 The lesson of my life hath been
 A heart of grateful trust.

6 And so my onward way I fare
 With happy heart and calm,
 And mingle with my dally care
 The music of my psalm.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

"A Psalm of Trust" is the title of this hymn, which was written in 1883 and was first published in the *Christian Register*, of Boston. It also appeared later in the author's volume titled *The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems*, first series, 1883, where it has nine stanzas. Tenny-

son's "*In Memoriam*," called forth by the death of his dearest friend, has in it nothing more tender and beautiful concerning departed loved ones than the following verses by Dr. Hosmer, the last two lines being especially beautiful:

I cannot think of them as dead
 Who walk with me no more;
 Along the path of life I tread
 They have but gone before:

And still their silent ministry
 Within my heart hath place,
 As when on earth they walked with me,
 And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
 What they to me have been
 Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
 Engraven deep within:

Mine are they by an ownership
 Nor time nor death can free;
 For God hath given to love to keep
 Its own eternally.

451 8s, 4s.

MY bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine,
 And on its helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.

2 One who was known in storms to sail
 I have on board;
 Above the roaring of the gale
 I hear my Lord.

3 Safe to the land! safe to the land!
 The end is this,
 And then with him go hand in hand,
 Far into bliss.

Henry Alford.

Title: "*Resignation.*" It was written in 1862 and printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1863. Seven stanzas. These are the fourth, fifth, and seventh.

To appreciate the faith and trust of this hymn we must have the preceding verses:

1 I know not if or dark or bright
 Shall be my lot;
 If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.

2 It may be mine to drag for years
 Toll's heavy chain,
 Or day and night my meat be tears
 On bed of pain.

3 Dear faces may surround my health
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

452 7s, 6s. D.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

This is from the author's *Hymns and Meditations*, 1850, where it bears the title, "*Safety in God.*" It is based on Psalm xxiii. 4: "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

A faith like that embodied in this beautiful hymn makes a heaven of this life and turns earth into a paradise.

453 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

NO, not despairingly
Come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee:
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been,
Infinite, infinite
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving thee,
Sin of not trusting thee,
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess to thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I thee,
All I have been:
Purge thou my sin away,
Wash thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou
When poor ones call.
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with thee,
The loved Unseen;
Leaning on thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

Horatius Bonar.

Author's title: "*Confession and Peace.*"
It is unaltered and complete from *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, by Horatius Bonar, D.D. Third series, 1867.

The exceeding sinfulness of sin is well brought out in the second verse and frankly confessed in the third. Forgiveness and cleansing are expressed in the fourth stanza, and the happy results in the last. It is one of Dr. Bonar's most successful hymns.

454 7s, 6s. D.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:

Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, where it bears the title, "*Joy and Peace in Believing.*" The third stanza is based on certain familiar verses found in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. vi.), while the fourth stanza is a paraphrase of Habakkuk iii. 17, 18:

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

455 C. M.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:

- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight:

- 4 It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

- 5 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earthborn woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

Gerard T. Noel.

This hymn came into the Hymnal from the hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal

Church, South. It dates back to 1813 or earlier. Christian hope rings in every stanza of this worthy lyric.

456 L. M.

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

- 3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

- 4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

- 5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

William C. Bryant.

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"*Blessed Are They That Mourn*" is the title the author gave to this hymn. It was written in 1820 for a collection to be used in a Church in New York City of which Rev. William Ware at that time, and Dr. Bellows later, was pastor. The author changed the third line of the first verse two or three times. The form given above was his last revision. One stanza, the fourth, is omitted here:

And thou who o'er thy friends' low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

457 L. M.

O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earthborn care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

Oliver W. Holmes.

Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The author's title was "*Hymn of Trust*," and it justifies its name, for it is full of faith and love.

It is unaltered and entire as found in the author's *Poems*, 1862.

458 8s, 7s. D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

This first appeared in a volume titled *Sacred Poetry*. Edinburgh, 1824, where it bore the title, "*Lo! we have left all and*

followed Thee," and had the letter "G" signed to it. In view of this signature, its authorship might have remained unknown but for its appearance in Lyte's *Poems Chiefly Religious*, 1833. The original has six double stanzas. The third and fifth stanzas, omitted above, are as follows:

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

In Henry Ward Beecher's sermon on "The Supreme Allegiance" there is an impressive reference to the supposed origin of this hymn:

Sometimes parents are very worldly-minded. There are hundreds and thousands of people in the world who have just religion enough not to have any at all. They say: "We believe in religion; but it is a reasonable, rational religion. This is a good world, and God has given the bounties of this world to enjoy. Therefore let us eat and drink and praise God by being happy." And so party after party and dance after dance follow. They want society to be radiant and sparkling; and for them anything but a religion that disturbs their brilliant, sparkling life. Under such circumstances, a child much loved and beautiful, just at the time when the father and mother have anticipated that she would come out and create a sensation in the social world and walk easily a queen, is vexatiously convicted and converted. And there comes the trouble. If it had not been for that ranting preacher over there, it would not have happened. Here is the child that was the joy of their hearts and the pride of their life, and that was to form such a splendid connection, carried away with religious excitement. And all their hopes are crushed.

The father is in a rage, and the mother is in grief, and they will not have it so. The child, with simple modesty, is patient but tenacious, and cures storms in the outer circle by the deep peace which God gives the soul in the closet. She is still loving and more obedient than ever, but she is true to her own inward love. Having tasted the better portion, she will not give it up.

And so great has sometimes been the rage of the father that he has actually driven his child from his door and disinherited her. It was just such a case that gave birth to one of our most touching hymns. I could almost wish that there might be more persons driven out from home under such circumstances. The child of a wealthy man in England, who had all his earthly hopes fixed on her, returning from a ball, heard a Methodist meeting going on and went in; and the recital of what the love of Christ had done for various persons charmed her, and by the blessing of God's Spirit she was converted. And when she made known her faith and purpose, her father cast her off, and she was obliged to go away from home. And from that circumstance came this hymn.

We reproduce this interesting passage from Mr. Beecher's sermon, but we are compelled to follow it by the statement that evidence is lacking that this hymn had such an origin as he describes. In 1818 Lyte, the author, underwent a remarkable spiritual experience, quite sufficient to prepare him for writing such a hymn as this. Of course it is possible that some such incident as Mr. Beecher refers to may have occurred, and that Lyte may have heard of it and made it the occasion of writing the hymn. But we have no well-authenticated evidence that such was the case. It is, however, an interesting story, even though it is regarded by hymnologists as nothing more than one of the many beautiful and popular "hymn-myths" that are ever and anon published in religious periodicals.

459

L. M. 61.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;

On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The new Jerusalem to find:
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The church of the firstborn to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

Original title: "*The Traveler.*" Two stanzas, the fifth and seventh, have been omitted:

5 Thither in all our thoughts we tend,
And still with longing eyes look up,
Our hearts and prayers before us send,
Our ready scouts of faith and hope,
Who bring us news of *Sion* near,
We soon shall see the towers appear.

7 Even now we taste the pleasures there,
A cloud of spicy odors comes,
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
Sweeter than *Araby's* perfumes;
From *Sion's* top the breezes blow,
And cheer us in the vale below.

In the last line of the hymn the author wrote "*Captain*" instead of "*Saviour.*"
From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. London, 1747.

It will make an interesting and profitable hymn study to compare this hymn carefully with the following hymn by Cardinal Newman, and note how much more confident is Charles Wesley's faith and his prayer for divine guidance than that which characterizes the more popular hymn of the Roman Catholic Cardinal.

460 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it
still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

John H. Newman.

This is a hymn that has a history and that has been helping to make history ever since John B. Dykes, in August, 1865, set it to music in the beautiful tune called "*Lux Benigna*," wedded to which it has gone forth as an evangel of faith and love into all lands, singing itself into hearts that sigh for divine light and leadership in a sin-darkened world. It easily takes rank among the great hymns of the modern Church. The prominence of the author as a Churchman and theologian, first as one of the leaders in what is known as the Oxford Tractarian Movement in the Church of England, and later as a Cardinal in the Roman Catholic Church, has added to the intrinsic merits of the hymn and has helped to give it a

prominence and popularity in hymnology such as can be attained by few hymns.

This hymn was born in a peculiar and exceptional sense out of the author's experience at the time it was written. It was written Sunday, June 16, 1833, while he was traveling for his health. He was lying, sick in mind as well as body, on the deck of a sail vessel that was becalmed for a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio, in the Mediterranean Sea. He was in wretched health at the time and deeply depressed over the disturbed condition of affairs in both Church and State in England; and, feeling deeply that he must do something himself, he was longing for light and guidance. These verses were written as a prayer simply to express the deep yearnings of his own soul and with no thought whatever of their ever being used as a hymn in public worship. They were first published in the *British Magazine* for March, 1834, with the title, "*Faith—Heavenly Leadings*," and again in 1836 in *Lyra Apostolica*, with the motto, "*Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness*." In the author's *Occasional Verses*, 1868, it appears with the title, "*The Pillar of the Cloud*."

Cardinal Newman sets forth at considerable length in his remarkable and exceedingly interesting autobiography titled, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, published in 1864 (pages 94-100), the series of facts and experiences preceding, accompanying, and following the writing of this now world-famous and historic hymn. The extract is too lengthy to be quoted here. Hymn students have been curious to know whether the author was at the time he wrote this hymn contemplating the great change that later took place in his Church relationship and whether his decision to make this change was reached under what he regarded as an answer to the prayer for divine guidance embodied in this hymn. Many have also been interested to know to whom the "angel faces," "loved long since and lost awhile," re-

ferred. The first of these questions is answered in part by the author as follows:

I will say, whatever comes of saying it, for I leave inferences to others, that for years I must have had something of a habitual notion, though it was latent and had never led me to distrust my own convictions, that my mind had not found its ultimate rest, and that in some sense or other I was on a journey. During the same passage across the Mediterranean in which I wrote "Lead, Kindly Light," I also wrote verses which are found in the *Lyra* under the head of "Providences," beginning, "When I look back." This was in 1833; and since I have begun this narrative I have found a memorandum under the date of September 7, 1829, in which I speak of myself as "now in my room in Oriel College, slowly advancing, etc., and led on by God's hand blindly, not knowing whither he is taking me."

When questioned in 1879 by Dr. Greenhill as to the significance of the reference in the last two lines of the hymn, he replied as follows:

You flatter me by your question; but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics or to give a sense to what they had written. And though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitation for writers of verse or it would be quite tyranny if in an art which is the expression not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient states of mind which came upon one when homesick or seasick or in any other way sensitive or excited.

The widespread popularity of this hymn is ample testimony to the fact that most Christian pilgrims have days of deep depression and heart-longings for light and divine guidance in the path of duty similar to those which called forth this plaintive prayer from the author; and they are glad to use in their own devotions a prayer-song that so truly expresses their own sentiments and longings. Nowhere, perhaps, are the mental and spiritual tastes of different individuals more noticeable than in a study of

hymns, in their varying power to impress and inspire different individuals. What profoundly appeals to and inspires one man may utterly fail to impress another. Even hymnologists differ greatly in their estimate of both the poetic and the devotional value of different hymns.

Those who desire to see the effects which high culture may have on hymn-production should compare "Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom," with the hymn on the same subject, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," by the Welsh writer, W. Williams (probably the only Welsh hymn which has found its way into popular use in English), but which has been largely supplanted by the more poetic hymn of Cardinal Newman. This is to be accounted for by the greater tenderness of the more recent hymn.

So writes W. G. Horder in his *Hymn Lover*. And yet hear what W. T. Stead, author of *Hymns That Have Helped*, has to say:

For those who have been brought up on the Bible, and who have never suffered the bewilderment of the Agnostic, this famous Welsh hymn in its English dress is worth a hundred "Lead, Kindly Lights." The last verse especially has been the comfort of many a dying Christian, and it has been sung and is still being sung around deathbeds, to the accompaniment of heart-choking sobs and streaming tears. Here is a hymn that has helped indeed.

Thus to one man this hymn represents "the blind groping in the dark, in loneliness and helplessness," being far less helpful than Charles Wesley's hymn beginning, "Leader of faithful souls" (No. 459), whereas to another it proves to be the very "kindly light" he needs to guide his bewildered mind and heart to the true and perfect Light of life. Thus a Scotchman writes:

My spiritual experience has been varied. I was baptized in the Roman Catholic Church, brought up in the Congregational Independent, and at length I was fascinated by the history, energy, and enthusiasm of the Wesleys. I was at one time a local preacher in that body with a view to entering the regular ministry. But my fervid fit of exaltation was

choked with the dusty facts of life and smoldered down into a dry indifference. I sought nourishment in secularism and agnosticism, but found none. I was in the slough of despond, at the center of indifference, with the everlasting "no" on my lips, when "Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom," came to my troubled soul like the voice of angels. Wandering in the wilderness, "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," Newman's hymn was to me a green oasis, a healing spring, the shadow of a great rock. Through the light and power of God I was led to light and love in Christ in a way I had never before known or experienced.

Bishop Bickersteth, feeling, as many others have done, that the hymn lacks a true climax, undertook to supply the need with a verse of his own composition, which he published with the explanation that it "was added by the editor from a sense of need and from a deep conviction that the heart of the belated pilgrim can only find rest in the Light of Light." Bishop Bickersteth's verse is as follows:

Meantime, along the narrow, rugged path,
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike
faith,
Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

461 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the
sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy
strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
mayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee
aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de-
sign
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
fine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus still leans for re-
pose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

R. Keene.

Scripture motto, 2 Peter i. 4: "Exceed-
ing great and precious promises." A fa-
mous and confident hymn. It appeared in
Dr. Rippon's *Selection*, first edition, 1787,
seven stanzas, marked "K—."

Slight changes have been made in three
lines. The original in verse one, line
four, is:

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

Verse three, line two:

I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid.

Verse seven, line one:

The soul that on Jesus *hath lean'd* for repose.

The authorship of this hymn was at-
tributed to George Keith, a London pub-
lisher, about thirty years ago without
sufficient warrant—indeed, with no rea-
son except that the name begins with K.
Other names are found in some hymn
books—"Kirkham" and "Kennedy"—but
these were only similar guesses.

In 1886 Rev. H. L. Hastings, of Boston,
while in London looked up the *Tune Book*
used with Rippon's *Selection* and found

that this hymn was commonly sung to the tune "Geard," which was composed by R. Keene, at one time a leader of the singing in Dr. Rippon's church.

It has long been a custom for composers who write both words and music to put their names to the music only or to put the name to the music and their initials, sometimes reversed or otherwise disguised, to the words.

Mr. Hastings still had some doubts as to the authorship, yet he comes to this conclusion: "In view of all the facts, we think we may consider the question settled and definitely assign the authorship of the hymn, 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,' to R. Keene, a precursor in Dr. Rippon's church and the author of the tune 'Geard,' to which it was sung."

Dr. Julian, in his *Dictionary of Hymnology*, reasoning from different premises, comes to the same conclusion.

The last line of the hymn is based upon Hebrews xiii. 5, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," which in the Greek is much more emphatic. A footnote to the last line of the hymn as given in Rippon's *Selection* says: "Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's translation of Hebrews xiii. 5." The reference is to *The Family Expositor*, a famous book in its day, where Doddridge paraphrased the passage in this manner: "*I will not, I will not leave thee. I will never, never, never forsake thee.*"

462

11s, 10s.

COME unto Me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;

Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
Catherine H. Esling.

This hymn, which was written by Miss Catherine H. Waterman, of Philadelphia, the year before her marriage to Mr. George J. Esling, was first published in an annual called *The Christian Keepsake*, 1839, where it bore the title, "*Come Unto Me.*" It is based on Matthew xi. 28: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The original contains nine stanzas, the above being composed of the third, eighth, and ninth stanzas, slightly altered.

463

7s. D.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

The original title was: "*In Temptation.*" From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

This is one of the most popular and beloved hymns in the language. Its only rival for the very first place is "Rock of Ages," and some critics would place it before that.

One stanza, the third, has been omitted:

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care:
 Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
 While I of Thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and, behold, I live!

Only one little word has been changed. Wesley wrote in the first stanza:

Till the storm of life is past.

The change of "is" to "be" is an uncalled-for and unjustifiable refinement.

When it first came into general use, editors made many changes in the first lines; but recent compilers have returned to the original as, on the whole, the best form.

Hymn Studies, first published in 1884, said:

There are several stories concerning the origin of this hymn. One is that a meeting of the Wesley brothers was broken up by a mob. They took refuge in a springhouse. There the author, inspired by gratitude for their providential escape, wrote the hymn with a piece of lead which he hammered into a pencil. Another is that the writer was one day sitting at an open window, when a little bird, pursued by a hawk, flew in and took refuge in the poet's bosom. This incident, it is said, suggested the hymn. Neither of these stories can be verified. They are doubtless pure myths. The original title gives us some light, and the omitted stanza, especially in connection with the first verse, shows that some of the imagery and language of this

hymn were borrowed from the story of Peter's attempt to walk on the Sea of Galilee. (Matt. xiv. 28-31.) The author's genius and his rough experience on the Atlantic account for the rest.

The mob story continues to be serenely told, but the fact is that the hymn was written in 1739, about the time of the organization of the first little "societies" of Methodists and before the period of mobs.

Dr. Duffield, the author of "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," says:

One of the most blessed days of my life was when I found, after my harp had hung on the willows, that I could *sing* again; that a new song was put into my mouth; and when, ere I was aware, I was singing "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

This hymn was a great favorite with the English Methodist, Hugh Price Hughes, who died suddenly in 1902. He requested that the line, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," be inscribed on his tombstone.

Henry Ward Beecher said:

I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God.

464

7s, 6s.

SLOWLY, slowly darkening
 The evening hours roll on;
 And soon behind the cloudland
 Will sink my setting sun.

2 Around my path life's mysteries
 Their deepening shadows throw;
 And as I gaze and ponder,
 They dark and darker grow.

3 But there's a voice above me
 Which says, "Wait, trust, and pray;
 The night will soon be over,
 And light will come with day."

4 Father! the light and darkness
 Are both alike to thee;
 Then to thy waiting servant,
 Alike they both shall be.

- 5 The great unending future,
I cannot pierce its shroud;
Yet nothing doubt, nor tremble,
God's bow is on the cloud.
- 6 To him I yield my spirit;
On him I lay my load;
Fear ends with death; beyond it
I nothing see but God.
- 7 Thus moving toward the darkness
I calmly wait his call,
Now seeing, fearing—nothing;
But hoping, trusting—all!

Samuel Greg.

This hymn was written in September, 1868, in the midst of great affliction, and titled, "*The Mystery of Life.*" The original contains eleven stanzas. It was published in 1877 in a posthumous volume containing addresses and short poems by the author, which bore the title, *A Layman's Legacy.*

This is a hymn of rare power to strengthen faith in hours of darkness and distress.

465 C. M. 6l.

- F**ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,

A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

- 6 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful, not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.
- 7 In service which thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring. Alt.

Title: "*My Times Are in Thy Hand.*"
(Ps. xxxi. 15.) This is the first poem in the author's *Hymns and Meditations.* 1850. One verse, the sixth, has been omitted. It is so quaint that we quote it here:

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

Bishop Bickersteth in his notes says:

This hymn may seem more suitable for private meditation or for being sung around the home altar than for public worship, though there are occasions when it is not out of harmony with the service of the sanctuary.

The original is a little irregular, and the alterations consist mostly of a few omissions of syllables from redundant lines.

466 L. M. 6l.

- T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
 My rest in toll, my ease in pain;
 The medicine of my broken heart;
 In war my peace; in loss my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame my glory and my crown:

4 In want my plentiful supply;
 In weakness my almighty power;
 In bonds my perfect liberty;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief my joy unspeakable;
 My life in death—my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.
 Title: "*Hymns for Believers. For the Morning.*" The real theme evidently is "Christ our All in all." The author wrote in the last line "*My heaven in hell*" instead of "my all in all." Concerning this remarkable expression Stevenson has a helpful and suggestive note:

The poet's idea in this hymn is to exalt Christ, and he selects various circumstances in life which he gives in striking antithesis to set this forth. Christ is the Christian's rest in toil, his ease in pain, his peace in war, his gain in loss, his liberty in bondage, and last of all comes this marvelous climax—his heaven in hell! This, of course, cannot be taken as it is literally expressed; it is a poet's license with language which requires to be received in a careful and modified symbolical sense.

While the change made in the text removes an expression liable to be misunderstood, it destroys the climax of the hymn.

A gentleman of large wealth, who was noted for his spirituality, was asked by a friend how he was enabled to preserve such a frame of mind in the midst of great and multitudinous business transactions. He replied: "By making Christ my All in all." After a time he sustained heavy financial losses in a commercial crisis, when his friend again asked him how he was enabled to maintain not only his serenity of mind, but even cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit. He replied: "By finding my all in Christ." This was indeed a beautiful reply.

467

7s, 6s. D.

I KNOW no life divided,
 O Lord of life, from thee;
 In thee is life provided
 For all mankind and me:
 I know no death, O Jesus,
 Because I live in thee;
 Thy death it is which frees us
 From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
 Since, whatsoever it be,
 It makes no separation
 Between my Lord and me.
 If thou, my God and teacher,
 Vouchsafe to be my own,
 Though poor, I shall be richer
 Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
 My heart is light and blest,
 Ah, what shall I be yonder,
 In perfect peace and rest?
 O blessed thought! in dying
 We go to meet the Lord,
 Where there shall be no sighing,
 A kingdom our reward.

Carl J. P. Spitta.

Tr. by Richard Massie.

From the German: "*O Jesu meine Sonne.*"

The translation—eight stanzas, found in *Lyra Domestica*, London, 1860—begins:

O blessed Sun whose splendor
 Dispels the shades of night.

This hymn is composed of verses four, five, and six, unchanged.

468

7s.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
 Only lean upon his word;
 Thou shalt soon have cause to bless
 His eternal faithfulness.

2 Ever in the raging storm
 Thou shalt see his cheering form,
 Ifear his pledge of coming aid:
 "It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet;
 Linger at his mercy-seat:
 He will lead thee by the hand
 Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,
 In thy weary, fainting hour:
 Lean, then, loving, on his word:
 Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Author Unknown.

This hymn appears in many different forms. Several seem to have had a hand in the making of it as it here appears: John Cennick (1743), Rowland Hill (1783), George Rawson (1853), and certain hymn revisers whose names are unknown. The text here used differs seriously from that of both Hill and Rawson, being a great improvement on each. It is based on Psalm lv. 22, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," the second stanza referring to Matthew xiv. 27: "It is I; be not afraid." The Scripture doctrine of burden-bearing, on which this hymn is based, may be stated as follows:

The gospel teaches three things concerning burden-bearing: (1) "Every man shall bear his own burden"—that is, every burden that he can bear. (2) "Bear ye one another's burdens"—that is, instead of placing your burden on some one else, try to find those about you whose burdens are greater than yours, and help them bear their burdens. (3) "Cast thy burden on the Lord"—that is, if there be burdens so heavy that we cannot bear them ourselves and no one offers to help us bear them, these we are invited to cast on the Lord, who has promised either to bear them himself or to gird us with his power and help us bear them. It is this last lesson in burden-bearing that is set forth in this simple but very useful hymn.

469

7s. D.

LORD of earth, thy forming hand
Well this beautiful frame hath planned—
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power:
Yet amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign,
Severed friends shall meet again:
O that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest:
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child:

O if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

Robert Grant.

Written upon Psalm lxxiii. 25: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

Twelve lines have been omitted, and changes have been made in two lines. In 1839 Lord Glenelg, brother of the author, collected twelve of his pieces and published them with the title, *Sacred Poems*.

The first piece is "When gathering clouds around I view;" the second is "Saviour, when in dust to thee." The above hymn is the third. It is not so familiar as the others, but it is equally graceful and valuable.

Note especially how the first verse is addressed to the "Lord of earth," the second to the "Lord of heaven," and the third to the "Lord of earth and heaven," with corresponding and appropriate references in the closing lines of each stanza. In verse two one of the most precious truths about heaven is brought out in these words:

There in love's unclouded reign
Severed friends shall meet again.

But the highest merit of the hymn consists in the beautiful threefold expression it gives to the thought that it is God's presence and smile that can alone make life happy, whether we be on earth or in heaven.

470

C. M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter.

This hymn on "*The Covenant and Confidence of Faith*" the author wrote for himself, but in a note he adds: "This covenant my dear wife, in her former sickness, subscribed with a cheerful spirit." It is found in his *Poetical Fragments*, 1681. It has, as there published, eight double stanzas. The original has been improved by a few verbal changes. In verse one above, which is the fourth verse of the original, the author wrote: "Now it belongs not to my care." In verse two, line four, he wrote: "*That shall have the same pay.*" It is based on Philippians i. 21: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." It is indeed a beautiful hymn of love, trust, and hope.

A generation ago Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest* was one of the most widely read and popular of religious books. It was written at a time when he was so feeble in body that two men had to support him in the pulpit. The subtitle of his *Poetical Fragments* is: "*Heart Employment with God and Itself; the Concordant Discord of a Brokenhearted Heart.*" The preface is dated: "London, at the Door of Eternity, August 7, 1681." Among his utterances these are worth quoting:

Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die. That set me on studying how to live, and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts. Beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and am now going to see that for which I have lived and studied.

I have made a psalm of praise in the holy assembly, the chief delightful exercise of my religion and my life, and have helped to bear down all the objections which I heard against church music.

These lines by Richard Baxter suggest the following verses by John Bunyan:

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

471

S. M.

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counselor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*For Believers.*" The original contains seven eight-lined stanzas. This hymn is made up of the first two and the first half of the fifth. The only change is a slight transposition in the fourth stanza. Wesley's order was: "I never will remove."

Filled with devotion, this hymn is of special value for private and home use.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

472

C. M. D.

- I BOW my forehead in the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.
No offering of mine own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love!
- 2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
- 3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
- 4 I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.
And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.

John G. Whittier.

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"*The Eternal Goodness*" is the title of the poem of twenty-two stanzas (of four lines each) from which this hymn is taken. The stanzas have been considerably transposed in making the above hymn, which is composed of the ninth, eighteenth, fourteenth, seventeenth, sixteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-second stanzas of the original. Perhaps no lines that Whittier ever wrote are more universally admired than those found in the second half of verse three and the first half of verse four above.

Whittier more than any other of all our great poets recognizes always and everywhere the goodness and love of God. His poems abound in the most tender and beautiful references to God's never-failing

love for us—a love so wide and free as to make love for him in return and love for our fellow-man to be the crowning attribute of the Christian religion. His poems are one loud and long protest against that type of theology and religion, long dominant in New England and elsewhere, that so obscured the divine goodness and love as to constitute, not a revelation, but a caricature of the true nature of God as the loving Father of all men. The following lines, culled from different poems, are but a few of the many striking and beautiful verses expressive of God's love that are found scattered here and there throughout his writings:

"The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love
The ladder of his faith, and climbs above
On the rounds of his best instincts; draws
no line
Between mere human goodness and divine;
But, judging God by what in him is best,
With a child's trust leans on a Father's
breast."

"That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;
That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight."

"'O child,' he said, 'thou teachest me
There is no place where God is not;
That Love will make, where'er it be,
A holy spot.'"

"O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

"Let me find, in Thy employ,
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude."

Lines like these not only reveal the heart of Whittier, but explain why it is

that he is coming to be more and more admired and loved by Christian people everywhere.

473 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road:
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

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Title: "Looking Unto God." It was contributed to *Hymns of the Spirit*, Boston, 1864, which the author compiled in connection with Rev. Samuel Johnson. It is unaltered and complete.

In a letter dated Cambridge, February 11, 1890, Mr. Longfellow said: "My two favorites among my hymns are the vesper hymn, 'Again as evening's shadow falls,' and one beginning, 'I look to Thee in every need.'"

474 C. M.

OUR highest joys succeed our griefs,
And peace is born of pain;
Smiles follow bitter, blinding tears,
As sunshine follows rain.

2 We gain our rest through weariness,
From bitter draw the sweet:
Strength comes from weakness, hope from fear,
And victory from defeat.

3 We reap where we have sown the seed;
Gain is the fruit of loss;
Life springs from death and, at the end,
The crown succeeds the cross.
Author Unknown.

This hymn, which is not contained, so far as is known, in any other Church collection, was found by a member of the Commission that compiled this Hymnal in the columns of a religious periodical, where it was published anonymously. When we think of how many good and useful hymns are of unknown authorship, there comes to mind the familiar couplet of Ellen H. Gates:

Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

In no other hymn is the idea so strikingly brought out as here that pain must often precede peace, that the defeat of to-day may pave the way for the victory of to-morrow, and that life's brightest crowns are often gained only as a result of losses and crosses that are hard to bear.

475 10s.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.
William H. Burleigh.

Title: "*A Prayer for Guidance.*" Two lines have been changed. The author wrote line three of verse three:

Involved in shadows of a *moral* night.

And line two of verse four:

However rough and steep the *pathway* be.

From the author's *Poems*, New York, 1871.

476 L. M. 61.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him, in the evil days,
Thine all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move!

2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

3 He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as he sees it meet,
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways;
But do thine own part faithfully.
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

Georg Neumark.

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

The title which the author gave this hymn was: "*A Hymn of Consolation.*" This title is followed by the words: "That God will care for and preserve his own in his own time." It is based on Psalm lv. 2. It was written by the author in grateful acknowledgment of the providential blessing that came to him in a time of great trial, and is therefore in no small degree autobiographical. The circumstances that called it forth are described by Dr. Telford as follows:

Neumark was the son of a clothier in Thuringia, and was born in 1621. In the autumn of 1641 he was on his way to matriculate at the University of Königsberg, when the party with which he traveled was attacked by a band of highwaymen, who robbed him of all he had, save his prayer book and a little money sewed up in his clothes. He could find no employment in Magdeburg, near which city he was robbed, or in three other cities to which he went. In December he came to Kiel, where he found a friend in the chief pastor, a native of Thuringia. Still no employment was to be had. About the end of the month, however, the tutor in the family of a judge fell into disgrace and fled from Kiel. The pastor's recommendation secured the place for Neumark, who expressed his gratitude to God in this hymn, which soon became popular all over Germany. He saved enough to go to Königsberg, where he matriculated as a student of law in June, 1643. In 1646 he lost all he had by fire. In 1652 he was appointed court poet, librarian, and registrar at Weimar, and in 1656 was made secretary of the Fruit-Bearing Society, a famous literary union. He became blind in 1681, and died that year in Weimar.

In the last year of his life Neumark speaks of this hymn: "Which good fortune coming suddenly, and as if fallen from heaven, greatly rejoiced me, and on that very day I composed to the honor of my beloved Lord the here and there well-known hymn, '*Wer nur den Heben Gott lasst walten*;' and had certainly cause enough to thank the divine compassion for such unlooked-for grace shown to me."

A baker's boy in New Brandenburg used to sing this hymn over his work, and soon the whole town and neighborhood flocked to him to learn "this beautiful new song." The hymn was sung, by his own request, at the funeral of Friedrich Wilhelm I. of Prussia in 1740. J. S. Bach composed a cantata based on Neumark's own tune. Mendelssohn used it in his *St. Paul*, "To thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit."

477 L. M.

NOT always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

2 Lord, it is good abiding here
We cry, the heavenly presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

3 Yet hath one such exalted hour,
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways;

4 Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

5 The mount for vision—but below
The paths of dally duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.
Frederick L. Hosmer.

Author's title: "On the Mount." Although written in 1882, it was first published in *Unity*, Chicago, April 1, 1884. It is based upon the story of the transfiguration, Matthew xvii. The lesson that the author gives us here in metrical form is wholesome and inspiring. We cannot abide upon the "mount of vision;" there is work for us in the valley. But to see the real Christ once is not only necessary, but a lifelong inspiration.

478 8, 8, 8, 6.

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bidd'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee.

2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

This hymn on "Clinging to Christ" was written in 1834, shortly after the death of the author's father, and was first published in the 1834 edition of her *Invalid's Hymn Book*, where it begins: "Holy Saviour, Friend unseen." It is, as a rule, only when one has had experience in suf-

fering and sorrow that he realizes the need of "clinging to Christ." This song was learned in suffering.

479 C. M.

O LOVE! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one,
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

2 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

3 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

4 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

5 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

John G. Whittier.

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Part of a sweet and majestic poem of thirty-eight stanzas, entitled: "Our Master." It is made up of verses twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, thirty-two, and thirty-four, unaltered. No. 128 in this book is a part of the same grand poem.

Whittier once said to the writer of this note that he had not undertaken to write hymns because he was no musician and did not know what was singable. But, taught by intuition, without technical knowledge, he wrote some poems easily set to music, and, without trying, produced some lyrics that will be sung in the Christian Church long after his more ambitious work shall have become neglected.

480 C. M.

I WORSHIP thee, most gracious God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

- 2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.
- 3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.
- 4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
- 5 Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

Frederick W. Faber.

"*The Will of God*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Hymns*, published in various editions from 1848 to 1884, and it there begins: "I worship thee, sweet will of God." The original contains fourteen stanzas, the above being the first, seventh, ninth, thirteenth, and fourteenth. The sweet, flowing rhythm and confiding trust that characterize this hymn and so many others that Faber wrote have made him one of the most beloved of modern hymn-writers.

481 8, 8, 8, 8, 6.

- O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
- 2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.
- 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson.

The trust, joy, and glad surrender in this hymn are admirable. Stories of its origin like the following are circulated in this country:

We sing sometimes that hymn of Matheson's: "O Love that wilt not let me go." But it is worth while to remember how Matheson came to write those beautiful lines. Nay, we need to know how he came to the experience out of which he could write them. He had loved a woman as only a fine-grained man can ever love. But when blindness came upon him the woman gave him up. Her renouncement broke his heart, but it drove him to the heart of One who *would not let him go*. And so he sang of what he had found: "O Love that wilt not let me go."

This cannot be true. The author became blind at the age of fifteen; he was forty years old when he wrote the hymn. Dr. Matheson's own account of the composition of this hymn is very interesting, and is as follows:

My hymn was composed in the manse of Innellan on the evening of June 6, 1882. I was at that time alone. It was the day of my sister's marriage, and the rest of the family were staying overnight in Glasgow. Something had happened to me which was known only to myself, and which caused me the most severe mental suffering. It was the quickest bit of work I ever did in my life. I had the impression rather of having it dictated to me by some inward voice than of working it out myself. [*Life of George Matheson*, by D. Macmillan.]

482 7s. 6l.

- JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Bolsterous waves obey thy will
When thou sayest to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,

May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Edward Hopper.

This beautiful hymn was first published in the *Sailor's Magazine*, 1871, anonymously. The original has six stanzas, the above being the first, fifth, and sixth. It was published in the *Baptist Praise Book*, 1871, and in Dr. C. S. Robinson's collection of *Spiritual Songs*, 1878, as of unknown authorship. The author was pastor of the "Church of the Sea and Land" during the last eighteen years of his life. A great many sailors attended this church. On May 10, 1880, the Seamen's Friend Society held its anniversary in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, and Dr. Hopper, the author of this hymn, was requested to write a special hymn for the occasion. Instead of so doing he brought this hymn with him and gave it out, thinking that this was the first use of it in public worship. He afterwards learned, however, that it had already been published in two or more Church hymnals. This was the first that the public knew of the real authorship of the hymn.

For some years before he died (April, 1888) the author suffered with heart disease, and his death was very sudden. He had just finished some lines on "Heaven," and while he still sat upright in his study chair and his pencil still lay on the fresh-written page of the manuscript, he suddenly heard and answered the voice that said: "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

The tune to which it is universally sung is beautifully adapted to the words. The hymn suggests the inspiring lines of another poet:

Then courage, O ye mariners;
Ye cannot suffer wreck,
While up to God your fervent prayers
Are rising from the deck.

Sail bravely on, O mariners,
To daylight and to land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder in his hand!

483

C. M.

MY God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace:
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

5 So would I love thee, dearest Lord,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier (?).

Tr. by Edward Caswall.

Slightly altered from the translator's text as found in *Lyra Catholica*, 1849, where it has this heading: "*Hymn of St. Francis Xavier. O Deus, ego amo Te.*"

The third stanza is omitted from the hymn. It is valuable because it brings out the idea that it was "while we were yet sinners" that Christ died for us.

And griefs and torments numberless;
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was thine enemy.

Recent investigation has shown that this hymn was not written by Xavier. The authorship is unknown.

484

C. M.

O THOU, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—

2 What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about?

3 Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore.

4 O sweeter than aught else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light I may not see!

5 And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

"*The Mystery of God*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's volume titled *The Thought of God*, 1885. It was written, however, in 1876, and was first published in the New York *Inquirer*. Replying to a letter inquiring as to what circumstances may have led him to write this and other hymns in this volume, the author says:

Aside from occasional hymns, such as were written for church dedications, festivals, etc., my hymns have come to me rather as the expression of devouter moods and a widening experience of life than as the direct reflection of any one event or experience; and they were written for the most part less with any view to publication than for the satisfaction such expressions gave me at the time. All the more gratifying has it been to me that they have found response in other minds and hearts of different denominational folds.

185 8, 8, 8, 4.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

Title: "*Stilling the Sea.*" (Mark iv.
37-41.) Date, 1881.

This fine lyric reminds us of the Greek hymn of Anatolius, Patriarch of Constantinople, who died in 458. The translation is by Dr. John Mason Neale:

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh:
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I!"

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wall of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest.
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light:
"Peace! It is I!"

Jesu, Deliverer!
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth:
"Peace! It is I!"

486 11, 10, 11, 6.

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark
and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening
rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn
and weary,
Still will we trust in God!

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief
and pain;
Through him alone who hath our way ap-
pointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak pre-
ferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast
designed;
Choose for us, God! thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the
loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh.

This hymn first appeared in *Lyra Sacra Americana*, 1868. The sentiment of it is such as to call forth from Dr. C. S. Robinson this significant comment: "Sometimes it requires more real piety to be still under commonplace worries, to be patient in prosaic drudgeries than to go straight into battle. A great many Christians are dissatisfied unless they can be set about doing *some big thing*."

487

P. M.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right;

His will is ever just;

Howe'er he orders now my cause,

I will be still and trust.

He is my God;

Though dark my road,

He holds me that I shall not fall,

Wherefore to him I leave it all.

2 What'e'r my God ordains is right;

He never will deceive;

He leads me by the proper path,

And so to him I cleave,

And take content

What he hath sent;

His hand can turn my griefs away,

And patiently I wait his day.

3 What'e'r my God ordains is right;

Though I the cup must drink

That bitter seems to my faint heart,

I will not fear nor shrink;

Tears pass away

With dawn of day;

Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,

And pain and sorrow all depart.

4 What'e'r my God ordains is right;

My light, my life is he,

Who cannot will me aught but good;

I trust him utterly;

For well I know,

In joy or woe,

We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,

How faithful was our guardian here.

5 What'e'r my God ordains is right;

Here will I take my stand,

Though sorrow, need, or death make earth

For me a desert land.

My Father's care

Is round me there,

He holds me that I shall not fall;

And so to him I leave it all.

Samuel Rodigast.

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

17

From the German. The translation, six stanzas, is found in *Lyra Germanica*, Second Series, 1858, under the title: "*The Quiet Hoping Heart*." It has this preface: "Written for the comfort of a sick friend, who set it to music, and on his recovery frequently caused it to be sung before his house by the school choir." The date of the German hymn is 1675.

488

7s, 6s. D.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar.

"*The Fullness of Jesus*" is the author's title to this hymn, which is the first that he ever wrote. It was written for the Sabbath school in Kelso, Scotland, and was first published in the first edition of the author's *Songs for the Wilderness*, 1843. The author wrote "to" instead of "and" in the last line of the hymn. The third stanza of the original is inferior to the other stanzas, and is omitted here. As republished in the *Bible Hymn Book*, 1844, it bears the title "The Substitute." The author was heard frequently to express his surprise at the popularity of this hymn. He used to say that it might be good gos-

pel but was certainly not good poetry. But the author perhaps underestimated its literary qualities.

489 L. M.

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
Joseph H. Gilmore.

The seed thought and title of this favorite hymn is: "*He Leadeth Me Beside the Still Waters.*" (Ps. xxiii. 2.) It first appeared in the *Watchman and Reflector*, Boston, December 4, 1862, in which it was signed "Contocook."

At the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia in 1862 Dr. Gilmore conducted the Wednesday evening service and took for his Scripture lesson the twenty-third Psalm. After the service the same subject, the leadership of God, was continued in the home where he was stopping. The author says:

During the conversation, the blessedness of God's leadership so grew upon me that I took out my pencil, wrote the hymn just as it stands to-day, handed it to my wife, and thought no more about it. She sent it, without my knowledge, to the *Watchman and Reflector*. Three years later, I went to Rochester to preach for the Second Baptist Church. On entering the chapel I took up a hymn book, thinking: "I wonder what they

sing." The book opened at "He Leadeth Me," and that was the first time I knew my hymn had found a place among the songs of the Church.

The hymn is not altered, save that the last two lines of the chorus have been added by another hand.

490 7s, 9s.

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

Refrain.

Every day, every hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power;
May thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.
Fanny J. Crosby.

This was first published in the author's volume titled *Brightest and Best*, 1875, where it bears the title, "*Jesus, All and in All.*" In *Sankcys Story of the Gospel Hymns*, published in 1906, is the following note on this hymn:

The tune preceded the words in this instance. It was in 1875 that Mr. Doane sent the tune to Fanny Crosby and requested her to write a hymn entitled: "*Every Day and Hour.*" Her response in the form of this hymn gave the blind hymn-writer great comfort and filled her heart with joy. She felt sure that God would bless the hymn to many hearts. Her hope has been most fully verified, for millions have been refreshed and strengthened as they have sung it. At the suggestion of Mr. D. W. McWilliams, who was superintendent of Dr. Cuyler's Sunday school for twenty-five years, it was put into *Gospel Hymns*.

While several of the author's most beautiful hymns were written at the request of composers to accompany special tunes,

this was not usually the case. Speaking once of her habits of hymn-writing, she said: "After the hymn is finished and transcribed by some friend, it generally waits for its tune, and steadfastly hopes that it will succeed in making a matrimonial alliance and a good one. I have had the advantage, for the most part, of very sympathetic and talented composers." Among the many composers and singers who have enjoyed her friendship and delighted to sing her songs and compose tunes for them when requested may be named Ira D. Sankey, W. B. Bradbury, Philip Phillips, Theodore E. Perkins, Robert Lowry, W. H. Doane, W. T. Sherwin, J. R. Sweeney, W. J. Kirkpatrick, Silas Vall, L. H. Biglow, and others. The popularity of Fanny Crosby's hymns is due in no small degree to the tunes written by these composers.

491

P. M.

- J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die
My Saviour prayed, "forgive!"

Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries: "'Tis
done!"

O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

Charles Wesley.

Part of one of several hymns, titled "*For One Fallen from Grace*." The original has twelve stanzas, of which these are verses one, two, six, and twelve. One word has been changed. In the fourth line of the last stanza Wesley wrote:

My Saviour *gasp*ed, "forgive."

For this improvement we are indebted to the editors of the 1849 edition of the Methodist hymn book.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. By Charles Wesley, 1749.

492

C. M.

- O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

As found in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, this bears the title "*Walking with God*." It was first published in Conyers's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, second edition, 1772. It is based on Genesis v. 24: "And Enoch walked with God."

n the English periodical titled *Notes and Queries*, for July 30, 1904, some hitherto unpublished letters of Cowper appeared which throw not a little light on three or four of his hymns, this hymn being one of those referred to in those letters. It appears that it was written when the author was in deep distress of mind over the serious illness of his dearest friend and companion, Mrs. Mary Unwin. In a letter written on December 10, 1769, Cowper says:

When I consider the great meetness to which the Lord has wrought her for the inheritance in light, her most exemplary patience under the sharpest sufferings, her truly Christian humility and resignation, I am more than ever inclined to believe that her hour has come. Let me engage your prayers for her and for me. You know what I have most need of upon an occasion like this. Pray that I may receive it at His hands from whom every good and perfect gift cometh. She is the chief of blessings I have met with in my journey, since the Lord was pleased to call me, and I hope the influence of her edifying and excellent example will never leave me. Her illness has been a sharp trial to me. O that it may have a sanctified effect, that I may rejoice to surrender up to the Lord my dearest comforts the moment he shall require them. O for no will but the will of my Heavenly Father!

I return you thanks for the verses you sent me, which speak sweetly the language of a Christian soul. I wish I could pay you in kind, but must be contented to pay you in the best kind I can. I began to compose them yesterday morning [December 9, 1769] before daybreak, but fell asleep at the end of the first two lines. When I awaked again, the third and fourth verses were whispered to my heart in a way which I have often experienced:

"O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the lamb."

[Here follows the entire hymn as found above.]

I am yours, my dear aunt, in the bands of that love which cannot be quenched.

W. C.

This is certainly an interesting letter, in that it not only gives important informa-

tion concerning the hymn under consideration, but also because it reveals so beautifully the modesty and piety of the poet, who spent so large a part of his life in the shadow of insanity, in which sad state Mrs. Unwin ever proved to be a true and sympathetic friend.

"O that the ardor of my first love had continued!" wrote Cowper in one of his melancholy, depressed spiritual moods that followed the ecstatic experience of his early love. It is a curious fact that one who had no real occasion for mourning departed joys, at least so far as the continuance of the divine love to him was concerned, should have written this most appropriate and popular of all hymns for a backslidden state. Few hymns have ever gone into the hymn books of all Churches with absolutely no change from the original, as this has done.

493

S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath.

Title: "*Fight the Good Fight of Faith.*"

It has been altered in seven lines, and improved by the changes. Verse one, line three:

An host of sins are pressing hard.

Verse three, lines two, three, and four:

*Nor once at ease sit down,
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.*

Verse four, lines two, three, and four:

*God will the work applaud,
Reveal his Love at thy last breath,
And take to his abode.*

From *Hymns and Poetic Essays Sacred to the Public and Private Worship of the Deity, and to Religious and Christian Improvement*, by the Rev. George Heath. Bristol, 1781.

A most worthy lyric; it is a challenge to watchfulness and perseverance. It will always be needed. Christ said: "I say unto all, Watch."

494 7, 7, 7, 3.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
Watch and pray.

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott.

First published in the author's *Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week*, 1839, where it is appointed for Wednesday morning. It is based on Matthew xxvi. 41: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

495 L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

Hugh Stowell.

A Selection of Psalms and Hymns Suited to the Services of the Church of England, by the Rev. H. Stowell, M.A., Manchester, England, 1831, contained this hymn and a few others by the same writer. Changes are found in four lines.

Verse two, line four:

It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

Verse three, line one:

There is a spot where spirits blend.

Verse five, lines two and four:

And time and sense seem all no more;
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

The last stanza is omitted:

6 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, stiff, and still;
My bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

The author's son wrote: "My father's last utterances abundantly showed his love of and delight in prayer. Almost every word was prayer, couched for the most part in the language of holy Scripture or the Book of Common Prayer, and these prayers were characterized by the deepest humility and most entire self-distrust."

496 L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper.

"*Exhortation to Prayer*" is the title to this in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. The fourth and fifth stanzas of the original are omitted:

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they falied,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? Ah! think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Cowper was noted for his power in public prayer. Said one who knew him well: "Of all the men I ever heard pray, no one equaled Mr. Cowper." One who knew the sweetness of closet prayer, as he did, and who was always in his place at the week-night cottage prayer meetings of his pastor, as he was, might be expected to have power in public prayer.

497

C. M.

P RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hath trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery.

This fine didactic hymn was written in 1818, at the request of the Rev. E. Bickersteth, for his *Treatise on Prayer*. Two stanzas, the sixth and seventh, have been omitted:

6 In prayer, on earth the saints are one,
In word, in deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made by man alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

This is Montgomery's masterpiece. He said himself: "The most attractive hymn I ever wrote is that on prayer." The first part is an elaborate description of the nature of prayer in its various forms. The last stanza is itself a magnificent prayer which illustrates the whole poem.

The authorship of valuable poems is frequently claimed by unprincipled or irresponsible parties. Some years ago a woman claimed this poem on prayer, not knowing its date. It was published in England before she was born.

498

C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phæbe H. Brown.

Few hymns have a more interesting and pathetic history than this "Twilight Hymn." It was not originally written as a hymn. The authoress, beset by the limitations of poverty, and having no place or opportunity for retirement in her humble little house, crowded as it was with little children, was accustomed at the twilight hour to retire to a grove near by for religious meditation and prayer. A wealthy lady neighbor, near whose garden this wooded place of retirement was located, and who totally misinterpreted the object of these visits, meeting Mrs. Brown, accused her of having some evil intent in thus daily prowling about her premises at the twilight hour. Stinging under the accusation, Mrs. Brown went home and wrote the following:

AN APOLOGY FOR MY TWILIGHT RAMBLES,

Addressed to a Lady.

(Ellington, August, 1818.)

Yes, when the toilsome day is gone,
And night with banners gray,
Steals silently the glade along
In twilight's soft array,

I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In gratitude and prayer.

I love to feast on Nature's scenes
When falls the evening dew,
And dwell upon her silent themes,
Forever rich and new.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all God's promises to plead
Where none can see or hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future ones implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love to meditate on death!
When shall his message come,
With friendly smiles to steal my breath,
And take an exile home?

I love by faith to take a view
Of blissful scenes in Heaven:
The sight doth all my strength renew,
While here by storms I'm driven.

I love this silent twilight hour
Far better than the rest;
It is, of all the twenty-four,
The happiest and the best.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

The following is Mrs. Brown's own account of the origin of this beautiful and popular hymn:

It was in Ellington that I wrote the "Twilight Hymn." My baby daughter was in my arms when I wrote it. I had been out on a visit to Dr. Hyde's, and several were present. After tea one of my neighbors, who I had ever felt was my superior in every way, came and sat down near me, chatting with another lady without noticing me. Just as I was rising to go home, she turned suddenly upon me and said: "Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house and then go back without coming in? If you want anything, why don't you come in and ask for it? I could not think who it was, and sent my girl down to the garden to see; and she said it was you—that you came to the fence, but, seeing her, turned quickly away, muttering something to yourself." There was something in her manner, more than her words, that grieved me. I went home, and that evening was left alone. After my children were all in bed except my baby, I sat down in the kitchen with my child in my arms, when the grief of my heart burst forth in a flood of tears. I took pen and paper and gave vent to my oppressed heart in what I called "My Apology for My Twilight Rambles, Addressed to a Lady." It will be found in its original form in an old manuscript among my papers. In preparing it (some years after) for Nettleton's *Village Hymns* (1824), some three or four verses were suppressed and a few expressions altered. In the original the first stanza was:

"I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care."

This was strictly true. I had four little children, a small, unfinished house, a sick sister in the only finished room, and there was not a place, above or below, where I could retire for devotion without a liability to be interrupted. There was no retired room, rock, or grove where I could go as in former days, but there was no dwelling between our house and the one where that lady lived. Her garden extended down a good way below her house, which stood on a beautiful eminence. The garden was highly cultivated, with fruits and flowers. I loved to smell the fragrance of both (though I could not see them), when I could do so without neglecting duty; and I used to steal away from all within doors, and, going out of our gate, stroll along under the elms that were planted for shade on each side of the road. And as there was seldom any one passing that way after dark, I felt quite retired and alone with God. I often walked quite up that beautiful garden, and sniffed the fragrance of the peach, the grape, and the ripening apple, if not the flowers. I never saw any one in the garden, and felt that I could have the privilege of that walk and those few moments of uninterrupted communion with God without encroaching upon any one; but after once knowing that my steps were watched and made the subject of remark and censure, I never could enjoy it as I had done. I have often thought Satan had tried his best to prevent me from prayer by depriving me of a place to pray.

For this hymn her son wrote the tune called "Monson," and William B. Bradbury the tune called "Brown." One of these "little ones" became Rev. S. R. Brown, D.D., the first Christian missionary from America to Japan. Two of Mrs. Brown's grandchildren are now missionaries in Japan.

499

C. M.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley.

A recent writer quaintly and truly says: "He that talks with God will hear something worth while."

Author's title: "*On a Journey.*" The first stanza of the original has been omitted:

1 Saviour, who ready art to hear,
(Reader than I to pray,
Answer my scarcely uttered prayer,
And meet me on the way.

Verses one and two were written in the singular number: "Talk with *me*," etc.

In the second stanza the author, perhaps unconsciously, quoted Milton:

"With thee conversing, I forget all time,"

is what Eve says to Adam in *Paradise Lost*, Book iv., line 639.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

500

7s. D.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep, expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Robert Grant.

This was first published in the *Christian Observer*, 1815, where it bears the title "Litany." It also appears among the author's *Sacred Poems*, 1839, which were collected and published by his brother, Lord Glenelg, the year after his death, 1838. This hymn appears in an abridged and altered form in No. 280.

501 8, 8, 8, 4.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

Author's title: "*The Hour of Prayer.*"
One verse, the third, has been omitted:

3 For then a Day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

From *Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted*, by Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

The author of "Just as I Am" here speaks of her appreciation of secret prayer. It would seem from the second stanza that this writer had two hours of prayer every day, a "tranquil" hour in the morning and a "solemn" hour in the evening when she found strength, hope, and comfort in prayer. It is safe and wise for all Christians to have a place and regular times to indulge in and to cultivate communion with God.

502 L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language
lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fall;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart.

"*Pray without Ceasing*" is the author's title to this in the *Appendix to Hart's Hymns on Various Subjects*, 1762. It is based upon 1 Thessalonians v. 17: "Pray without ceasing." The author wrote in verse one, line one, "was" instead of "is;" line four, "For only while they pray" instead of "They learn to pray when first;" in verse two, line four, "The remedy's before thee," instead of "In every case, still

watch and;" in verse four, line four, "Ask what thou wilt," instead of "Ask but in faith." Two stanzas are omitted:

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites:

He speaks as prompted from within,
The Spirit his petition writes:
And Christ receives and gives it in.

2 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?

My soul, thou hast a Friend on high,
Arise, and try thy interest there.

Prayer has its paradoxes no less than other experiences of the religious life. He does most in prayer who realizes most perfectly his utter powerlessness to do anything of himself. Among the author's hymns is to be found the following curious and interesting poem titled "*The Paradox*:"

How strange is the course that a Christian
must steer!

How perplexed is the path he must tread!

The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.

His faintest pretensions must wholly be
waived,

And his best resolutions be crossed;

Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.

When all this is done, and his heart is as-
sured

Of the total remission of sins,

When his pardon is signed, and his peace is
procured,

From that moment his conflict begins.

503

L. M.

LOrd of our life, God whom we fear,
Unknown, yet known; unseen, yet near;
Breath of our breath, in thee we live;
Life of our life, our praise receive.

2 Thine eye detects the sparrow's fall;
Thy heart of love expands for all;
Our throbbing life is full of thee,
Throned in thy vast infinity.

3 Shine in our darkness, Light of Light,
Our minds illumine, disperse our night;
Make us responsive to thy will,
Our souls with all thy fullness fill.

4 We love thy name, we heed thy rod,
Thy word, our law: O gracious God!
We wait thy will: on thee we call;
Our light, our life, our love, our all.

Samuel F. Smith.

Title: "*God with Us*." A genuine hymn.

It is prayerful and scriptural. It illustrates the very important thought that "in him we live, and move, and have our being;" and, in the last stanza, that loving obedience, doing the will of God from the heart, is the highest type of piety.

This hymn was contributed by Dr. Smith to *Historic Hymnists. A Portrait Gallery of Great Hymn Writers*, November 24, 1891, and was first published in that book. Boston, 1892.

504

C. M.

SINCE without Thee we do no good,
And with thee do no ill,
Abide with us in weal and woe,
In action and in will;

2 In weal that while our lips confess
The Lord who gives, we may
Remember with an humble thought
The Lord who takes away;

3 In woe, that while the drowning tears
Our hearts their joys resign,
We may remember who can turn
Such water into wine;

4 By hours of day, that when our feet
O'er hill and valley run,
We still may think the light of truth
More welcome than the sun;

5 By hours of night, that when the air
Its dew and shadow yields,
We still may hear the voice of God
In silence of the fields.

6 Abide with us, abide with us,
While flesh and soul agree;
And when our flesh is only dust,
Abide our souls with thee.

Elizabeth B. Browning.

This is taken from the *Poetical Works of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, where it bears the title "*Hymn*." It is prefaced by two passages from the Psalms: "Lord, I cry unto thee: make

haste unto me" (Ps. cxli. 1); "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him" (Ps. cxlv. 18). The sixth stanza, omitted above, is:

Oh! then sleep comes on us like death,
All soundless, deaf and deep:
Lord, teach us so to watch and pray,
That death may come like sleep.

505 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

LIGHT of the world! whose kind and gentle care

Is joy and rest;
Whose counsels and commands so gracious are,

Wisest and best—
Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way,
Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure desire,

Its hope and peace;
Let not the faith thy loving words inspire
Falter, or cease;

But be to me, true Friend, my chief delight,
And safely guide, that every step be right.

3 My blessed Lord! what bliss to feel thee near,

Faithful and true;
To trust in thee, without one doubt or fear,
Thy will to do;
And all the while to know that thou, our Friend,
Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.

4 And then, O then! when sorrow's night is o'er,

Life's daylight come,
And we are safe within heaven's golden door,

At home! at home!
How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
Saviour, to thee our everlasting praise.

Henry Bateman.

Title: "*Jesus the Guide.*" It is found in Dale's *English Hymn Book*, 1874. This is called the author's best hymn. "It is a prayer of more than usual merit for Divine guidance," says the *Dictionary of Hymnology*.

506 6s, 4s.

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

Refrain.

I need thee, O I need thee;
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to thee!

2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

Annie S. Hawks.

This hymn was written in 1872, the tune being composed for it by Dr. Robert Lowry. It first appeared in a small collection of songs prepared by Dr. Lowry and Mr. W. H. Doane for the National Baptist Sunday School Association, which met at Cincinnati, Ohio, November, 1872. It is one of the most popular of modern songs, being adapted alike to social meetings, revival services, and the Sunday school. It is a simple but sincere expression in song of the Christian believer's ever-present sense of need of divine help and guidance.

507 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

- 5 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

John Newton.

This familiar and valuable prayer song was written upon 1 Kings iii. 5, the words of God to Solomon: "Ask what I shall give thee." It is from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. Two stanzas, the third and fifth, have been omitted:

- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

508

8s, 7s.

- T**AKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Refrain.

- Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.
- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
- 3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Lydia Baxter.

This beautiful and popular hymn on "The Name of Jesus" was written in 1870 for a collection of hymns prepared and published in 1871 by W. H. Doane, the composer, whose tune is inseparably associated with it and has done much to give it the widespread popularity which it enjoys.

The author of this hymn was an invalid confined to her room for many years, during which she exhibited not only a sweet spirit of resignation but a Christian cheerfulness and joy not often seen even among those who are never called on to suffer. The secret of this constant cheerfulness and sunshine of spirit is revealed in the sentiment contained in the above hymn. It is a secret as good for the singer as for the author of the hymn.

509

P. M.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At thy feet shall fall:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling place on high.

- 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling place on high.
- 3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling place on high.
- 4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God:
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling place on high.

5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and gray,
Seek thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to thee
All his orphan-woe;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling place on high.

Horatius Bonar.

"*Intercession for All Conditions of Men.*" From Dr. Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*. Third Series, 1867.

It is evidently modeled after the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple, 1 Kings viii. 23-53, a prayer that all who pray in public would do well to study.

The last stanza is omitted; even now it is too long for singing.

The author's son, Rev. H. N. Bonar, gives the history of this hymn as follows:

My father was asked to provide words to the music, and was specially requested to furnish a fitting refrain to the two lovely lines of Mendelssohn's with which Calcott's tune, "Intercession," ends. In searching for a Scripture theme containing some reiterated phrase almost of the nature of a refrain, he was struck with Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple (2 Chron. vi.), in which every separate petition concludes with substantially the same words.

This idea was taken for his starting point, and Solomon's words, "Hear thou from heaven thy dwelling place and forgive," became the familiar couplet:

"Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling place on high."

This foundation once provided, the rest of the hymn was built upon it.

Dr. Bonar said that he liked this hymn as well as any he had ever written.

510 8s, 4s. D.

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.
Help me to labor earnestly,
And duly pray:
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Father, to-day.

2 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Through all to-day.
Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to thy grace,
Dear Lord, to-day.

3 And if, to-day, this life of mine
Should ebb away,
Give me thy sacrament divine,
Father, to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Through each to-day.

S. M. X.

This hymn, titled "*Strength for To-Day.*" has been generally (as in the earlier editions of this Hymnal) attributed to Ernest R. Wilberforce; but this is a mistake, as will be shown by the following note in Julian's *Dictionary*:

The authoress, who desires to remain anonymous, informs me that this poem was written in 1877, and was first printed in the *English Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for January, 1880, and signed "S. M. X." It has been widely used, but generally altered and abridged. The full and correct form is in her *In Hymnis et Canticis, Verses Sacred and Profane, by a Sister of Notre Dame* (S. M. X.), 1903. These verses were mostly written at Liverpool for the students of the Liverpool Training College.

511 L. M. 6l.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessing speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.
- 6 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 7 I know thee, Saviour, who thou'art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "Wrestling Jacob."

Wesley's hymn contains fourteen stanzas. These are the first four, the eighth, ninth, and eleventh. We print here the rest of the hymn that the reader may see the whole of one of the grandest sacred lyrics in the English language:

- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- 6 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fall,
I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 7 My strength is gone, my nature dies:
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand;
Faint to revive, and fall to rise:
I fall, and yet by faith I stand.
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- 10 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive.

Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face, and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

- 12 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings:
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 13 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 14 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

This is doubtless the most celebrated lyric poem that Charles Wesley ever wrote. It is founded upon Genesis xxxii. 24-26:

And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

Light is thrown upon the character of Jacob's wrestling with the angel by a passage in Hosea xii. 4: "He wept, and made supplication unto him."

The climax of the hymn is reached in the sixth verse (ninth of the original), a stanza that is sublime indeed and *something more*.

Charles Wesley's brief obituary (*Minutes of the Methodist Conferences, 1788*), probably written by his brother John, closes as follows: "His least praise was his talent for poetry, although Dr. Watts did not scruple to say that 'that single poem, "Wrestling Jacob," was worth all the verses he himself had written.'"

Dr. Watts, however, must be understood "poetically." He simply meant that he greatly admired the production.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

512 S. M.

TO God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

2 His mercy now implore;
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Zion's peace.

4 Your guides and brethren bear
Forever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer
In grasping all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

This is from a poem of sixteen double stanzas found in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, under the Scripture title: "*The Whole Armour of God.*" (Ephesians vi. 13.) The first two stanzas of this poem are found in the hymn beginning, "Soldiers of Christ, arise." The above are the second half of the twelfth, the second half of the fourteenth, and the fifteenth stanza entire.

513 8s, 7s. D.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Though the road be long and dreary,
And the end be out of sight,
Tread it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Shun all forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school, or fashion,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;

Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and shining light,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Norman Macleod.

Title: "*Right Doing.*"

It appeared in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* in January, 1857.

A few slight changes have been made and four lines omitted:

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight,
But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

This is neither psalm, hymn, nor spiritual song. It is an earnest and wholesome exhortation in verse.

514 7s.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No; I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton.

Title: "*Nay, I Cannot Let Thee Go.*"
From the *Olney Collection*, 1779. It is based on Genesis xxxii. 24-27:

And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. . . . And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob.

The annotation of Dr. C. S. Robinson upon this hymn is well worth quoting in full, and is as follows:

This hymn by Rev. John Newton may profitably be compared with the magnificent poem of Charles Wesley known as "Wrestling Jacob." Both are founded upon the experience of the patriarch at Penueh (Gen. xxxii. 26). This one in particular pictures to us the matchless mercy of God. We can talk to him in our own plain, artless, unconstrained way, and he takes pleasure in listening to us. Here in the inspired history a poor mortal of no higher fame or name than a herdsman had power to prevail in a contest for a blessing with the omnipotent God, and received a new name as a princely prevailer with the Highest. There is no hope of advantage in any attempt to follow up this mere historic incident as a fact. When the wrestle ends, that ends its instruction. But this was no ordinary part of Jacob's biography. It is evident that it was so truly intended to be an emblem of wistful and importunate supplication that the prophet Hosea was inspired, full a thousand years afterwards, to suggest its interpretation. The Christian Church has taken it up at once, and now the expression, "Wrestling with the angel of the covenant," is as familiar as any of our household words the world over. "Yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed; he wept, and made supplication unto him; he found him in Bethel, and there he spake with us; even the Lord God of hosts; the Lord is his memorial." (See No. 511.)

515

7s.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fall,
When the foes of life prevail,

'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden. Alt.

Title: "Secret Prayer." The original, with six stanzas written in long meter, is found in a very rare book, *The Young Convert's Companion, Being a Collection of Hymns for the Use of Conference Meetings*, Boston, 1806. This book was edited by Mr. Holden, and contains nineteen of his hymns. This has been altered in every line; yet the merits of the hymn, such as they are, belong to the original author.

516

8s. D.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!
William W. Walford.

This hymn, which is one of the most popular of all modern prayer meeting hymns, was composed in 1842 by Rev. William W. Walford, a blind minister of England. He recited it to Rev. Thomas Salmon, pastor of the Congregational

Church at Coleshill, England, who took it down and had it published in the *New York Observer* for September 13, 1845. The tune, which is well suited to the words, was composed in 1859 by W. B. Bradbury, and the hymn and tune were first published together in *Cottage Melodies*, 1859.

The second stanza of the original is omitted above:

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return;
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Saviour, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

517

C. M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

The author's title was simply "A Hymn." It is found in her *Poems*, London, 1786. Only two words have been changed. The author wrote "powers of thought" in the second stanza and "lowring storm" in the last.

This hymn is found in many collections. It is full of faith and trust in God.

518

L. M.

MY Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

- 2 To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy, to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame Guyon.

Tr. by William Cowper.

"*The Soul That Loves God Finds Him Everywhere*" is the author's title to this hymn. Cowper's translation consists of nine stanzas, and is published in his *Poetical Works*, where it begins as follows:

O Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred Love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

It will thus be seen that the first stanza of the hymn above is made up out of the third and fourth lines, respectively, of the first and second stanzas of the original, slightly altered. One needs to read the life of Madame Guyon and bear in mind her intense religious fervor and deep mysticism and her banishment and long imprisonment on charges of heresy in order to understand and fully appreciate this and other hymns which she wrote.

Few more beautiful and touching poems have ever been written than the little poem which she wrote while in prison titled "A Little Bird." As it gives better than perhaps anything else does an in-

sight into her peculiar genius as a poet and her faith, resignation, and courage as a Christian, we quote it in full:

A little bird am I,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.

Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less,
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty:
My prison walls cannot control
The flight and freedom of the soul.

O! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy and freedom of the mind.

The Wesleys were not stronger believers in the doctrine of a conscious witness of the Holy Spirit, entire consecration, and perfect love in this life than was this remarkable woman. She wrote many verses like the following, taken from Cowper's translation:

O Messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet peace, proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task but that of love.

Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which love doth sweetly raise!
To take the cross and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

519 8, 8, 6. D.

O LORD! how happy should we be,
If we could leave our cares to thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that one above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 For when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened souls we rise,
Sure that our Father who is nigh,
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear his children's cries.

3 O may these anxious hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease,
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And in his mercy trusting still,
Find in each trial peace!

Joseph Anstice. Alt.

Written in 1836, and first published in *Hymns by the Late Joseph Anstice, M.A.*

This hymn has been beheaded and otherwise abbreviated. The meter also has been changed and the language altered in nearly every line. If it is not now the best hymn in the book, it is not for lack of editing.

It is based upon 1 Peter v. 7: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." Also Matthew vi. 25-32:

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life. . . . Behold the fowls of the air [Luke: "Behold the ravens"]: . . . your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . . Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

The author was an invalid, dying of a consuming disease in young manhood, when this hymn was written. It was wrung out of him by sickness, pain, and trial.

520 C. M.

NOT only when ascends the song,
And soundeth sweet the word;
Not only 'midst the Sabbath throng
Our souls would seek the Lord.

2 We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak;

- To other business we belong,
But still our Lord we seek.
- 3 We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair;
But in the world thy presence ask,
And seek thy glory there.
- 4 Would we against some wrong be bold,
And break some yoke abhorred?
Amidst the strife and stir behold
The seekers of the Lord!
- 5 When on thy glorious works we gaze,
There thee we fain would see;
Our gladness in their beauty raise,
O God, to joy in thee!
- 6 O everywhere, O every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured;
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray;
Behold thy seekers, Lord!

Thomas H. Gill.

This is taken from the author's hymn of ten four-line stanzas, beginning, "O saints of old, not yours alone," which was written in 1848 and first published in Dawson's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1853, with the title "*Seeking God*." It was revised by the author for the *Golden Chain*, 1869.

521

8, 8, 8, 4.

- M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh:
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"
- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield thee what is thine;
"Thy will be done!"
- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"
- 6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

The title and the burden of this favorite hymn are taken from the Lord's Prayer: "*Thy Will Be Done*." It appeared first in the appendix to the first edition of *The Invalid's Hymn Book*, 1834.

This hymn differs from that in three lines. In the *Invalid's Hymn Book* we have "My God and Father." Verse four, line three, closes with "*was thine*;" and verse five begins: "*If but*."

One stanza, the fifth of the original, has been omitted:

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Bishop Bickersteth called this a "most beautiful hymn."

522

C. M.

- O** THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too—
- 5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wings of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!
- 6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore.

This is from the author's *Sacred Songs*, 1816, where the title is the same as the first line of the hymn. It is based on Psalm cxlvii. 3: "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." Moore's earlier years were spent in dissipation, and his later years under the shadow of mental infirmity. Some of his tenderest poems were written after a period of dissipation, and reflect the feelings of penitence that indicate the rebound of a sensitive soul from an indulgence in sin that ought to have no place in any life and least of all in the life of one so gifted with all that makes true poetic genius. Perhaps no other author whose hymns find a place in this volume was altogether so lacking in the religious life and experience that ought to characterize a writer of Christian hymns as the author of this hymn. But whatever may have been his outward life and his religious profession or lack of it, hymns like the above and that beginning, "Come, ye disconsolate," are so full of tenderness, sweetness, and poetic beauty that every compiler of Church hymns finds himself inclined to insert them in spite of the life of the gifted author. The above plaintive cry of an aching heart and troubled soul is one of the most beautiful lyrics in the entire hymnal. The figures and comparisons found in verses three and six are exceedingly beautiful.

523

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

Title: "*Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness.*"

Ten stanzas. These are the last three. Three lines have been altered.

Verse one, line one:

And O, whate'er of earthly bliss.

Verse three, line two:

My path of life attend.

Verse three, line four:

And bless its happy end.

The end of the author's life was indeed "happy." Dr. Caleb Evans, her biographer, says:

She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends around her; and at length, the happy moment of her dismissal arriving, she closed her eyes and, with these animating words on her dying lips, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," gently fell asleep in Jesus.

The whole hymn is found in *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, by Theodosia. London, 1760.

524

6s. D.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt:
O may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure:
The manna of thy Word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

- 4 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

Benjamin Schmolke.
Tr. by Jane Borthwick.

The German original has eleven stanzas of eight lines each, and was first published in the author's volume titled *Heilige Flammen* (published in several editions; first edition, 1704), where it bears the title, "*Mein Jesu, wie du wilt*;" in English, "*As God Will Is My Aim*." It is based on 1 Samuel iii. 18: "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." Also on Mark xiv. 36: "Nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt." One of the best of the many translations is that given above, which is taken from the translator's volume titled *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, 1853, where it bears the title: "*Thy Will Be Done*." Miss Borthwick translated only seven of the eleven verses of the original, the above being the first, third, fourth, and seventh.

525 S. M.

- STILL with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.
- 2 With thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice when time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.
- 4 With thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find.
- 5 With thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

- 6 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

James D. Burns.

From the author's volume titled *The Evening Hymn*, London, 1856. It is intensely subjective, and therefore better adapted to private devotion than to public worship. The Church hymnal should be the book of private and family worship in all the homes of its people.

526 11s. 10s.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever know-
ing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can re-
move.

Thomas Moore and Thomas Hastings.

The first two of these stanzas are taken from Moore's *Sacred Songs*, 1816, from a song of three stanzas titled, "*Come, Ye Disconsolate*," the third stanza of the original being here omitted. In a volume titled *Spiritual Songs*, 1831, prepared and published by Thomas Hastings and Lowell Mason, this hymn appears for the first time in the form in which it is given above. The third stanza is supposed to have been written by Thomas Hastings. It is inferior to the original of Moore, which is as follows:

Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can re-
veal,
Sweet as the heavenly promise hope sings us,
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot
heal."

In verse one, line two, the author wrote "at God's altar" instead of "to the mercy seat;" in verse two, line two, "when all others die" instead of "of the penitent;" and in verse two, line three, "in God's name" instead of "tenderly." See the note under Hymn No. 522. The following verses by the author are written in the same strain, and are much admired:

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!
And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!
Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

527

6s. D.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose thou the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar.

Author's title: "*Thy Way, Not Mine.*"
Seven four-lined stanzas. The second is omitted:

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857. Unaltered.

The submission, faith, and love represented in this hymn are truly admirable. It is both safe and wise to trust in God.

528

10s.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?

To do the will of Jesus—this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?

Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?

Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,

And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

This hymn on "*Perfect Peace*" was written in 1875, and was first published in a little tract by the author titled "*Songs in the House of Pilgrimage.*" It is based on Isaiah xxvi. 3: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

Rev. S. Bickersteth, Vicar of Leeds, a son of the author, furnished Dr. Julian with the following interesting account of the origin of this hymn:

This hymn was written by Bishop Edward Henry Bickersteth while he was spending his summer holiday in Harrogate in the year 1875. On a Sunday morning in August the Vicar of Harrogate, Canon Gibbon, happened

to preach from the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee," and alluded to the fact that in the Hebrew the words are "peace, peace," twice repeated and happily rendered in the 1611 translation by the phrase "perfect peace." This sermon set my father's mind working on the subject. He always found it easiest to express in verse whatever subject was uppermost in his mind, so that when on the afternoon of that Sunday he visited an aged and dying relative, Archdeacon Hill, of Liverpool, and found him somewhat troubled in mind, it was natural to him to express in verse the spiritual comfort which he desired to convey. Taking up a sheet of paper, he then and there wrote down the hymn just exactly as it now stands and read it to this dying Christian.

It is not always noticed that the first line in each verse is in the form of a question referring to some one or other of the disturbing experiences of life, and the second line in each verse endeavors to give the answer. Some years later than 1875 an invalid wrote to my father, pointing out that he had not met the case of sickness, which induced him to write two lines which can be appropriately added, but which he himself never printed in his own hymn book, so that I do not know how far he would wish them to be considered part of the hymn. The hymn has been translated into many tongues, and for years I doubt if my father went many days without receiving from different people assurances of the comfort which the words had been allowed to bring to them. The most touching occasion on which, personally, I ever heard it sung was round the grave of my eldest brother, Bishop Edward Bickersteth (of South Tokyo), at Chiselden in 1897, when my father himself was chief mourner.

Dr. C. S. Robinson says of this hymn:

It is peculiar in that it consists of several direct questions and their answers, a peculiarity exquisitely rendered by the music to which it is commonly sung, the first strain bearing the plaintive and wistful tone of the questioner, and the following strain replying with a bright and vigorous promise from the words of our Saviour.

Dr. Julian's note concerning Bishop Bickersteth's hymns is peculiarly appropriate for quotation at this point:

Joined with a strong grasp of his subject, true poetic feeling, and pure rhythm, there is a soothing plaintiveness and individuality in his hymns which give them a distinct char-

acter of their own. His thoughts are usually with the individual, and not with the mass; with the single soul and his God, and not with the vast multitude bowed in adoration before the Almighty. Hence, although many of his hymns are eminently suited to congregational purposes and have attained to a wide popularity, yet his finest productions are those which are best suited for private use.

529 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

FADE, fade each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine.
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Jane C. Bonar.

Title: "*Jesus All in All.*"

This victorious lyric first appeared in Dr. Bonar's *Songs of the Wilderness*, 1844, and later in *The Bible Hymn Book*, 1845. The original differs from this hymn in eight lines, as follows:

Verse one, lines one, three, and six:

*Pass away, earthly joy.
Break every mortal tie.
Distant the resting place.*

Verse three, lines one and three:

*Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Mine is a dawning bright.*

Verse four, lines five, six, and seven:

*Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest,
Welcome, a Saviour's breast.*

A hymn may be a work of poetic art. It should be more than that—a means for the accomplishment of some spiritual good. The subjectivity of this hymn adapts it specially for private worship. There are times, too, when it may be appropriately used in public.

530 11s, 8s.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face;
Thy soul-cheering comfort impart;
And let the sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Reëchoes the praise of the Lord.

Joseph Swain.

"A Description of Christ by His Grace and Power" is the author's title to this hymn, which was suggested by the description of the "Shepherd" found in Solomon's Song. The original contains nine

stanzas of eight lines each, and is found in the author's volume titled *Experimental Essays on Divine Subjects in Verse*, 1791. Some slight verbal changes are made in the verses above.

531 C. M.

O THOU, whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the riverside;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

3 I thank thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
Me, trembling, to thy breast.

5 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Jane Crewdson.

Title: "Peace."

The hymns of this author were written mostly during a long illness. They breathe a sweet spirit of resignation, and at the same time manifest a mighty faith. She wrote verse four, line four:

The flutterer to thy breast.

From the author's *Lays of the Reformation*, 1860.

532 C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let me ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

John Cennick.

This is taken from the author's *Sacred Hymns for the Children of God in the Days of Their Pilgrimage*, 1743, where it bears the title: "*Thou Art a Priest Forever, After the Order of Melchizedek.*" In verse one, lines three and four, the author wrote:

No music like thy charming name
Is half so sweet to me.

In verse two, lines three and four, he wrote:

And in my Priest will I rejoice,
My great Melchizedek.

In verse four, line two, he wrote:

With all his favored throng.

This hymn was a great favorite with the hymnologist, Daniel Sedgwick, who requested on his deathbed that it be sung to him; and he spoke with deep feeling of the last verse.

Perhaps the most famous lines that Cennick ever wrote are his two "Graces before and after Meat." John Wesley greatly admired these verses, and had the first eight lines engraved in large letters on his family teapot, which is still preserved at City Road, London.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Be present at our table, Lord!
Be here and everywhere adored;
Thy creatures bless and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

We bless thee, Lord! for this our food,
But more for Jesu's flesh and blood;
The Manna to our spirits given,
The Living Bread sent down from heaven:
Praise shall our grateful lips employ,
While life and plenty we enjoy;
Till worthy, we adore thy name,
While banqueting with Christ, the Lamb.

533

C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

Tr. by Edward Caswall.

Title: "*Jesu Dulcis Memoria.*" The original, in *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, contains forty-eight quatrains. This translation was contributed to *Lyra Catholica*, 1848. It is also found in *Hymns and Poems, Original and Translated*, by Edward Caswall, second edition. London, 1873.

Three lines have been changed. The translator wrote:

Verse three, line three:

To those who fall, how kind thou art!

Verse four, line four:

None but his lovers know.

Verse five, line three:

Jesus, be Thou our glory now.

Dr. Philip Schaff, in his *Christ in Song*, called this "the sweetest and most evangelical (as the *Dies Ire* is the grandest and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic) hymn of the Middle Ages."

534

8s. 6l.

I LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;

His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

A metrical version of the one hundred and forty-sixth Psalm. It was first published in the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719, with the title: "*Praise to God for His Goodness and Truth.*" It was a great favorite with John Wesley. He gave it a place in the first collection he ever published, *Psalms and Hymns*, Charleston, S. C., 1737, and republished it in later collections. Wesley made two changes and improvements in phraseology which are found in the text above and in other hymnals. Watts wrote, "I'll praise my Maker *with my breath*," and, in the first line of the third verse,

The Lord *hath eyes to give* the blind,
The Lord supports the *sinking* mind.

Wesley's improvement was perhaps suggested by a line in Pope's "Messiah:"

All ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeballs pour the day.

Wesley's fondness for this hymn continued to the very end of his life. The day before he died, though emaciated and scarcely able to speak, he astonished his attendants by breaking out and singing the first stanza through; and all through his last night he seemed trying to repeat it, but could only say, "I'll praise—I'll praise," and soon his "voice was lost in death."

The second and fifth stanzas of the original are omitted above:

- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 5 He loves his saints; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

535

C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*God's Presence Is Light in Darkness.*"

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse two, lines one, three, and four:

In darkest shades if *he* appear,
He is my soul's *sweet* morning star,
And *he* my rising sun.

Verse three, line three:

While Jesus shows his *heart is* mine.

Verse four, line four:

T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Verse five, line four:

Should bear me conqueror through.

These changes were made by John Wesley, who edited this Hymn for his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1738.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1707.

Rev. Thomas Milner, in his life of Watts, says of this hymn: "For felicity of expression, strength and tenderness of feeling, and beautiful pictorial truth it has never been surpassed."

536

L. M.

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Bernard of Clairvaux.

Tr. by Ray Palmer.

This is one of the happiest and most popular of all the translations of a famous hymn of forty-two stanzas, beginning, "*Jesu dulcis memoria*," which Dr. Schaff designates as "the sweetest and most evangelical hymn of the Middle Ages." It is almost universally accredited to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, but it is not absolutely certain that he wrote it. The internal evidence points strongly to him as the author. He had a perfect passion for Christ—was "enamored of his Lord." In Dr. Ray Palmer's rendering above we have a translation respectively of verses four, three, twenty, twenty-eight, and ten of the original. Dr. Edward Caswall's translation of select verses of the original, beginning, "Jesus, the very thought of thee," is scarcely less popular than this by Dr. Palmer. (See No. 533.)

"It is in this hymn," says Duffield, author of *English Hymns*, "that the great theologian and scholar and preacher of crusades has set the key for modern hymnology. No one can fail to recognize how its spirit has gone into the German and English lyrics." "Some hymns," says George John Stevenson, "have so much divine inspiration in them that the world will not let them die. This hymn has been like a charm in the Church for eight hundred years, and its music is as fresh as ever."

537

C. M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

4 Like some bright dream that comes un-
sought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

Ray Palmer.

The author's title is: "*Unseen—Not Un-
known.*"

"Whom having not seen, ye love." (1 Pet. i. 8.)

This hymn was contributed to *The Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858. It was also published in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Pieces*, New York, 1865. It is unaltered and entire.

In Dr. Palmer's last hours those attending him caught a few whispered words, just enough to show that he was repeating to himself the last stanza of this charming hymn.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."
(1 Cor. xv. 57.)

538

8s. D.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

John Newton.

This widely popular hymn on "*Delight in Christ*" is based on Psalm lxxiii. 25: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." In verse four, line seven, "unto thee" has been needlessly changed to "to thee up." It is from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. The soul that communes with his Lord in the manner described in this hymn is already enjoying a heaven while here on earth.

539

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O how good!

Samuel Medley.

Scriptural basis, Isaiah lxiii. 7: "I will make mention of the loving-kindnesses of the Lord."

First found in Lady Huntingdon's *Collection of Hymns*, 1782; also in the author's *Hymns*, 1785.

Lyra Britannica thought enough of this familiar spiritual song to give it in full, nine stanzas. It has been slightly changed in every verse.

540

8, 8, 6. D.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

This hymn first appeared in 1789 in the third edition of the author's *Hymns*.

The original bears the title, "*Christ Our King*," and has eight stanzas, the above being the second, fifth, sixth, and eighth. It was never very much sung until Dr. Hastings wrote the tune "Ariel," when it took new life, and is now perhaps the most popular of all Medley's hymns, especially in America. In verse four, line two, the author wrote, "When *He*, dear Lord," etc., and, in line four, "there" instead of "then."

541 L. M. 6l.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this:
"He giveth his beloved sleep?"

2 What would we give to our beloved—
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
He giveth his beloved sleep.

3 "Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids
creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth his beloved sleep.

4 His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it salleth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth his beloved sleep.

Elizabeth B. Browning.

The burden of this lyric is Psalm cxxvii.
2: "He giveth his beloved sleep."

The text of the talented authoress has nine stanzas. These are one, two, four, and six, unaltered.

It is a fine poem, but it cannot be called a hymn even by courtesy. The last stanza of the original, omitted above, is very beautiful:

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,

Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth his beloved sleep."

542 10s, 4s.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road.
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always
spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though
heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst
shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall
shine,
Through peace to light.

Adelaide A. Procter.

This hymn first appeared in the 1862 edition of the author's *Legends and Lyrics*, where it bears the title "*Resignation*." It is the most admired of all Adelaide Procter's hymns. There is a beautiful verse by Robert M. Offord that contains a sentiment similar to that running through the above hymn:

Lord, make me quick to see
Each task awaiting me,
And quick to do;
O, grant me strength, I pray,
With lowly love each day,
And purpose true.

543 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise,

- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Gallilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!
- 4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.
- 5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and
fire,
O still small voice of calm!

John G. Whittier.

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From a poem of seventeen stanzas entitled "*The Brewing of Soma.*" These are the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth verses with but one word of change. In the second line of the hymn the author wrote:

Forgive our foolish ways.

It was written in 1872.

544

7s, 6s. D.

- I LOVE to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.
- Refrain.*
- I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.
- 2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

- 3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

- 4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Katherine Hankey.

This is from a long poem on the life of Jesus that was written in 1866. It is in two parts. The first part is a poem of fifty stanzas, and is titled "*The Story Wanted,*" being dated January 29, 1866. The second part is titled "*The Story Told,*" and is dated November 18, 1866. It is said that the author had a serious spell of sickness just before this poem was composed, and that she occupied the long days of convalescence in writing the poem. Certain verses were taken from Part I. by Dr. W. H. Doane in 1867 to make the popular and familiar hymn beginning "Tell me the old, old story," for which he composed the familiar tune to which those words are commonly sung. From Part II. certain verses have been selected to make the above hymn, "I Love to Tell the Story," the tune to which was composed by W. G. Fischer. This is one of the most popular of all modern hymns, and has been translated into several different languages. These and other hymns by the author have been published from time to time in different forms, sometimes accompanied by tunes composed by herself. Many of her hymns are found in a little volume which she published in 1870, titled *Heart to Heart*. Very few hymns written in the last fifty years have so taken hold of the hearts of the people, both the young and the old, as has this simple little song.

545

8s, 7s.

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, Christian, love me more!
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these!
- 4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

Cecil F. Alexander.

This hymn is based upon the calling of Peter and Andrew from their work on the Sea of Galilee. "He saith unto them, Follow me." (Matt. iv. 19.) It has not been changed, but the second stanza has been left out:

- 2 As of old St. Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

It was contributed to the *Hymns* published by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in 1852.

546

C. M.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found—and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death—
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine—
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeaking, divine!
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;

Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

John Newton.

This beautiful hymn is contained in no other modern Church collection. It is a Christian lyric of very high order. In the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, it bears the title, "*The Joy of the Lord Is Your Strength*," and is based on Nehemiah viii. 10: "Neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." We very much doubt whether in the entire range of hymnology can be found a finer hymn on Christian joy than this. Sin has its pleasures, but how different are they from the joy here depicted!

547

7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

Published without title in *Sacred Hymns for the Children of God, in the Days of Their Pilgrimage*, by J. C., London, 1742. The original has twelve stanzas. These are verses one, two, four, seven, and eight. Slight changes have been made in a few lines. The author wrote the first couplet:

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing.

The *Dictionary of Hymnology* says that this hymn is "found in a large proportion

of the hymnals published in the English language for more than one hundred years."

548

9s, 10s.

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

Refrain.

• This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long!

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Fanny J. Crosby.

A beautiful "story in song." Submission like this turns suffering into service and into sainthood. Some regard this as Fanny Crosby's finest hymn. The well-known fact that she has been blind all her life adds pathos to the power which her lyrics possess for the multitudes who love to sing them the world over.

In the author's *Memories of Eighty Years*, published in 1906, she makes the following allusion to this hymn:

Often I take in my mind some tune already well known as a model or, perhaps, more accurately speaking, as a guide, and work to it. This, however, does not imply that the tune will ultimately be chosen as the companion of the words; for it has probably already its own true and lawful mate, with which it is to be happy and useful. Sometimes a tune is furnished me for which to write the words. The hymn titled "Blessed Assurance" was made in this manner. My dear friend, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, so well known as a writer and singer of most excellent music and as an aid and inspiration to all who knew her, had composed the tune, and it seemed to me one of the sweetest I had heard for a long time. She asked me to write a hymn for it, and I felt while bringing the words and tones together that the air and the hymn were intended for each other. In the many hundred times that I have heard it sung this opinion has been more and more confirmed.

This hymn reveals as no other hymn perhaps does the secret of the author's serene trust and cheerful faith. Some one, speaking to Frances Ridley Havergal once of Fanny Crosby's blindness, added: "But her heart can see." This called forth from the gifted poetess and hymn-writer of England a beautiful tribute in verse to her blind sister across the sea, from which we quote (in a somewhat condensed and slightly altered form) the following lines:

How can she sing in the dark like this?
What is her fountain of light and bliss?
With never the light of a loving face,
Must not the world be a desolate place?

O, her heart can see, her heart can see!
And its sight is strong and swift and free.
Never the ken of mortal eye
Could pierce so deep and far and high
As the eagle vision of hearts that dwell
In that lofty, sunlit citadel.

For the King himself, in his tender grace,
Hath shown her the brightness of his face;
She can read his law as a shining chart,
For his finger hath written it on her heart;
And she reads his love, for on all her way
His hand is writing it every day.
O, this is why she sings so free:
Her heart can see, her heart can see!

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Milton said: "My vision Thou hast dimmed that I might see thyself, thyself alone." God seems to have more than compensated Fanny Crosby for the loss of her eyesight by giving her heart-sight and by revealing to her visions of spiritual light and moral beauty that are rarely ever given to mortals whose eyes are occupied with beholding the sights of the material world.

549

L. M.

JESUS, the calm that fills my breast,
No other heart than thine can give;
This peace unstirred, this joy of rest,
None but thy loved ones can receive.

2 My weary soul has found a charm
That turns to blessedness my woe;
Within the shelter of thine arm,
I rest secure from storm and foe.

- 3 In desert wastes I feel no dread,
Fearless I walk the trackless sea;
I care not where my way is led,
Since all my life is life with thee.
- 4 O Christ, through changeless years my
Guide,
My Comforter in sorrow's night,
My Friend, when friendless—still abide,
My Lord, my Counselor, my Light.
- 5 My time, my powers, I give to thee;
My inmost soul 'tis thine to move;
I wait for thy eternity,
I wait, in peace, in praise, in love.
F. Mason North.

Author's title: "*A Hymn of Trust.*"
Written in 1884, it was first printed in
the *Christian Advocate* February 19, 1885.
In 1893 it appeared in *The Plymouth
Hymnal*, and from that it has been cop-
ied into several others. The restfulness
and confidence which characterize this
hymn are admirable.

550

C. M.

- WE praise thee, Lord, for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest;
But, O how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best!
- 2 We praise thee for the shining sun,
For kind and gladsome ways:
When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing
Through weary nights and days!
- 3 Teach thou our weak and wandering hearts
Aright to read thy way;
That thou with loving hand dost trace
Our path from day to day.
- 4 Then sorrow's face shall be unvelled
And we at last shall see
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
Her speech but echoes thee!
- 5 Then every thorny crown of care
Worn well in patience now,
Shall prove a glorious diadem
Upon the faithful brow.
John P. Hopps.

This hymn on "*The Blessings of Sor-
row*" appeared in Baynes's *English Lyr-
ics* in 1865 and in various collections of
hymns published by the author after that
date. The author wrote "oft" instead of
"Lord" in the first line of the hymn.

551

8s, 7s. D.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.
Joseph Scriven.

Some obscurity rests upon the history
of this hymn. Soon after the death of
Joseph Scriven in Canada in 1886 it was
reported that he was the author of this
hymn, which at that time was marked
"Unknown."

In answer to inquiries several letters
were received from the friends of Joseph
Scriven.

One man, James Sackville, under date
of January 8, 1887, wrote: "The hymn,
'*What a Friend We have in Jesus.*' was
never published by the author in any
book or paper. He sent one copy to his
own mother and handed another copy to
my mother about the year 1855; and un-
til very recently his most intimate friends
did not know that he was the author
of it."

It is probable that the copy Scriven
sent to his mother in Ireland got into
some paper, drifted about for a time,
then crossed the ocean to America, was
set to music and published in *Gospel
Hymns No. 1*, 1875, where it was attrib-
uted to Dr. Bonar, of Scotland. He denied

the authorship, and it was marked "Unknown."

To write such a useful lyric as this, so scriptural, spiritual, and so helpful to pious hearts, is a privilege an angel might covet.

552

C. M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

3 Helms of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

Thomas Cotterill.

This hymn is attributed to Thomas Cotterill only because its first known appearance in print was in his *Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1819, where it bears the title: "*For Christian Love.*" It is not known that he claimed it as his own, and Dr. Julian does not think he wrote it; but we can say with confidence that we owe the hymn to him. He was much given to altering the hymns of others in editing them for use in his own collections of hymns, and his own hymns have shared the same fate in the hands of others. Whether this hymn as it appears in his *Selection* is to be referred to him as author or as editor, it has been considerably changed. Thus verse two originally read:

*O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee;
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity.*

Verse three, lines three and four, read:

*The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.*

And verse four:

*So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
See how these Christians love.*

No one word defines the Christian religion so well as love. The religion of love—the love of God and love to God, as well as love to man—is very beautifully sung in this hymn. It suggests Alice Cary's beautiful lines:

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

Also the lines of Horace Smith:

There is! there is! one primitive and sure
Religion pure,
Unchanged in spirit, though its forms and
codes

Wear myriad modes,
Contains all creeds within its mighty span:
The love of God displayed in love of man.

This is the Christian's faith when rightly read;
Oh! may it spread,

Till earth, redeemed from every hateful leaven,

Makes peace with Heaven:
Below one blessed brotherhood of love,
One Father, worshiped with one voice, above!

553

C. M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to worldly minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

5 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*At Meeting of Friends.*"

Four lines between the third and fourth stanzas have been left out:

Ev'n now we speak, and think the same,
And cordially agree,
Concentered all thro' Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.

Wesley wrote "*sensual minds*" in verse four, line three.

From *Hymns for Those That Seek and Those That Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, London, 1747.

A recent critic says: "It is one of Wesley's finest hymns, written in his happiest vein, and is justly a great favorite, especially at religious reunions and Conference gatherings."

554 C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

"*The Grace of Christian Love*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Walworth Hymns*, 1792. The author wrote in verse one, line two, "that" instead of "who;" in verse four, line one, "When" instead of "Let;" line two, "flows" instead of "flow;" line three, "When" instead of "And;" and in line four, "glows" instead of "glow."

This is one of the most beautiful of all our hymns that sing of Christian love. It suggests the lines of Alice Cary:

He who loves best his fellow-man
Is loving God the holliest way he can.

A hymn that sets forth so truly St. John's gospel of love suggests the following incident concerning his old age:

In an old ecclesiastical tradition it is related of the apostle John, who was then the very last of the chosen followers of Jesus, that in his closing years of feebleness, when too infirm for walking, he was wont to be borne into the Christian assemblies for the mere purpose of repeating a brief sentence: "Little children, love one another."

555 C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*A Prayer for Persons Joined in Fellowship.*" A hymn of four parts. These are the first four stanzas of Part I., unchanged. See Hymn No. 557.

This is a genuine hymn, full of the spirit of prayer and brotherly love.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

556 S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

"*Brotherly Love*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782. After spending a few years as pastor of a humble Baptist Church at Wainsgate, in Yorkshire, Dr. Fawcett in 1772 accepted a call to London. His farewell sermon had been preached, his goods and books were packed and in wagons, and the eve of his departure had come. But when face to face with the trial of leaving the endeared people who clung about him and implored him to remain with them, he could not withstand the urgency of their "brotherly love," and amid tears of commingled grief and love he ordered the wagons unloaded, the furniture replaced, and dispatched a letter to London recalling his acceptance. The tender ties that bound him to his loving people were severed only by death. It was the above touching incident that called forth this beautiful and universally popular hymn from the author. His salary at Wainsgate was less than two hundred dollars (forty pounds), which was indeed quite small enough to put his fidelity and love to his people to the test. Other invitations came to him from time to time to accept the pastorate of Churches paying much larger salaries, but he declined them all.

This hymn is sung the world over, and is one of the most universally popular lyrics of Christian love ever written. It not only gives beautiful poetic expression to the growing spirit of Christian fraternity that now everywhere prevails, but the singing of it at all the great gatherings of Christian workers both in the home and foreign fields has done much to bring about this very fraternity and Christian fellowship.

How beautiful and well worthy of being quoted here are the following lines by Frederic L. Knowles:

When I have won to the Golden Door,
Who will open to me?

"They who have had on this little earth
Alms or a smile from thee."

When I have won to the Golden Door,
What will the password be?

"Love is the password, love is the toll,
Love is the golden key."

557

C. M.

- JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.
- 4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.
- 5 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*A Prayer for Persons Joined in Fellowship.*" It is from the same long poem as Hymn No. 555. These are the first four and the last stanzas of Part IV. A worshipful hymn, well adapted to congregational singing.

558

C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice, the Lord is King;
The King is now our friend!

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

Charles Wesley.

"At Parting of Christian Friends" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. These are verses one, two, four, and five from a hymn of twelve single stanzas.

559

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
Our Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
Thou who didst raise him from the dead,
Unite thy people in their Head.

George Robinson.

Title: "*Christian Fellowship*." It was written in 1842 and first published in *Original Hymns Adapted to General Worship and Special Occasions*, by various authors. Edited by Rev. J. Leifchild, D.D. London, 1843. The original contained five stanzas; these are the first two. In verse one, line three, the author wrote, "*Zion, one faith is thine;*" and in verse two, lines five and six:

And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

These last lines were altered by Prof. F. M. Bird, of Lehigh University, in 1865.

560

S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the author's "*Hymns for Christian Friends*." It is preëminently the *Conference hymn* of Methodism. It is sung at the opening of Methodist Conferences the world over, and has been so used for a hundred years. All branches of Methodism alike use it for this purpose. To multitudes of itinerant Methodist preachers its familiar words awaken tender memories, being associated with the Annual Conference reunion of friends and comrades whose fellowship in the service and sacrifices of the Christian ministry is one of the most prized and precious things in life.

It is found in the 1749 edition of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. In verse one, line three, the author wrote "thanks" instead of "praise," and in line four of the same verse, "almighty" instead of "redeeming." In verse three, line two, he

wrote, "What *mighty* conflicts passed," and in line one, fourth verse, "yet" for "but." The last stanza is omitted:

Jesus, to thee we bow,
And for thy coming wait,
Give us for good some token now
In our imperfect state;
Apply the hallowing word,
Tell each who looks for thee,
Thou shalt be perfect as thy Lord,
Thou shalt be all like me.

561

L. M.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Bullder of thy church below,
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses,
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below!

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

Charles Wesley.

Author's title: "*Primitive Christianity*." The original contains thirty stanzas, divided into two parts. These are verses one, two, six, and eight of Part II., unaltered. The hymn was first published by John Wesley in 1743 at the end of *An Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*. It was a great favorite with Wesley, and with Fletcher of Madeley as well. Two of the omitted stanzas show the "manner of spirit" of these men:

12 O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesus' witnesses;
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash His dear disciples' feet.

14 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon Thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

562

7s.

GOD of love, that hearest prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend;
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us humble and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

4 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Far above created things
Look we down on earthly kings;
Taste our glorious liberty,
Find our happy all in thee.

Charles Wesley.

This is taken from a hymn of six stanzas of eight lines each, found in the author's *Hymns for Those That Seek and Those That Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, 1747, where it begins: "God of love that *hear'st* the prayer." We have here the first and fifth of the six double stanzas of the original and also the last half of the last stanza. In verse one, line four, the author wrote "Save us, save us" instead of "Love us, save us."

Among the most beautiful words on love and prayer anywhere to be found in our poetic literature are the following familiar lines by Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

563

C. M.

GIVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek, lamblike Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thine atoning blood.

2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.

3 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

Charles Wesley.

Part of a hymn of nine stanzas entitled "*Little Children, Love One Another.*" These are verses one, four, seven, and nine. Instead of line four in verse one above Wesley wrote: "*O quench them with thy blood.*"

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

564 9, 8, 8, 9.

GOD be with you till we meet again!
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!

Refrain.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet!
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath his wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before
you;
God be with you till we meet again!

Jeremiah E. Rankin.

We have from the author himself an account of the origin of this hymn and of the tune to which it is universally sung. He was pastor of a Congregational Church in Washington City at the time he composed this hymn, becoming later President of Howard University, which is located in the same city. He says:

Written in 1882 as a Christian good-by, it was called forth by no person or occasion, but was deliberately composed as a Christian hymn on the basis of the etymology of "good-by," which is "God be with you." The first stanza was written and sent to two composers—one of unusual note, the other wholly unknown and not thoroughly educated in music. I selected the composition of the latter, submitted it to J. W. Bishoff (the musical director of a little book we were preparing), who approved of it but made some criticisms which were adopted. It was sung for the first time one evening in the First Congregational Church in Washington, of which I was then the pastor and Mr. Bishoff the organist. I attributed its popularity in no little part to the music to which it was set. It was a wedding of words and music, at which it was my function to preside; but Mr. Tomer should have his full share of the family honor.

Mr. W. G. Tomer, the composer of the tune, was teaching school in Washington City at the time he wrote the well-known and familiar tune to which this hymn is always sung and to which it is indebted for its popularity quite as much as to the literary and devotional qualities of the hymn itself. Of all good-by hymns that are used in public worship, this is the most popular written in recent times.

565 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

3 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.

Charles Wesley.

Part of a poem of ten stanzas, from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741.

The hymn is made up of the first, the seventh, and ninth stanzas. Charles Wesley was never weary of insisting upon the truth of the last two lines of this hymn. He had a most intense aversion to the opposite doctrine of unconditional election. In another hymn, published in the above book, he exclaims: "Take back my interest in Thy blood unless it streamed for *all* the race." In holy audacity this reminds us of the prayer of Moses for Israel: "Now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book."

Wesley wrote "freely" instead of "swiftly" in verse two, line three.

566

8, 8, 8, 4.

FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number, but in thee
May we be one."

- 2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make thee man to be,
United to our God in thee
May we be one.
- 3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
Making them one.
- 4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.
- 5 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one!
- 6 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We are all one."

Christopher Wordsworth.

This hymn, which is titled "A Prayer for Unity," was written by the Bishop of Lincoln immediately after the Nottingham Church Congress in 1871, at the request of Christian friends, and was set to music by Dr. H. J. Gauntlett, a composer of note. It was published in the 1872 edition of the author's collection of hymns titled *The Holy Year*. When

Christian believers are united in and around their divine Head, the closer they are to him the closer they are to each other. John Wesley on one occasion quoted the cheerful conversation between Jehonadab and Jehu: "Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? . . . If it be, give me thine hand." "This does not mean," said Wesley, "'Be of my opinion; thou needest not.' Neither do I mean, 'I will be of thine opinion; I cannot. Let all opinions alone; give me thine hand.'"

567

8s, 7s. D.

- THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.
- 2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.
 - 3 One, the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.
 - 4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toll and gloom.

Bernhardt S. Ingemann.

Tr. by Sabine Baring-Gould.

From the Danish. The translation first appeared in *The People's Hymnal*, London, 1867. This is a revised text as it appears in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. It glorifies Christian unity as does no other hymn in the book.

HYMNS ON TIME AND ETERNITY

568

P. M.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

Charles Wesley.

This celebrated New Year hymn by Charles Wesley has been called "a silver cord on which the beads of life seem threaded." It is one of his seven *Hymns for New Year's Day*, 1750; "price, one penny." This was a favorite meter with the Wesleys and the early Methodists, but it is not popular with modern choirs and congregations in many parts of our Church. It is the most suitable of all Wesleyan hymns for use at the watch night services and to be sung in connection with New Year sermons. It is to be regretted that the tune is becoming less and less familiar to our people, making it impractical to use it on many occasions when the preacher would like to do so.

In Tyerman's *Life of Fletcher* is the following reference to this hymn:

The Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley, was a man of great simplicity of living. He one

morning visited a school of young ladies and sat with them during the breakfast hour. At its close he invited them all to visit him the next morning at the vicarage at seven o'clock. On their arrival Mr. Fletcher took his basin of bread and milk and asked the girls to look at his watch and tell him how much time he took for breakfast. When he had finished, they said: "Just a minute and a half." The Vicar then said: "My dear girls, we have fifty-eight minutes of the hour left; let us sing,

'Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.'

He gave them a lecture on the value of time and the worth of a soul, and, after praying with them at eight o'clock, they returned to school more deeply impressed than ever before.

In the first line of verse three the author wrote "might" instead of "may." It is otherwise unaltered and entire.

569

C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all, with one accord,
 In a perpetual covenant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord;

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
 His name to glorify;
 And promise, in this sacred hour,
 For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
 Be ever kept in mind;
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear
 Who hears our solemn vow;
 And if thou art well pleased to hear,
 Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Let all our hearts receive;
 Present with the celestial host,
 The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
 Which takes our sins away;
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.
 (297)

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based upon Jeremiah 1. 5: "Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten."

As a hymn of united consecration we know of none equal to it. There are slight changes in three lines.

570 C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Awake, my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes, how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

3 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Simon Browne.

"*New Year's Day*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1720, where it has eight stanzas. Some half dozen changes have been made in the phraseology of the original, all of which are improvements.

571 7s. 6s.

ANOTHER year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with thee.

2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face.

3 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

4 Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For hollower work above.

5 Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven
Another year for thee!

Frances R. Havergal.

Title: "*New Year.*" Written in 1874 and published the same year in *Under the Surface*.

The second stanza has been omitted. We give it, that the reader may have the whole poem.

Another year of leaning
Upon thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

572 C. M.

BREAK, newborn year, on glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

2 The parted year had winged feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The New Year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.

4 Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with thee more bright!

5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If thou shouldst take us home.

Thomas H. Gill.

This New Year hymn by Dr. Gill "strikes a new and quite original note, and is full of life and tenderness." It was written in 1855, and was first published in the author's *Golden Chain of Praise Hymns*, 1869.

The following lines taken from the "Rules of the Road Calendar" contain a beautiful New Year message to all who wish to know and do and love the will of God:

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;

I asked and paused. He answered, soft and low,
This: "God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried.

But ere the question into silence died
The answer came: "Nay, this remember too—
God's will to do."

Again I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yea, this one thing all other things above—
God's will to love."

573 7, 6, 8, 6. D.

FROM glory unto glory!
Be this our joyous song;
As on the King's own highway,
We bravely march along.
From glory unto glory!
O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of
Another glad New Year.

2 The fullness of his blessing
Encompasseth our way;
The fullness of his promises
Crowns every brightening day;
The fullness of his glory
Is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know
The fullness of his love.

3 And closer yet and closer
The golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord
In pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider
Shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God
That mighty love to know.

4 O let our adoration
For all that he hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God,
While voice and life are one;
And let our consecration
Be real, and deep, and true:
O even now our hearts shall bow,
And joyful vows renew.

5 Now onward, ever onward,
From strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly
Shall from his fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition,
From glory's foretaste here,
Until his very presence crown
Our happiest New Year.

Frances R. Havergal.

"*Personal Consecration*," New Year.
Written December 24, 1873. This hymn
is long, but it includes only half of the
original.

In a letter to a friend the author wrote:

I know you have prayed for me, so I must
tell you that your prayers are answered;
1873 has been a year of unprecedented blessing
to me. I think you will see this in "From
Glory unto Glory."

Miss Havergal wrote this hymn to cele-
brate a new experience. She says:

It was on Advent Sunday, December 2,
1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of
true consecration. I saw it as a flash of
electric light, and what you see you can never
unsee. There must be full surrender be-
fore there can be full blessedness. God ad-
mits you by the one into the other.

574 7s. D.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

John Newton.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, where it
bears the title: "*Time How Swift*." It
had been previously published in the au-
thor's volume titled *Twenty-Six Letters
on Religious Subjects*, 1774, which bore
the signature "Omicron."

The hymn-writers and Christians generally of a century ago made New Year an occasion of much more serious meditation than seems to characterize modern writers and worshipers. But the devout Christian worshiper of to-day can well afford to have his New Year meditations and prayers pervaded by the spirit of seriousness that marks this and other hymns by John Newton and the hymn-writers of his day.

575

C. M.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all, with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee:

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn was originally published without a title in a "penny" tract containing seven pieces and entitled *Hymns of New-Year's-Day*, MDCCL.

This tract and some others were published anonymously. The reason for this was that the Wesleys knew that their names attached to a publication would prejudice some people against reading it. In doing thus they were only following the advice of the Master to be "wise" and "harmless."

This hymn is unaltered and entire.

576

C. M.

JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing and thanks and love and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads;
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of eleven pieces published first in a pamphlet and entitled *Hymns for the Watchnight*, 1746. It is also published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It has not been altered.

There is one additional stanza:

4 To seal the universal doom,
The skies He soon shall bow—
But if thou must at midnight come,
O let us meet Thee now!

577

C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

Isaac Watts.

When the editorial Commission reached this number, Professor Winchester, of Wesleyan University, exclaimed: "The greatest hymn in the book!" He was not far from right. Dr. Watts never wrote anything superior to this.

Title: "*Man Frail, and God Eternal.*" It is founded on the first six verses of Psalm xc.:

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

Several verbal changes have been made. Watts began the first and last verses with "Our God." The second line of the second stanza was originally:

Thy saints have dwelt secure,

Lines two and three of the fifth stanza were:

*With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by thy flood.*

The third line of the last stanza Watts wrote:

Be thou our guard while troubles last.

Two stanzas, the fourth and eighth, are omitted:

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
Return, ye sons of men;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light,
The flowers beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

Published in 1719.

Dr. Julian says: "Of Watts's original it would be difficult to write too highly. It is undoubtedly one of his best compositions and his best paraphrase."

578

S. M. D.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

Horatius Bonar.

Written for New Year's day, 1842, and printed for the use of the author's congregation. It was published in the author's *Songs for the Wilderness*, 1844, and later in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857, where it bears the title "A Pilgrim's Song."

The original hymn has six eight-line stanzas. The above are the first, third, and fourth stanzas. In the sixth line of the second stanza the author wrote "calm" instead of "blest." Dr. Bonar is one of the sweet singers of the Church who often strikes a sad note. There come seasons in the experience and meditations of well-nigh every individual Christian when a hymn like the above is exactly suited to the mood and the spiritual needs of the believer. It is perhaps better suited to closet meditation than it is to public worship.

579

8, 8, 6. D.

L O! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
 Secure, insensible:

A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply in my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress:
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

3 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss to insure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above,
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "An Hymn for Seriousness."

This is certainly one of the grandest, most perfect, and most poetical of all Charles Wesley's hymns. Tradition says that the imagery of the second stanza was suggested by a visit to Land's End, England. This cannot now be verified. All we can say with certainty is that the hymn was written not long after a visit to that famous spot. Standing on Land's End, with the broad English Channel on the one hand and the wide Atlantic on the other, may have reminded him of the thought, which is older than his time and has been used by more than one author. Addison says (*Spectator*, No. 590): "Many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus or narrow neck of land that rises in the midst of an ocean immeasurably diffused on either side of it."

The first and fourth stanzas were as follows:

1 Thou God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry;

A half-awakened child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.

4 Before me place in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom!

A few years ago (1894) it was announced that this hymn was written in America when Charles Wesley was secretary to General Oglethorpe, Governor of Georgia. A magazine writer reported a remarkable "find" of manuscripts in the Georgia Historical Society. In his article he claimed to quote from letters of Charles Wesley and others. It was so circumstantial that it deceived for a time "even the very elect." A letter to the magazine writer brought the reply, written by his amanuensis: "There is not a bit of truth in that whole Jekyll Island article." The fact is, it was not intended seriously. It was fiction from beginning to end.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

580

S. M.

H OW swift the torrent rolls
 That bears us to the sea,
 The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity!

Our fathers, where are they,
 With all they called their own?
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
 And wealth and honor gone.

God of our fathers, hear,
 Thou everlasting Friend!
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.

Of all the plous dead
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till with them, in the land of light,
 We dwell before thy face.

Philip Doddridge.

"*Practical Reflections on the State of Our Fathers*" is the curious title which this hymn bears in the author's *Hymns on Various Texts in the Holy Scripture*, 1755. It is based on Zechariah 1. 5: "Your fathers, where are they?" The third and

fourth stanzas of the original, omitted above, are:

- 3 But Joy or Grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal Thought;
While the poor Remnant of their Dust
Lies in the Grave forgot.
- 4 There where the Fathers lie,
Must all the Children dwell;
Nor other Heritage possess,
But such a gloomy Cell.

581 L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.
Isaac Watts.

Title: "*Christ's Presence Makes Death Easy.*"

Hymn editors have tried to improve the first part of the third stanza, and have only made a botch of it. Read the lines as the author wrote them, and compare with those of the hymn:

Oh! if my Lord would come and meet
My soul! she'd stretch her wings in
haste [etc.].

The last stanza has been used as a beautiful and victorious testimony by many a departing Christian.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707.

582 L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"
Anna L. Barbauld.

"*The Death of the Virtuous*" is the title which this hymn bears in the author's *Works*, 1825. It was first published in the *Leisure Hour Improved* (1809) anonymously, and was first used as a hymn in Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819, in an altered form, the alterations being made by James Montgomery. The hymn appears above in this altered form. The third stanza as given above was not written by Mrs. Barbauld. The first two lines of the hymn in the original are as follows:

Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest.

The third and fourth stanzas of the original, omitted above, are:

- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing:
Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
And where, Insidious Death! thy sting?
- 4 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

In verse four, line one, the author wrote "Its duty done" instead of "Life's labor done;" and the last line as she wrote it is, "Sweet is the scene when virtue dies."

This hymn seems to have been called forth from the author by the death of her husband, Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, which occurred on November 11, 1808.

Mrs. Barbauld's little ode to life is one of the most exquisite bits of verse in the English language:

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weath-
er;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter
clime
Bid me "Good morning."

583

L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay.

Title: "*Burial of the Dead.*"

The burden of this song was suggested to the writer by an inscription that she saw on a tombstone in the retired burying ground of Pennycross Chapel, in Devonshire:

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

One stanza, the fifth, has been omitted:

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding place;"
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

This hymn was first published in the *Amethyst*, an annual published in Edinburgh, 1832.

584

11s.

IWOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way:

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
here

Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the
tomb!

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom;

There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God?

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,

Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul.

William A. Muhlenberg.

This hymn, dear to so many lovers of sacred song, was compiled from a poem of six double stanzas for the *Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, 1826. The original was written in 1824 in a lady's album at Lancaster, Pa., the author being at the time assistant rector of St. James Protestant Episcopal Church in that city. It was first published anonymously in the *Episcopal Recorder* June 3, 1826. It is based on Job vii. 16: "I would not live alway; let me alone; for my days are vanity." The author revised his poem in 1859, and in 1871 he rewrote it. The edition which is found in Church hymnals generally is that which was prepared by Bishop Onderdonk for the *Episcopal Hymnal* of 1826. The circumstances under which this hymn was introduced into the *Hymnal* are unique and interesting:

In 1826—as a result, perhaps, of interest in the subject awakened throughout the Church by Dr. Muhlenberg's articles in the religious press on "Church Poetry" and "A Plea for Christian Hymns," addressed to the authorities of the Church—the General Convention of the Episcopal Church appointed a committee to prepare a collection to be added to the fifty-six then contained in the prayer book. One of this committee, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) H. U. Onderdonk, himself a poet of no mean capacity, had been pleased with the hymn, and, having abridged

it, submitted it—in all ignorance as to its authorship—to Dr. Muhlenberg himself, who was also upon the committee. At a general meeting of the committee the report of the subcommittee came up, and the hymns were separately considered. One of the members said that "I would not live away" was very good, but somewhat sentimental. It was rejected forthwith, and Dr. Muhlenberg himself voted against it. Dr. Onderdonk was not present, and the action seemed final. The next morning brought the absentee to Dr. Muhlenberg's house to hear what had been done. Learning that the hymn had met with disapproval, he instantly remarked, "This will not do," and personally interceded with the rest of the committee until they restored it. To him, therefore, the credit belongs.

Other hymns by Dr. Muhlenberg also found place in this *Hymnal*, of which he makes the following mention in his diary:

On the score of my own compositions, amendments, etc., I have every reason to be satisfied. "Saviour, who thy flock art feeding," and "How short the race our friend has run," "Shout the glad tidings," "I would not live away," and "Like Noah's weary dove" are those of mine which are wholly original. I am aware that they are wanting in the chief excellence of a hymn—devotional spirit. "I would not live away" was at first rejected by the committee, in which I, not suspected of being the author, agreed, knowing it was rather poetry than an earnest song of redemption. It was restored at the urgent request of Dr. Onderdonk.

The third line of the first stanza is sometimes printed, "The few *lucid* mornings," instead of "*lurid*." Dr. Muhlenberg was asked on one occasion which was the correct reading. "Either or neither," he replied with some feeling. "I do not believe in the hymn at all. It does not express the better feelings of the saint, and I should not write it now." There is an unauthenticated tradition to the effect that it was written just after the author had been rejected in a love suit, as was Watts's "How vain are all things here below!"

This hymn was written when the author was only twenty-eight years old. He lived fifty-three years after writing it.

585

S. M.

IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

H. A. Cæsar Malan.

Tr. by George W. Bethune.

Title: "It Is Not Death to Die." From the French of Dr. Malan. The name of this French clergyman is sometimes published incorrectly. He evidently thought that his name was too long, and usually signed it "Cæsar Malan" or "C. Malan;" but his son and biographer gave it "Henri Abraham Cæsar Malan."

The translation is from Dr. Bethune's *Lays of Love and Faith*, Philadelphia, 1847.

This beautiful and triumphant hymn was sung at Dr. Bethune's funeral in accordance with his special request. One verse of his translation, the third, has been omitted:

It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

586

L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed
the bed:

Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

Isaac Watts.

"A Funeral Ode at the Interment of the Body, Supposed to Be Sung by the Mourners" is the title of this in the author's *Miscellaneous Thoughts in Prose and Verse*, 1734. It is the last of a series of five entitled "Death and Heaven in Five Lyric Odes."

The author wrote in verse one, line four, "seek a slumber in the dust" instead of "slumber in the silent dust;" in verse two, line three, "lovely" instead of "peaceful," and in line four, "And" and "her" instead of "While" and "the;" in verse three, line three, "fair" instead of "blest;" and in verse four, line four, "She must ascend to meet her Lord" instead of the closing line above.

587

6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery.

Written in 1824. The author's title, as given in his *Original Hymns*, London,

1859, page 339, is: "Parting on Earth, Meeting in Heaven."

Two words have been changed. The author wrote, verse one, line five, "Were this frail world our *only* rest;" and, verse three, line three, "A *whole* eternity of love."

This is a fine and pathetic poem. It cannot be called a hymn except, as in many other instances, by courtesy. Montgomery was a Christian poet rather than a hymn-writer.

588

C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord:
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts.

"Blessed Are the Dead that Die in the Lord" (Rev. xiv. 13) is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is only those who "hear what the voice from heaven proclaims" that can ever find any comfort as they bury their dead.

589

11, 10, 11, 6.

WHEN on my day of life the night is fall-
ing,
And, in the wind from unsunned spaces
blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;

- 2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls de-
cay;

O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

- 3 I have but thee, my Father! let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I mer-
it,
Nor street of shining gold.

4 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—

5 Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

6 There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

John G. Whittier.

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Title: "At Last." Written in 1882.

The third stanza has been omitted from this hymn:

Be near me when all else is from me drifting;
Earth, sky, homes, pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

This poem was recited by one of the little group of friends who stood about the poet's bed as the last moment of life approached.

590 S. M. D.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown,
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies!

3 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?

I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell!

4 O thou who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery;
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

Charles Wesley.

Published without title in *Hymns for Children*, 1763.

Two stanzas, the third and last, are omitted:

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Shall angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

6 Thou art Thyself the way:
Thyself in me reveal,
So shall I pass my life's short day,
Obedient to Thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
Through all eternity.

The original has "darkest" instead of "deepest" in verse one, line five.

In a later edition of the *Hymns for Children*, from which this hymn is taken, the author very properly added to this title the words: "And Others of Riper Years." In the preface to the 1790 edition of *Hymns for Children* John Wesley says:

There are two ways of writing or speaking to children. The one is to let ourselves down to them; the other, to lift them up to us. Dr. Watts wrote in the former way, and has succeeded admirably well, speaking to children as children and leaving them as he found them. The following hymns are written on the other plan. They contain strong and manly sense, yet expressed in such plain and easy language as even children may understand. But when they do understand them, they will be children no longer—only in years and in stature.

After all this has been said, we must still pronounce this a curious hymn for a child. Either children were very different in Wesley's day from what they are now, or else his views of hymns suited to children were different from the views held to-day by most Christian people. Not only is it a hymn for mature minds rather than for children, but it is really one of the most deeply serious meditations and one of the most solemn hymns anywhere to be found in the entire range of lyric poetry.

591

C. M.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

Author Unknown.

Original title: "Death of a Minister."

This fine ode is frequently used on funeral occasions. It is sometimes accredited to Pratt, as it appeared in his *Collection*, 1829. Sometimes it is given to Bathurst, as in the earlier editions of this Hymnal, but without good authority. English hymnologists have traced it to the *Missionary Minstrel*, London, 1826. W. T. Brooks, in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, says: "It was by 'O. P.' the anonymous compiler of that collection of missionary hymns."

The fourth and fifth stanzas, as it appeared in Pratt's collection of *Psalms and Hymns*, 1829, have been omitted.

592

C. M.

WHAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

- 2 The Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 3 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."
- 4 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

Philip Doddridge.

"Support in the Gracious Presence of God under the Loss of Ministers and Other Useful Friends" is the author's title to this hymn. It is taken from the author's *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755, and is based on Joshua 1. 2, 5:

Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. . . . There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

The first and third stanzas of the original have been omitted. The omission of the latter stanza is to be regretted, as it is necessary in order to bring out the full significance of the second stanza above, which immediately follows it in the original:

- 1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue.

593

S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.

6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley.

"An Hymn on the Death of the Rev.
George Whitefield."

This valuable hymn has found no place in the *Wesleyan Collection* to this day. It came into the *Methodist Episcopal hymn book* in 1849. It was published at the end of John Wesley's funeral sermon on Whitefield, preached November 18, 1770.

Eight lines are omitted.

The whole hymn is found in *Wesley's Sermons*, Volume I., page 480 (American Edition). It is not altered.

The omitted lines were as follows. Between the third and fourth stanzas:

Ready to bring the peace,
Thy beautiful feet were shod,
When mercy signed thy soul's release,
And caught thee up to God.

Following the last stanza above:

Come, Lord, and quickly come!
And, when in thee complete,
Receive thy longing servants home,
To triumph at thy feet.

Charles Wesley and George Whitefield became acquainted at Oxford University, and the friendship there formed continued until the death of Whitefield. He called Charles Wesley his "never-to-be-forgotten friend."

594

8s. D.

WEEP not for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Funeral Hymns*, 1744, where it appears without title.

If ever a hymn ought to be marked "altered" on account of the change of one word, this should be so marked. Wesley wrote:

Rejoice for a brother deceased.

There is a wonderful difference between simply refraining from weeping for the dead and rejoicing for them. One characteristic of the early Methodists was their remarkable triumph in and over death. This change well illustrates the toning down that has taken place since it was written.

From Telford's *Methodist Hymn Book Illustrated* we take the following paragraph:

The Rev. Henry Moore says that the poet in his old age rode a little horse, gray with age, which was brought every morning from the Foundry to his house, in Chesterfield Street, Marylebone. He would jot down any thoughts that struck him in shorthand on a card which he had in his pocket. "Not unfrequently he has come to our house, in the City Road, and, having left the pony in the garden in front, he would enter, crying out: 'Pen and ink! pen and ink!' These being supplied, he wrote the hymn he had been composing. When this was done, he would look round on those present and salute them with much kindness, ask after their health, give out a short hymn, and thus put all in mind of eternity. He was fond upon these occasions of giving out the lines: 'There all the ship's company meet.'"

595

C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*The Death and Burial of a Saint.*"

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, where it has six stanzas. These are the first two, the fourth, and last verses. We detect only one change. Watts wrote verse two, line three: "Nor *would* we wish the hours more slow."

This hymn, full of faith and hope, was sung for many years to "China," a doleful tune not at all adapted to these words.

596

L. M.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever molder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

- 2 In those dark, solemn realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
No day-star gild the darksome skies?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
- 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

Timothy Dwight.

This is taken from Dr. Dwight's edition of Watts's *Psalms*, 1800, where it is titled "*Death Not the End of Our Being.*" There are ten stanzas in the original, these being the first, fourth, seventh, and ninth. For the first line of the second stanza the author wrote: "*But in those silent realms of night.*" The hymn is based on Psalm lxxxviii. 10-12:

Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise thee? Shall thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

597

S. M. D.

- S**ERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell; but felt no fear.
- 2 Tranquill amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran, slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
- 3 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

Published in Cotterill's *Selection*, 1819. Six stanzas. These are the first two and last verses, with only two slight changes. It here has this heading: "*The Sudden Death of a Good Soldier of Jesus Christ.*"

The poem also appeared in Montgomery's *Greenland and Other Poems*, 1819, with the following extended title: "*The Christian Soldier.* Occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, after having declared in his last sermon on a preceding evening that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand."

The "good soldier" could not have been Thomas Rawson Taylor, as has been claimed, because his death did not take place until 1835, and this hymn was published in 1819.

598

P. M.

STAND the omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust:

2 Rests secure the righteous man;
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck:
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed:
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees the universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne.

Charles Wesley.

This was first published in a pamphlet containing seventeen hymns and entitled *Hymns for the Year 1756, Particularly for the Fast Day, February 6.*

Montgomery calls this hymn "one of the most daring and victorious flights" of

the author. Robert Southey pronounced it the finest lyric in the English language.

The first stanza above bears a close resemblance in thought and language to the following lines in Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*:

If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done,
Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

In writing the second stanza above he also drew upon the following lines of Dr. Young:

The soul is safe,
The man emerges; mounts above the wreck,
As towering flame from Nature's funeral pyre;
O'er devastation, as a gainer smiles.

There is an additional stanza:

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, and sword;
Listening for the call Divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

The earthquake referred to was that which destroyed the city of Lisbon on November 1, 1755; the plague had reference to a fatal disease that had been destroying the cattle by the thousands; and the war referred to was the threatened invasion of the French, which was imminent at that time. These three circumstances gave unprecedented solemnity to the fast day that called the people to public confession and prayer on February 6; 1756. Wesley makes the following entry in his *Journal* for this date:

The fast day was a glorious day, such as London has scarce seen since the Restoration. Every church in the city was more than full, and a solemn seriousness sat on every face. Surely God heareth the prayer, and there will yet be a lengthening of our tranquillity. Even the Jews observed this day with a peculiar solemnity.

Hymns like this can make even a fast day a "glorious day."

599

7s. 6l.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day!
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp and sibyl's page.

2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come!
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

3 O just Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past:
Lo, my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for thine own great name.

4 Thou, who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace—
Thou, who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief—
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
E'en to me, the hope of heaven.

Thomas of Celano.

Tr. by Arthur P. Stanley.

Part of a translation of the *Dies Ira*, the acknowledged masterpiece of sacred Latin poetry and the sublimest judgment hymn of the ages.

The translation contains thirteen stanzas. These are verses one, two, nine, and ten, unaltered. From *MacMillan's Magazine*, 1868.

Many writers have tried their skill in rendering the *Dies Ira*. Among the best translations are those of Archbishop Trench, Earl Roscommon, Sir Walter Scott, Dean Alford, Mrs. Charles, W. J. Irons, Dr. William R. Williams, Gen. John A. Dix, and Abraham Coles, M.D., of Newark, N. J., who prepared no less than thirteen versions, all good and some of them excellent.

The Latin poem dates back to the thirteenth century. The verse is peculiar—three lines, with double rhymes. We give the first stanza:

*Dies ira, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.*

Abraham Coles, a student and translator of this hymn, says of it: "Among gems it is the diamond. It is solitary in its excellence. Of Latin hymns it is the best known and the acknowledged masterpiece."

Hymn No. 747 is another translation.

600

C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Thought on Judgment*" is the author's title for this hymn in his *Hymns for Children*, 1763.

The last three stanzas, omitted above, are:

6 My peace Thou hast already made,
While hanging on the tree;
My sins He on Thy body laid,
And punished them in Thee.

7 Ah! might I, Lord, the virtue prove
Of Thine atoning blood,
And know Thou ever livest above,
My Advocate with God;

8 Receive the answer of Thy prayer,
The sense of sin forgiven,
And follow Thee with loving care,
And go in peace to heaven.

See note under No. 590, which explains why the Wesleys included such serious hymns as this in their *Hymns for Children*, 1763, and why they added to this ti-

tle in later editions the words: "*And Others of Riper Years.*"

In this volume are "Hymns for Girls" which "would befit the reflections of seniors far more than children." One of the hymns for boys "before or in their work" contains the following verse:

Let heathenish boys
In their pastime rejoice,
And be foolishly happy at play;
Overstocked if they are,
We have nothing to spare,
Not a moment to trifle away.

If Wesley erred by overestimating the mental capacity and the moral seriousness of children, the error of our day is perhaps in the opposite direction. While hymns designed for children should be as simple as their youth may call for, it is for their good, both mental and moral, that hymns and other forms of literature prepared especially for them should appeal to and challenge the highest and best that is in them. Every boy and girl who should commit to memory the above hymn would doubtless be made by this exercise not only more thoughtful and serious, but more capable of interpreting rightly the moral issues that are involved in a life whose moral responsibilities begin in youth.

601 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

Charles Wesley.

Author's title: "*Thy Kingdom Come.*"

This grand hymn has been called the English *Dies Ira*. Its authorship has been ascribed to various men. *Lyra Catholica* gives it to Matthew Bridges, a Roman Catholic hymn writer. McClintock and Strong credit it to John Cennick. But his hymn, "*Lo, He Cometh, Countless Trumpets*" (1752), is very different from this. Thomas Jackson ascribes it to Thomas Olivers. The latter was the author of a long hymn in the same meter, and one of his stanzas began in the same way as the first line of this hymn. In some collections a hymn is found made up of part of this hymn and a part of Olivers'. The original is found in Charles Wesley's *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*, 1758. The third stanza is omitted.

It is evidently founded on the impressive words found in Revelation i. 7:

Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen.

Telford, in his *Methodist Hymn Book Illustrated*, gives an account of the happy death of a girl of thirteen after a very brief illness:

From the moment of her seizure she knew that she was dying, and surely never has death been more gloriously swallowed up in victory. She exclaimed: "O, this is *nice dying!*" And then, fixing her eyes upward, as if she saw the Redeemer coming to receive her, she cried,

"Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,"

repeating the whole of the third stanza. These were her last words.

602 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

CHRISt is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!

2 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;

But, in heavenly vesture shining,
 Soon they shall thy glory see;
 Christ is coming!
 Haste the joyous jubilee.

- 3 With that blessed hope before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung;
 Let the mighty advent chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
 Christ is coming!
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

John R. Macduff.

Title: "Second Advent." It first appeared in the author's *Altar Stones*, 1853. The text here is the same as is found in his *Gates of Praise*, 1876, except that the second stanza has been omitted:

Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
 She shall yet behold Thy glory,
 When Thou comest back to reign—
 Christ is coming!
 Let each heart repeat the strain.

The hymn is prefaced by the Scripture quotations Revelation i. 7 and Revelation xxii. 20: "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him." "He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Dr. Macduff held what are known as premillennial views as to the second coming of Christ.

603

L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away!
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 And louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;
- 3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away!
 Walter Scott.

This is without doubt the most familiar of the many translations of *Dies Iræ*. Date of translation, 1805.

The hymn is found in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, where the holy fathers are

represented as singing it at a mass for the dead in Melrose Abbey.

Three lines are slightly altered. In verse one, line one, the author wrote "That day" instead of "The day;" and in verse two, line three, "When louder" instead of "And louder." Verse three, line three of the original reads:

Be thou the trembling sinner's stay.

Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in a speech at Hawarden February 3, 1866, said:

I know nothing more sublime in the writings of Sir Walter Scott. Certainly I know nothing so sublime in any portion of the sacred poetry of modern times—I mean of the present century—as the "Hymn of the Dead," extending only to twelve lines, which he embodied in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Hymns Nos. 599 and 747 are also translations of the *Dies Iræ*.

604

C. M. D.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

"A Prospect of Heaven Makes Death Easy" is the title of this most popular and beautiful hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is said to have been written by the author at his native home, in Southampton, sitting at the parlor window and overlooking the water and the beautiful scenery, the view across Southampton water toward the verdant Isle of Wight suggesting its exquisite imagery.

Two verses are omitted:

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes.

605

C. M. D.

- HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven—
A country far from mortal sight,
Which yet by faith I see,
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

Charles Wesley.

Published without title in the *Funeral Hymns*, Second Series, London, 1759, where it has eight stanzas. These are the first and the last two. One line has been changed. Wesley wrote the sixth line of the first verse: "Yet, O! by faith I see." This change is no improvement. It is a weakening of the stanza. Hymnal editors sometimes find it necessary to alter the language of even the best hymn-writers, but unnecessary changes ought never to be made.

The happiness of the true Christian is a frequent scriptural theme. It was one of the special characteristics of the early Methodists, and this holy joy appeared prominently in their hymns and songs.

606

C. M.

- GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

"The Examples of Christ and the Saints" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707.

The first two lines of the second stanza have been changed for the better. Watts wrote them:

Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears.

607

C. M. D.

- AND let this feeble body fall,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer out my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

Part of one of Wesley's victorious *Funeral Hymns*, 1759. No title given. The original has nine stanzas. This hymn is made up of verses one, two, first half of five, first half of six, and the last. A few slight changes have been made.

George John Stevenson said in his notes: "Thousands of pious souls have been cheered by the words of this hymn while passing through the dark valley. There is not a verse of it but has been made a blessing to some pilgrim."

608

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-bullt
walls

And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Joseph Bromhead (?).

No English hymn ever written has a more complicated history than this. In the British Museum there is a noted manuscript that bears this mark: "A Song

Mad by F. B. P. To the Tune of Diana."

This song consists of twenty-six stanzas of four lines each, and begins: "Hierusalem, my happie home." It is the source from which the above hymn and numerous others (including No. 610) have been derived. The following historic facts are of interest to students of hymnology:

In St. Augustine's book of *Meditations* there is a celebrated passage beginning: "*Mater Hierusalem, civitas sancta Dei.*" This was a very popular book of devotion for many centuries, and notably in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A hymn on "Paradise," by Peter Damian, a bishop and reformer of the eleventh century, was frequently bound in the same volume with Augustine's *Meditations*. These two works seem to have been largely the inspiration of the "Song Mad by F. B. P." This song is undated, but there is good reason for believing that it was written about the close of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century. An inferior hymn, which appears to be an edition of this hymn abbreviated to nineteen stanzas, was published in London in 1601 by Alde in a volume titled *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ. . . . With the Description of Heavenly Jerusalem*. In 1585 John Windet published at London a hymn on the New Jerusalem titled "*The Glasse of Vaine-Glorie*," which claimed to be a translation into English verse of certain parts of Augustine's *Meditations*, made by W. P. (W. Prid, Doctor of Laws. This translation by Prid consists of forty-four stanzas of four lines each. Several of these stanzas are in such close resemblance to the "Song by F. B. P." that one cannot resist the conviction that he made large use of the work of "F. B. P."

A version of this song beginning, "O mother dear, Jerusalem," was made by Rev. David Dickson, a Scottish Presbyterian divine (1583-1663), who was a professor of theology first in Glasgow and later in Edinburgh. His edition was published about 1650, and gained widespread popularity in the Church. [See note under No. 610.]

The next version of importance to appear was that by William Burkitt, the noted expositor, found in his volume titled *A Help and Guide to Christian Families*, 1693.

But the most important of all volumes, in the light which it throws upon the origin of the version of this famous hymn which is found in our own and other

modern Church hymnals, is a long-lost volume of hymns edited by Rev. Joseph Bromehead, a copy of which has recently been discovered and has come into the possession of Dr. Julian. It was published at Sheffield, England, in 1795. It contains eighty-four psalms and hymns. The preface shows that it was prepared by Joseph Bromehead, curate of the Church at Eckington. He speaks of it as a "new edition of the *Eckington Psalms and Hymns*," and refers to his own extensive alterations of and additions to the hymns contained in it. One of the Psalm versions is signed "Bromehead," and five of the hymns that follow are signed "B." Among the latter is this hymn beginning: "Jerusalem, my happy home." A comparison of the hymn signed "B." in Bromehead's *Eckington Collection* with the hymn as now found in modern Church hymnals reveals the fact that the latter is largely derived from the former. The fact that James Boden in 1801 and James Montgomery in 1825 each made use of this "Eckington" edition of the hymn led to each of them being credited with it. We now follow Dr. Julian in crediting it to Bromehead on the evidence given above.

The enigmatic initials, "F. B. P.," have been variously interpreted as representing Francis Baker, Priest (or *Pater*, Latin for "Father"), or Francis Baker Porter. It is quite certain that the hymn of this unknown writer is the origin of our two hymns beginning, "Jerusalem, my happy home," and, "O mother dear, Jerusalem," and that we are indebted to David Dickson, William Burkitt, and Joseph Bromehead each for alterations, improvements, and additions that have entered into these hymns to give them the forms in which they are now found in modern Church hymnals.

The fifth stanza, omitted above, is:

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

In *The Camp Meeting Chorister* (1830-1860) this hymn closed with the following stanza of unknown origin:

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

609 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the bloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

William B. Tappan.

Written at Philadelphia in the summer of 1818 for the *Franklin Gazette*. It was published in the author's first volume of *Poems*, Philadelphia, 1819.

It was subsequently changed considerably by the author, and was published in his *Miscellaneous Poems*, Boston, 1847.

One inferior stanza, the second, has been omitted:

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even—
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head
And find repose in Heaven.

In the last line of the first stanza the original has "*alone*" instead of "*above*." The first line of the third verse the author wrote: "There faith lifts up *her* cheerful eye."

The rest is verbatim. This hymn has been a great favorite from the beginning. It has had a wide use in this country and

in Europe. There is no question about the authorship; and yet, like many popular poems, it has been claimed by several writers, and has been printed with various names and signatures.

610 C. M. D.

- O** MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 2** No murky cloud o'er shadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God himself gives light.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity?
- 3** Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
- 4** Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Author Unknown.

As already pointed out under Hymn No. 608, this hymn is taken from a song of twenty-six stanzas which is found in manuscript form in the British Museum. This song was made by "F. B. P.," but who the author is and when the song was written are only matters of conjecture. For the first line of the hymn as found above we are especially indebted to Rev. David Dickson, a Scotch divine (1583-1663), whose version of the F. B. P. poem contains thirty-one stanzas of eight lines each, and was published about 1650. The

hymn has sometimes been erroneously credited to Dickson as its author.

As a matter of curious interest we present here the original stanzas in the F. B. P. song that have been used to make the above hymn, in order that the reader may see both the similarities and the differences between the two:

- 1** Hierusalem, my happie home!
When shall I come to thee!
When shall my sorrowes have an end,
Thy loyes when shall I see?
- 2** O happie harbour of the saints!
O sweete and pleasant soyle!
In thee noe sorrow may be founde
Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.
- 4** Noe dampishe mist is seen in thee,
Noe colde, nor darksome night;
There everie soul shines as the sunne,
There God himselfe gives light.
- 11** Ah my sweete home Hierusalem
Would god I were in thee
Would god my woes were at an end
Thy loyes that I might see.
- 17** Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are greene
There groes such sweete and pleasant flowers
As noe where eles are seene
- 20** Quyt through the streetes with silver
sound
The flood of life doe flowe
Upon whose bankes on everle syde
The wood of life doth growe.
- 21** There trees for evermore beare fruite
And evermore doe springe
There evermore the Angels sit
And evermore doe singe
- 26** Hierusalem my happie home
Would god I were in thee
Would god my woes were at an end
Thy loyes that I might see
finis finis

611 C. M. D.

- C**OME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

- 2 One family we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood.
And part are crossing now.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.
- 4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity:
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.
- 5 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound:
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

Charles Wesley.

Dr. Abel Stevens, in his *History of Methodism*, said of Charles Wesley's *Funeral Hymns*: "For a hundred years and more these testimonials of the dying triumphs of their early brethren have been sung at the deathbeds and funerals of Methodists throughout the world."

This is the first of the *Funeral Hymns*, Second Series, 1759. No stanza has been left out and only a few words changed. Wesley wrote "joy" instead of "joys" in verse one, line four. In the closing lines of verse two he wrote:

Part of His host *hath* cross'd the flood,
And part *is* crossing now.

He also wrote "*that* heavenly land" in the last line of the third verse.

John Wesley greatly appreciated this hymn. When he preached his farewell sermon in Dublin July 12, 1789, he gave

it out and made some comments upon it. He said it was the sweetest hymn his brother ever wrote.

The second stanza is frequently quoted. It is one of the finest things in English poetry.

Charles Wesley died (1788) three years before his brother. It is said that some time after his death John Wesley, then venerable with age and almost "to the margin come," ascended the pulpit on one occasion in the Foundry Church, and after reading the lesson, he turned to the hymn selected as if to read it after his usual manner; but instead he buried his face in his hands and stood there in that solemn and impressive attitude for several minutes. Every eye was fixed upon him, and every ear listened as he then opened the hymn book and read in a most impressive manner his brother's hymn:

Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize.

The audience was deeply moved and well knew where his thoughts were.

612

7s, 6s. D.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny.
Tr. by John M. Neale.

This is one of two hymns in this collection taken from Dr. J. M. Neale's translation of the Latin of Bernard of Cluny, the other being No. 614, "For thee, O dear, dear country." Bernard is known to posterity only as the author of a poem of three thousand lines titled *De Contemptu Mundi*, which is mainly a bitter satire upon the corruptions of his age (the twelfth century), and especially the corruptions of the Church of Rome. The poem opens, however, with a glowing description of the peace and glory of heaven which has excited universal admiration. It is from this part of the poem that Dr. Neale made his excellent translations, which he published in 1858 under the title *The Rhythm of Bernard of Morlaix. Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country*. If the *Dies Ira* is the most sublime and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic, this may be pronounced the most beautiful of all the Mediæval Latin hymns. The first two lines of the original of the above hymn are:

*Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obruis et cor et
ora.*

The meter of the original, as will be seen, is very difficult. The author in his preface claimed that he was assisted in the composition of the poem by the special inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Dr. Neale, the translator, says:

I have here deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the measure of the original, because our language, if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness which invests it in the Latin.

It is written in dactylic hexameter

verse. Each line consists of three parts; two of these parts rhyme with each other, while the lines themselves are in couplets of double rhyme. A single couplet will illustrate the peculiar and difficult construction:

*Hora novissima | tempora pessima | sunt, vi-
gilemus,
Ecce minaciter | imminet arbiter | ille supre-
mus.*

These words are thus rendered into English by Dr. Duffield, preserving the peculiar meter of the original:

These are the *latter times*,
These are not *better times*,
Let us stand *waiting!*
Lo, how with *awfulness*,
He first in *lawfulness*,
Comes *arbitrating*.

"This glowing description of the celestial country," says Dr. Philip Schaff, "is the sweetest of all the New Jerusalem hymns of heavenly homesickness which have taken their inspiration from the last two chapters of Revelation."

613

8s, 7s. D.

HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Lord, to thee!
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr, and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth.

Title: "*All Saints' Day.*" From the author's *Holy Year*, London, 1862.

Bishop Bickersteth in his notes calls this a "noble hymn."

A few words have been changed, and two stanzas, the third and sixth, have been left out. They read well, and we give them:

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

6 God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In whose body joined together
All the saints forever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fullness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore

614 7s, 6s. D.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:

21

But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day:
There God, our King and portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny.

Tr. by John M. Neale.

This is a translation of a part of the same Latin hymn as that beginning "Jerusalem, the golden." See note under No. 612. Dr. Neale, in the third edition of his *Medieval Hymns*, says:

It would be most unthankful did I not express my gratitude to God for the favor he has given some of the centos made from the poem, but especially "*Jerusalem the Golden.*" It has found a place in some twenty hymnals, and for the last two years it has hardly been possible to read any newspaper which gives prominence to ecclesiastical news without seeing its employment chronicled at some dedication or other festival. It is also a great favorite with Dissenters, and has obtained admission into Roman Catholic services. "And I say this"—to quote Bernard's own preface—"in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility and therefore boldly."

Dr. Abraham Coles's words are also worth quoting:

The heavenly heartache, with the soul enamored of its home in the skies and longing to depart, never, it is safe to say, found a sweeter or more touching expression than in these hymns of Bernard.

615 7s, 6s. D.

THE Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of souls freeborn!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn:

I'm sighing for that country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland
To which I'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invades their holy home:
O dear, dear native country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of his eternal love.

Hugh R. Haweis (?).

The reputed author of this hymn has recently reached the homeland. Christians are frequently charged with "otherworldliness"—that is, with thinking relatively too little of the present life and too much of the future life. We plead "not guilty" to the charge; but if it were true, we could find ample justification in the Scriptures.

It is only fair to say that the authorship of this hymn is in doubt. Some books attribute it to William Lindsay Alexander. Dr. Julian says he has failed to trace it to either author.

616 6s, 5s. D.

CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch, and pray, and fast!

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

Andrew of Crete.

Tr. by John M. Neale.

"*Stichera for the Second Week of the Great Fast*" is the title of Dr. Neale's *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862.

In verse one, lines three and four, seven and eight, the author wrote:

*How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?*

*Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross!*

In verse two, lines seven and eight, he wrote:

*Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten Fast!*

In verse three, line five, he wrote "*say but boldly*" instead of "answer boldly;" and in verse four, line seven, he wrote "*But*" instead of "And."

The translator says: "This is, of course, not intended to be used in church; but as a song it is extremely pretty."

617 C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

This hymn was contributed to *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. The author's title was: "*The Promised Land.*"

One stanza, the third, has been left out, and evidently for good reason:

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

The third stanza began "*All o'er*" instead of "*O'er all.*" In the second line of the last verse the author wrote "*Can here*" instead of "*Could here.*"

One of the fathers of New England Methodism, Rev. Lewis Bates, used to insist that it ought to be sung, "*On Jordan's sunny banks,*" etc. He thought it wise to make the best of the "*life that now is.*"

This favorite hymn was evidently modeled upon Dr. Watts's "*There is a land of pure delight,*" No. 604.

The fathers used to sing this hymn to "*Exhortation,*" an old-fashioned "*fugue tune;*" and to hear them go through the six stanzas, at some of the Conferences, *like a whirlwind* was an experience never to be forgotten.

618 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in!

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Henry Alford.

The glories of the final resurrection day perhaps have nowhere else been so triumphantly sung as in this hymn. Most of our songs are for the saints militant; this is for the saints triumphant. The victory of the redeemed is well described here by the great English theologian. It is not easy for a Christian believer to read these lines without feeling a quickening heartbeat in anticipation of the glories that are to be revealed in the resurrection. It first appeared in the author's *Year of Praise*, 1867. It was sung at the author's burial, out in the churchyard, after the solemn obsequies had been concluded in the cathedral where he had so often preached. The epitaph upon his tomb is: *Deversorium viatoris proficentis Hierosolymam*, which being translated is: "*The inn of a pilgrim journeying to Jerusalem.*"

619 7s. D.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:

Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night;
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

- 3 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er;
 They have all their sufferings passed,
 Hunger now and thirst no more.
 He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountains lead.

Charles Wesley.

Published without title in *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. The original begins, "What are these," etc. This corresponds with the Scripture on which the hymn is evidently founded, Revelation vii. 13-17:

What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The last part of the third and fourth stanzas has been omitted:

No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray,
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove,
 Wipe the tears from every face,
 Fill up every soul with love.

620

P. M.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er—
 I am nearer home to-day
 Than I ever have been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be;
 Nearer the great white throne;
 Nearer the crystal sea;

- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down;
 Nearer leaving the cross;
 Nearer gaining the crown.

- 4 But the waves of that silent sea
 Roll dark before my sight,
 That brightly the other side
 Break on a shore of light.

- 5 O, if my mortal feet
 Have almost gained the brink,
 If it be I am nearer home
 Even to-day than I think,

- 6 Father, perfect my trust;
 Let my spirit feel in death
 That her feet are firmly set
 On the rock of a living faith.

Phæbe Cary.

"Nearer Home" is the author's title to this meditation and prayer-poem, which was written in 1852 with no thought of its being used as a hymn. But it has, in spite of its very unusual and irregular meter, become very popular as a hymn. It has many variations, mostly verbal, as found in the different hymnals of the Church—and it is in all of them. The one given above is Miss Cary's own and last version as found in *Hymns for all Christians*. The following stanzas are omitted:

- 4 But lying darkly between,
 Winding down through the night,
 Is the deep and unknown stream,
 That leads at last to the light.

- 5 Closer and closer my steps
 Come to the dread abyss,
 Closer death to my lips
 Presses the awful chasm.

- 8 Feel as I would when my feet
 Are slipping over the brink;
 For it may be, I'm nearer home—
 Nearer now than I think!

Russell H. Conwell, in his *Lessons of Travel*, makes the following reference to this hymn:

In Macao, China, not far from Hongkong, the principal occupation of the inhabitants is gaming. Here on a certain occasion a traveler found a company of gamblers in a back room on the upper floor of a hotel. At the table nearest him there was an American, about twenty-five years old, playing with an

old man. They had been betting and drinking. While the gray-haired man was shuffling the cards for a "new deal," the young man, in a swaggering, careless way, sang to a very pathetic tune a verse of Phœbe Cary's beautiful hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought." Hearing the singing, several gamblers looked up in surprise. The old man who was dealing the cards put on a look of melancholy, stopped for a moment, gazed steadfastly at his partner in the game, dashed the pack upon the floor under the table, and said: "Where did you learn that tune?" The young man pretended that he did not know that he had been singing. "Well, no matter," said the old man; "I've played my last game, and that's the end of it. The cards may lie there till doomsday, and I will never pick them up." The old man having won money from the young man—about one hundred dollars—took it out of his pocket and, handing it to the latter, said: "Here is your money; take it and do good with it; I shall with mine. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake and for God's sake you will quit the infernal business."

The sequel is a happy one, for the "old man" here alluded to wrote Colonel C. a letter saying that "Harry" had entirely abandoned gambling and all kinds of vices, and that he himself had become a "hard-working Christian." During the last year of her life Miss Cary, seeing this story in print, sent a copy of it to an old friend with the following note, which happily throws light on the origin of the hymn:

I inclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you knew the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852) in your house. I composed it in the little back third-story bedroom one Sunday morning after coming from Church, and it makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world.

The literary fame of Phœbe Cary is inseparably associated with that of her older sister, Alice, with whom she lived in most intimate and loving fellowship during her entire life; and this intimate fellowship was not merely in domestic life, but also in literary work. The death of

Alice Cary on February 12, 1871, after a trying and protracted illness, came as a crushing sorrow to the younger sister. She did not long survive it, but five months later, on July 31, her own feet "gained the brink," and she crossed over to join her "angel" sister, friend, and fellow-worker in that land of which she had herself so sweetly sung, where the waves of the silent sea break brightly on a shore of light. Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, the devoted friend and biographer of these gifted sisters, describes the death of Phœbe, which took place at Newport, Rhode Island, as follows:

There, without an instant's warning, her death-throe came. She knew it. Throwing up her arm in instinctive fright, this loving, believing, but timid soul, who had never stood alone in all her mortal life, as she felt herself drifting out into the unknown, the eternal—starting on the awful passage from whence there is no return—cried in a low and piercing voice, "O God, have mercy on my soul!" and died.

Nothing that Phœbe Cary ever wrote was altogether so beautiful as the little poem titled "*Answered*" that was called forth—as were "*In Memoriam*" and so many other beautiful poems—by the death of one most deeply loved. It is a prayer-poem and a sermon that may fittingly accompany this song on "*Nearing Home*:"

I thought to find some healing clime
For her I loved; she found that shore,
That city, whose inhabitants
Are sick and sorrowful no more.

I asked for human love for her;
The Loving knew how best to still
The infinite yearning of a heart
Which but infinity could fill.

Such sweet communion had been ours,
I prayed that it might never end;
My prayer is more than answered; now
I have an angel for my friend.

I wished for perfect peace, to soothe
The troubled anguish of her breast;
And numbered with the loved and called,
She entered on untroubled rest.

Life was so fair a thing to her,
I wept and pleaded for its stay;
My wish was granted me, for lo!
She hath eternal life to-day.

621 11s, 10s.

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Refrain.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,

And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;

The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;

All journeys end in welcome to the weary.

And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;

Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick W. Faber.

Author's title: "*The Pilgrims of the Night.*" Two stanzas, the second and sixth of the original, have been omitted:

2 Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,

And like benighted men we miss our mark;

God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

6 Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten

Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;

And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen

To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

The last two lines have been changed.

They were:

While we toil on and soothe ourselves with weeping,

Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

From *Faber's Oratory Hymn Book.*

1854.

Faber is the warm-hearted hymn-writer of the Roman Catholic Church. He took the *Olney Hymns* and the *Wesleyan Hymns* as his model, and as a result produced several which are both popular and useful.

622 8s, 6s.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;

Refrain.

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.

Frederick W. Faber.

This is titled "*Paradise*" in the author's *Hymns*, 1862. It is one of the most popular of all the modern hymns on heaven, and this because "it puts into fitting and melodious words the longing of the soul for its true home, far from the strife and bitterness and disappointment of this everyday life." In the original the refrain is printed in full with each of the seven stanzas.

The last line of the fourth stanza the author wrote:

Is destined for me.

The last stanza of the hymn as given above was not written by Faber, but by the compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* when they introduced it into their book in 1868. This was done because they thought a better climax was needed.

Three stanzas, the third, fourth, and seventh of the original, which express a longing for death, have been omitted:

- 3 O paradise! O paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day?
- 4 O paradise! O paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.
- 7 O paradise! O paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song.

623 7s, 6s. D. Irregular.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave.

Title: "*The Pilgrim's Song*." The third stanza of the original has been omitted:

- 3 Fly me Riches, fly me Cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering World, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more:
Pilgrims fix not here their Home;
Strangers tarry but a Night,
When the last dear Morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful Light.

This hymn first appeared in *Hymns for Christian Worship, Partly Composed and Partly Collected from Various Authors*, by Robert Seagrave, London, 1742.

624 8, 8, 6. D.

- H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

John Wesley.

"*The Pilgrim*" is the title of this superb poem in *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus*, 1747, of which volume Dr.

Osborn, editor of the collected *Poetical Works* of J. and C. Wesley, remarks: "It has supplied a larger number of hymns to the 'Large Hymn Book' than any other of the publications of the two brothers."

In verse two, line one, the author wrote "His" instead of "This," and in line two "self-design" instead of "low design." As this poem of nine stanzas is one of the most noted of all the Wesleyan hymns and is a production of exceptional poetic merit, especially if read in its entirety, we give here the five omitted stanzas:

- 3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 4 I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And desecrate the whole:
Only betrothed to Christ am I,
And wait His coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.
- 5 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name.
- 6 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
- 7 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

Of course verses four and five of the original have no place in a hymnal for public worship. Verse four presents an utterly un-Protestant and unscriptural view of matrimony. We think the hymn is properly credited here to John Wesley. As hymnologists, however, are by no means agreed as to its authorship, and as there is considerable difference of opin-

ion among them as to the extent of John Wesley's contributions to the Wesleyan hymns, it may not be amiss to present the following facts, which will help the reader to form his own opinion on this question:

This hymn is written in a meter that was a favorite with both John and Charles Wesley. George John Stevenson and some other English authorities in hymnology and well-nigh all American students of hymnology have uniformly referred it to John Wesley as its author. But the evidence that he rather than Charles Wesley wrote it is inferential and not direct and positive. The volume from which it is taken, though known to be one of the publications of the Wesley brothers, bears the name of neither of them. It was probably one of their joint publications. All that can be definitely known of hymns taken from these joint volumes is that they are Wesleyan. It has long been a custom of editors and writers on hymnology to attribute all translations of hymns from the German and other languages to John Wesley and all other Wesleyan hymns to Charles Wesley unless there should be some positive evidence that John Wesley wrote some particular hymn, as, for example, is true of that beginning "We lift our hearts to thee." Following this rule, this hymn is attributed by Telford and some other writers and editors to Charles Wesley. Julian marks it "Wesleyan," and does not undertake to decide which of the two brothers wrote it.

John Wesley once said, referring to the joint publications of himself and his brother, that they had agreed between themselves not to distinguish their respective hymns. Now, such a remark would be not only gratuitous but positively misleading if it were true that John Wesley's contribution to these numerous Wesleyan volumes of hymns was limited, as many claim, wholly to translations. Dr. Osborn and other discriminating students of Wesleyan hymnology therefore give it as their judgment that John Wesley is the author of many hymns that are commonly accredited to Charles Wesley.

This hymn was written in 1746. Neither of the brothers was married or was, so far as known, contemplating marriage at that time. In matters pertaining to love and matrimony John Wesley was much more likely than Charles to have given expression to sentiments like that contained in verse four of the original hymn. Neither of the brothers could have written such a verse three years later:

for Charles Wesley was most happily married in 1749, and John Wesley that same year became deeply attached to Grace Murray, and planned to marry her. But Charles Wesley and George Whitefield, thinking his choice unwise, managed to break up the marriage, very much to his sorrow. After his unfortunate marriage to Mrs. Vazelle, in 1751, they regretted having interfered to prevent his marriage to Grace Murray. We think the hymn is properly credited in the text above, but we know of no reason for affirming, as some have suggested, that it had its origin in a disappointment with regard to matrimony.

Bating the sentiments contained in verse four of the original, it may be pronounced one of the finest lyrics in the English language. Has any poet written anything finer than verse three above, which the saintly Mrs. Fletcher quoted so touchingly on her deathbed?

625

S. M.

FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.
- 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery.

Title: "At Home in Heaven."

This is no doubt the most valuable and widely used hymn that the author wrote. It is founded on 1 Thessalonians iv. 17: "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

The original contains twenty-two stan-

zas. This hymn is made up of verses one, two, fourteen, sixteen, and seventeen, verbatim.

From *A Poet's Portfolio*, London, 1835.

Some of the omitted stanzas are too good to be forgotten. We give from the third to the sixth, inclusive. They would make a good hymn.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect fies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

626

7, 6, 8, 6. D.

I SAW the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven a bride adorned
With jeweled diadem:
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet.

2 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb himself, the light;
And there his servants serve him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.

3 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon his throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with his own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

4 O Lamb of God who reignest,
Thou bright and morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far;

O worthy Judge Eternal,
When thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl
And call thy servants home.

Godfrey Thring.

This hymn, titled "*The Song of the Redeemed*," was written in 1886, and was published that same year with music by H. S. Irons. It was sung in choral festivals for several years before it found a place in *Church Hymns*, 1903. The first two stanzas of the original are as follows:

I heard a sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
To Him that sat thereon;
Salvation, glory, honor!
I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
In wondrous harmonies.

From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war;
I heard the saints uprising
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him who died, and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

627

P. M.

BYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Refrain.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
- 3 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
- 4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

- 5 Beyond the frost chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Horatius Bonar.

Title: "A Little While." It is from Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, First Series, 1857. The fourth stanza of the original is as follows:

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going
I shall be soon.

Dr. Bonar was a premillenarian, and, like all who hold that belief, his daily prayer was: "Lord, tarry not, but come."

This hymn was printed in the *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy* in April, 1849.

628

L. M.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair:
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Refrain.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
 - 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
 - 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
 - 5 Then fall the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
- William Hunter.*

This hymn was first published in *Select Melodies*, Pittsburg, 1838. It was revised by the author a short time before his death.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

629

6, G, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide,
Let there be light!

John Marriott.

Title: "A Missionary Hymn." It was written about 1813 and first printed in the *Friendly Visitor*, July, 1825. There are two slightly differing texts. One is given in *Lyra Britannica*, 1867, and claims to be the original. The other is given by Dr. Raffles in his *Hymns*, Liverpool, 1853.

630

L. M.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign.

3 O that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

Mrs. Vokes (†).

This hymn first appeared, according to Duffield, in the *Baptist Magazine* in 1816. Prof. F. M. Bird attributed it to Mrs. Vokes on purely internal and conjectural evidence; and while it is generally accredited to her, there is no conclusive proof that she wrote it. Its Scripture basis is Revelation xi. 15:

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

631

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles."

Founded on the last part of the seventy-second Psalm.

The second stanza is made out of the second and third of Watts's:

2 Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe, her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in Eastern gold,
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.

Watts wrote the first couplet of the third stanza:

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head.

There are two other stanzas that are too good to be forgotten:

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'n'er leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 Where he displays his healing power
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

It is probable that this is the most widely used missionary hymn in the Hymnal. From the author's *Psalms*, etc., 1719.

632

C. M.

JESUS, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone!

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth with all her millions shout
Hosannas to the Lord!

A. C. Hobart Seymour.

"*Hymn for the Spread of the Gospel*" is the original title. It is taken from the author's *Vital Christianity*, 1810. In verse one, line two, the author wrote: "Assume, assert Thy sway." In verse four, line one, he wrote "dear" instead of "great," and in line three "like Dagon" instead of "forsaken."

Verses five and six, omitted above, are:

5 O hasten, Lord, the happy time,
That long expected day;
When every kingdom, every tribe
Shall own Thy gentle sway.

6 When all the untutored tribes
Shall the Redeemer own,
And crowds of willing converts come
To worship at Thy throne.

633

6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8.

FROM all the dark places
Of earth's heathen races,
O see how the thick shadows fly!
The voice of salvation
Awakes every nation,
"Come over and help us," they cry.

Refrain.

The kingdom is coming, O tell ye the story,
God's banner exalted shall be!
The earth shall be full of his knowledge and
glory,
As waters that cover the sea!

2 The sunlight is glancing
O'er armies advancing
To conquer the kingdoms of sin;
Our Lord shall possess them,
His presence shall bless them,
His beauty shall enter them in.

3 With shouting and singing,
And jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down,
At last every nation,
The Lord of salvation
Their King and Redeemer shall crown!

Mary B. C. Slade.

"*The Kingdom Coming*" is the title of this serviceable missionary hymn. It was written for Prof. R. M. McIntosh, of Emory College (Georgia), who composed the tune for it. It is said to be very popular in many parts of the South.

634

P. M.

TELL it out among the heathen that the
Lord is King;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them
shout and sing;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that he shall in-
crease,

That the mighty King of glory is the King
of Peace;
Tell it out with jubilation, let the song ne'er
cease;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

- 2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Sav-
lour reigns;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them
break their chains;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Je-
sus lives,
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest
he gives,
Tell it out among the sinners that he still
receives;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

- 3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns
above;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that his reign
is love;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the
lanes at home,
Let it ring across the mountains and the
ocean's foam,
Like the sound of many waters, let our glad
shout come!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Frances R. Havergal.

This hymn was written on April 19,
1872, and was first published in *Evening
Hours*. 1872. It is based on Psalm xcvi.
10: "Say among the heathen that the
Lord reigneth."

In the *Memorials* of the author by her
sister the following account is given of
the origin of this hymn:

Written at Winterdyne when unable to go
to church one snowy Sunday morning. She
asked for her prayer book (in bed), always
liking to follow the services of the day. On
Mr. Shaw's return from church he heard her
touch on the piano. "Why, Frances, I thought
you were upstairs!" "Yes; but I had my
prayer book, and in the Psalms for to-day I
read: 'Tell it out among the heathen that the
Lord is King.' I thought: 'What a splendid
first line!' And then words and music came
rushing in to me. There, it's all written out!"

The sound of church bells, as well as
the words of the Psalmist, it is said,

helped to inspire within the heart of the
sick poet this hymn, which is so full of
inspiration to others. It seems to peal
forth its gospel message like bells that
would ring out and tell to all the world
that Christ is King. It is one of the most
successful and inspiring of modern mis-
sionary hymns. It is well suited to the
needs of the great missionary gatherings
that are now so frequently held in all
parts of the Church. When sung with
feeling by a vast audience, it gives tri-
umphant expression to the enthusiasm
and optimism that characterize the faith
of those who have caught the vision of
Christ's kingship among the nations.

635

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal;
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The newborn souls, whose days
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott.

The author gives the following account
of the writing of this lyric:

The Young Men's Christian Associations of
Ohio met in one of our churches with their
motto in evergreen letters over the pulpit:

"Christ for the world, and the world for Christ." This suggested the hymn "Christ for the world we sing." It was on my way home from this service in 1869, walking alone through the streets, that I put together the four stanzas of the hymn.

636

7s. D.

- W**ATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends:
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

John Bowring.

This was first published in the author's volume of *Hymns*, 1825, and is based on Isaiah xxi. 11: "Watchman, what of the night?" The note of Dr. C. S. Robinson is worth quoting in full:

Perhaps no piece can be found which is more familiar to the American Churches than this hymn. The brief prediction in Isaiah xxi. 11, 12, however, on which it is based, is one of the most obscure in the Bible. The entire prophecy is contained in two verses of the chapter, and appears to bear no relation to what goes before it or what follows. But the image it presents is singularly dramatic and picturesque. The scene is laid in the midst of the Babylonish captivity. A lonely watchman is represented as standing on the ramparts of some tower along the defenses of the citadel. He seems to be anxiously looking for the issues of the siege leveled against it. The time is midnight. Calamity is over the land. The people are af-

flicted. Their enemies are pressing them hard. That solitary sentinel sadly remains at his post, peering into the unlit gloom, trying to discern signs of deliverance. But the heavens are starless, and the impenetrable clouds keep rolling on. Suddenly an unknown voice pierces the air. Whether in wailing sorrow or in bitter taunt, is not evident; but out of the stillness already grown oppressive breaks the question with repetitious pertinacity: "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" The sentinel waits through a moment of surprised meditation, and then tranquilly answers: "The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come." Then the dialogue lapses into silence again, and the night gathers its unbroken shadows deeper than ever.

This was at one time the most familiar and popular of the author's hymns, but in recent years "In the cross of Christ I glory" has become more closely associated with the name and fame of Bowring as a hymn-writer. Besides, the missionary night of a half century ago has so far given way to the light of the new missionary day, whose increasing brightness is now seen and felt everywhere the world over, that the hymn is happily not now so needed or so appropriate as it once was. "Watchman, what of the day!" is the question which it is most appropriate to ask and answer in this day of missionary conquest and triumph.

637

7s.

- H**ASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

A fine rendering this of the seventy-second Psalm.

The original contains seven stanzas. These are the first three and the last, verbatim. The omitted stanzas are:

- 4 As when soft and gentle showers
Fall upon the thirsty plain,
Springing grass and blooming flowers,
Clothe the wilderness again;
- 5 So Thy Spirit shall descend,
Soft'ning every stony heart,
And its sweetest influence lend
All that's lovely to impart.
- 6 Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But His reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of Heaven.

From *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.

638

8s, 7s. D.

- L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, thou universal Saviour;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.
 - 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

This is taken from the author's *Hymns for the Nativity of Our Lord*, a tract of twenty-four pages, containing eighteen hymns. The first edition of this tractate was printed anonymously without date and without the name of either author or publisher on the title-page. But it is

known to have come from the Wesleys, and seems to have been one of the most popular of their smaller collections of hymns, as shown by the fact that from 1744, when the first edition appeared, to 1825, no less than twenty-one different editions were published. John Wesley made interesting allusion to this volume in a letter to his brother Charles dated December 26, 1761.

What splendid missionary hymns would have been written by Charles Wesley had he lived in this day of missionary vision and victory!

639

L. M.

FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane.

Title: "*The Banner of the Cross*." It was written at Riverside in 1848, and published in *Songs by the Way*, 1875. It is unaltered and entire. It is not a hymn exactly; it is a spiritual song inspired by and filled with an enthusiastic missionary spirit. It ought to be widely and frequently used.

640

7s. D.

O, ye messengers of God!
 Like the beams of morning fly,
 Take the wonder-working rod,
 Wave the banner-cross on high:
 Where the lofty minaret
 Gleams along the morning skies,
 Wave it till the crescent set,
 And the Star of Jacob rise!

- 2 Go to many a tropic isle
 In the bosom of the deep,
 Where the skies forever smile
 And the oppressed forever weep:
 O'er their gloomy night of care
 Pour the living light of heaven;
 Chase away their dark despair,
 Bid them hope to be forgiven!
- 3 Where the golden gates of day
 Open on the palmy East,
 Wide the bleeding cross display,
 Spread the gospel's richest feast:
 Bear the tidings round the ball,
 Visit every soil and sea:
 Preach the cross of Christ to all,
 Jesus' love is full and free!

Joshua Marsden.

No one is so well prepared to write a missionary hymn as a missionary. This fine hymn was written by a Wesleyan Methodist minister who was a missionary first in Nova Scotia and later in the Bermuda Islands. It first appeared in the author's volume titled *Amusements of a Mission*, published in New York in 1812. It is also republished in part in the author's *Narrative of a Mission*, Second Edition, 1827. It seems to be based on Exodus vii. 12: "But Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods." The prophet's rod is the emblem of the Christian faith and the symbol of victory. The picturesque and vivid description of the triumph of the Christian faith in all lands and its conquest over all peoples, contained in this hymn, is surpassed by few, if any, writers of missionary hymns.

In verse one, line five, the author wrote "asprant" instead of "lofty;" and in verse two, lines five to eight, he wrote:

O'er the negro's night of care
 Pour the living light of heaven;
 Chase away the fiend despair,
 Bid him hope to be forgiven!

In verse three, line five, he wrote "Circumnavigate the ball" instead of "Bear the tidings round the ball."

641

6s.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
 Or on the waters cast,
 The martyrs' ashes, watched,
 Shall gathered be at last.

- 2 And from that scattered dust,
 Around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed
 Of witnesses for God.
- 3 The Father hath received
 Their latest living breath,
 And vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death:
- 4 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim,
 To many a wakening land,
 The one availing name.

Martin Luther.

Tr. by John A. Messenger.

The first martyrdom of the Reformation took place at Brussels July 1, 1523. The victims were Henry Voes and John Esch, young Augustine monks, who had learned the way of salvation by faith and had renounced Romanism.

The inquisitors asked: "Do you retract your assertion that the priest has not the power to forgive sin and that it belongs to God alone?" "No; we will retract nothing," was the reply. "We will rather die for the faith." Soon after they were "degraded"—that is, deprived of their priestly robes—and delivered over to the secular authorities as heretics. After the pile was lighted, they earnestly prayed to God and solemnly recited the Apostles' Creed. At length, as they were singing "*Te Deum Laudamus*," their voices were stifled and their souls released. Luther wrote a long hymn of twelve nine-lined stanzas commemorative of this martyrdom. This hymn is based upon the tenth stanza of Luther's hymn, and was written about 1840 for *D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation* by John Alexander Messenger.

Luther's hymn first appeared in the *Enchiridion*, Erfurt, 1524. It was immediately set to music, "and soon," says D'Aubigne, "in Germany and the Netherlands, in city and country these strains were heard communicating in every direction an enthusiasm for the faith of these martyrs."

642

C. M.

THE Lord will come and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

- 2 Mercy and truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 3 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord!
And glorify thy name.
- 4 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 5 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart; and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore!

John Milton.

Our only hymn from the great blind bard.

The five stanzas of this hymn are based upon the following verses in the eighty-fifth and eighty-sixth Psalms, being selected from the author's paraphrase of these two Psalms:

"Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps." (Ps. lxxxv. 13.)

"Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. lxxxv. 10.)

"All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name." (Ps. lxxxvi. 9.)

"Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven." (Ps. lxxxv. 11.)

"I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart; and I will glorify thy name for evermore." (Ps. lxxxvi. 12.)

The only change of Milton's text is in the first stanza, which is differently arranged and slightly altered:

Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
Then will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

Among the great blind poet's earliest but most memorable and oft-quoted lines are the following:

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphyry chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

643

7s. D.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

- 2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

- 3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of four hymns with the following title: "*After Preaching to the Newcastle Colliers.*"

Mr. Jackson, in his *Life of Charles Wesley*, remarks that perhaps the imagery of this hymn was suggested by the large fires which illuminate the whole part of that country in the darkest night.

The third stanza of the original is left out.

From Charles Wesley's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

George John Stevenson, in his *Hymn Book Notes*, said: "The imagery of the poet in this hymn is so exceedingly characteristic of the spread of vital religion that it has become a favorite at missionary services."

644

L. M.

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!
- 3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old.
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart.
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant.

Copyright, D. Appleton & Co.

In 1854 Mr. Bryant printed privately nineteen hymns for circulation among his many friends. This is the twelfth hymn in that book, where it has the scriptural title: "*Other Sheep I Have, Which Are Not of This Fold: Them Also I Must Bring.*" Many regard it as the best of the author's hymns.

It was written in 1840 for a missionary anniversary, and was sung with great enthusiasm by the audience that used it for the first time in public worship.

Few lines ever written by any poet have greater power to inspire one in the discharge of duty than those in which Bryant, after describing the awful but soon ended fight on the battle field, writes as follows of the longer and harder battle of life:

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And flinch not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

645

C. M.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 When, Lord, shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons.

Author's title: "*The Universal Diffusion of the Gospel Promised by God, and Pleaded by His People.*"

The original contained forty-six stanzas, and was divided into seven parts. This hymn is composed of verses one, three, eight, and twelve.

This long poem contains some stanzas of high order. It is strong, scriptural, and full of faith.

The whole hymn is found in *Hymns Adapted to Divine Worship, Partly Collected from Various Authors, but Principally Composed by Thomas Gibbons, D.D.*, London, 1769.

646

7s. D.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fullness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore:
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies:
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed his word; he speaks; 'tis done!
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away:
 Then the end; beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.
James Montgomery.

This was first published in the *Evangelical Magazine* for July, 1818, and a year later it was republished in the author's *Greenland and Other Poems*. The fact that Montgomery belonged to the Moravian Church, whose zeal for missions is known and read of all men, and that his father and mother died at their posts as missionaries in the West Indies, not only very naturally inclined but eminently fitted him to write missionary hymns. This missionary hymn seems to increase in popularity as the missionary intelligence and zeal of the Christian Church continue to increase. In Cotterill's *Collection*, of which Montgomery was one of

the editors, it bears the title: "*The Universal Reign of Christ*." In the author's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825, it is titled "*Hallelujah*." Two passages of Scripture are referred to in the hymn—1 Corinthians xv. 24-28 and Revelation xi. 15.

"Where," asks W. G. Horder in his *Hymn Lover*, "can grander missionary hymns be found than Montgomery's 'Hark! the song of jubilee' and 'O Spirit of the living God?' They move the heart like the sound of a trumpet."

647

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion, long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive,
 God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
 All thy warfare now is past;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee;
 Victory is thine at last:
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly.

From the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*.

The passage on which this is based is Isaiah lii. 7: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

This hymn appeared in the first edition of the author's *Hymns*, Dublin, 1804. Some changes were made by him for later editions. As here given it corresponds with the author's text, last edition, with these exceptions:

In the last line of the third verse,

Zion's King *vouchsafes* to send;

and in the first part of the last verse,

*Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double
In thy Maker's favor blessed.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.*

648

S. M.

LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.

- 2 The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to thy glory live.
- 3 Now then the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
- 4 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of a large number of hymns left by the author in manuscript, and which were not published before his death. Indeed, some of them have never yet been published. This hymn was first published in 1830 in *A Supplement to the Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People Called Methodists*. It is based on Acts xi. 21: "And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord."

649

8s, 7s. D.

PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love;
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See how *beauteous* on the mountains
Are their feet, whose *grand design*
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine,
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around,
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
Benjamin Franklin

This enthusiastic lyric appeared *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. It has not been altered. Very few hymns as old as it retain their original form. The second stanza is based upon Isaiah lli. 7:

How beautiful upon the mountains are
The feet of him that bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings
Of good, that publisheth salvation; that as
unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

650

7s, 6s. D.

HAIL, to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And dally vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

This was first used as a hymn at a Moravian meeting, Christmas, 1821.

On the 14th of April, 1822, Montgomery delivered an address in Liverpool before a Wesleyan missionary meeting over which Dr. Adam Clarke presided, and closed the address by reciting this hymn on the "*Reign of Christ on Earth*," only three of the original eight double stanzas being here given—the first, second, and fourth complete, while the fourth stanza above is composed of the first half of verse seven and the last half of verse eight. It is a metrical version of the seventy-second Psalm. Dr. Clarke was so much pleased with it that he asked the author for the manuscript that he might insert the poem in his *Commentary*. It is there found in full at the close of his comments on the seventy-second Psalm, preceded by this explanatory statement:

The following poetical version of some of the principal passages of the foregoing Psalm was made and kindly given me by my much-respected friend, James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield. I need not tell the intelligent reader that he has seized the spirit and exhibited some of the principal beauties of the Hebrew bard, though, to use his own words in his letter to me, his "hand trembled to touch the harp of Zion." I take the liberty here to register a wish, which I have strongly expressed to himself, that he would favor the Church of God with a metrical version of the whole book.

It is also published in the author's *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

"Of all Montgomery's renderings and imitations of the Psalms, this," says Dr. Julian in his *Dictionary of Hymnology*, "is the finest. It forms a rich and splen-

did Messianic hymn;" while Dr. A. E. Gregory pronounces it "an unsurpassed rendering of a triumphant Messianic Psalm."

651

L. M. D.

KINGDOM of light! whose morning star
To Bethlehem's manger led the way,
Not yet upon our longing eyes
Shines the full splendor of thy day:
Yet still across the centuries falls,
Solemn and sweet, our Lord's command;
And still with steadfast faith we cry,
"Lo, the glad kingdom is at hand!"

2 Kingdom of heaven! whose dawn began
With love's divine, incarnate breath,
Our hearts are slow to understand
The lessons of that life and death:
Yet though with stammering tongues we tell
Redemption's story, strange and sweet,
The world's Redeemer, lifted up,
Shall draw the nations to his feet.

3 Kingdom of peace! whose music clear
Swept through Judea's starlit skies,
Still the harsh sounds of human strife
Break on thy heavenly harmonies:
Yet shall thy song of triumph ring
In full accord, from land to land,
And men with angels learn to sing,
"Behold, the kingdom is at hand!"

Emily H. Miller.

This was written by request of the committee for the Woman's Missionary Day at the Parliament of Religions, Chicago, 1893, and was read at that time. It is a correct and complete text of the hymn.

652

6s, 5s. D.

TELL the blessèd tidings,
Children of the King,
With your glad hosannas
Make the morning ring:
Songs of his salvation
Nevermore should cease,
Crown him with your praises,
Hail him Prince of Peace!

Refrain.

Round his throne of triumph
Happy hosts attend,
His the power and glory,
Kingdom without end.

- 2 Tell the blessèd tidings,
Ye whose ears have heard;
Tell it to the captives
Waiting for his word:
Tell the hungry nations,
Longing to be fed,
Of the living water,
And the heavenly bread.

Refrain.

Mighty to deliver,
Tender Guide and Friend,
His the power and glory,
Kingdom without end.

- 3 Bear the blessèd tidings
Over land and sea,
Lo, the morning breaketh,
And the shadows flee!
Whosoever heareth
Speed the news along,
Join with men and angels,
In salvation's song.

Refrain.

Christ the world's Redeemer,
Saviour, Guide, and Friend!
Thine the power and glory,
Kingdom without end!

Emily H. Miller.

Mrs. Miller writes as follows concerning this hymn: "It was written for the Young People's Jubilee in connection with one of our branch missionary meetings, and has been often used since as a processional for similar occasions. I cannot give the exact date—perhaps 1903."

653

7s, 6s. D.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

Author's title: "*Success of the Gospel.*"

The second stanza is omitted:

- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

The whole hymn is pleasantly optimistic. It was published by the author in *The Psalmist*, 1843. It first appeared in *Spiritual Songs*, 1833.

In a letter dated March 17, 1883, Dr. Smith said of this hymn: "It is a favorite among Christian people. I have heard versions of it sung in Karen, Burman, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, German, and Telegu."

654

P. M.

- O** ZION, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is Light;
That he who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.

Refrain.

Publish glad tidings;
Tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus,
Redemption and release.

- 2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life he died for them to win.
- 3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord his life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck his crown.

- 4 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is love:
Tell how he stooped to save his lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.
- 5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
- 6 He comes again; O Zion, ere thou meet him,
Make known to every heart his saving grace;
Let none whom he hath ransomed fail to greet him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see his face.
Mary A. Thomson.

This hymn was written in 1871. It has become one of our most popular missionary hymns. Most of Mrs. Thomson's hymns were first published in the *Churchman*, of New York, and the *Living Church*, of Chicago. (See biographical sketch.)

655

7s, 6s. D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber.

Author's title: "*Before a Collection Made for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*"

There are many missionary hymns, but this is universally known as *the* missionary hymn.

From the author's *Memoirs*, edited by his widow, we learn that this hymn was composed in 1819 to be sung at a missionary meeting in Wrexham. Heber's father-in-law was to preach, and he requested the author to write a hymn to be sung on that occasion. It was the work of a few moments; was printed on Saturday and used the next day. The manuscript, which was sent to the printer, had but one correction. In the seventh line of the second stanza Heber first wrote "savage;" then he erased this word and substituted "heathen."

In the author's text the first and third lines of the third stanza began with "Can we," etc.

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Services of the Year, 1827.*

While the hymn was written in 1819, it has not been found in print until 1821. It appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* in July of that year.

656

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Receive thy truth in love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

Benjamin Francis.

This hymn was written for the reopening of the Baptist Church at Horsley, England, September 18, 1774, of which Church the author was pastor. It was published in *Rippon's Selection of Hymns*, 1787, where it bears the title: "*On Opening a Place of Worship.*"

Two stanzas have been omitted:

1 In sweet, exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns
Thro' everlasting days;
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem still his chosen rest
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

The first line of the first stanza above (being the third of the original) reads: "*Then, King of Glory, come.*" In verse two, line four, the author wrote "All fragrant" instead of "Like incense."

The last two stanzas have changed places, and several verbal changes have been made in the last. The author wrote:

Here may the *attentive* throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And *converts* join the song
Of seraphim above;
And *willing* crowds surround the board,
With *sacred joy and sweet accord.*

657

7s.

ON this stone now laid with prayer
Let thy church rise, strong and fair;
Ever, Lord, thy name be known,
Where we lay this corner stone.

2 Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner stone.

3 May thy Spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppressed,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner stone.

4 Open wide, O God, thy door
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner stone.

5 By wise master-builders squared,
Here be living stones prepared
For the temple near thy throne,
Jesus Christ its Corner Stone.

John Pierpont.

Written for and first sung at the laying of the corner stone of the Suffolk Street Chapel, in Boston, for the ministry to the poor, May 23, 1839.

This hymn has a Trinitarian cast, which has been given to it largely by changes of the text. The second stanza the author wrote thus:

Let the "holy child" who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And the sinner to atone,
With thee, bless this Corner Stone.

The next stanza is made up of verses three and four of the author:

3 Let the spirit from above,
That once hovered like a dove
O'er the Jordan, hither flown
Hover o'er this Corner Stone.

4 In the sinner's troubled breast,
In the heart by care oppressed,
Let the seeds of truth be sown
Where we've laid this Corner Stone.

The words "corner stone" in the original begin with capital letters, the words "Child" and "Spirit" with small letters. This may illustrate the genius of Unitarianism. From *Airs of Palestine and Other Poems*, Boston, 1840.

658

L. M.

O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Re-joicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
BUILT on the precious Corner Stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

4 To thee they all belong; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne
We but present thee with thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

John M. Neale.

This is from the author's *Hymns for the Young*, 1854, where it bears the title: "*Laying the First Stone of a Church.*" It is based on Isaiah lx. 13: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary."

There is one additional stanza:

6 Both now and ever Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee
O Ever-blessed TRINITY! Amen!

In the original the first couplet of the fifth stanza reads:

Endue the hearts that guide with skill,
Preserve the hands that work from ill.

659

C. M.

THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to thee!

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William C. Bryant.

Written in 1835 for the dedication of a church on Prince Street, New York. It has been widely used in Great Britain, as well as in America. Prof. F. M. Bird, in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, says that the hymn as given above is the original text.

The author revised some of his hymns, and nineteen of them were privately printed in a thin volume without date, said to be 1869. The following is the text of the hymn as given in this book: *Hymns, by William Cullen Bryant*:

"How Amiable Are Thy Tabernacles!"

Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, Oh God! to thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before thy mercy seat.

May they who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

660

L. M.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, made with hands.

Nathaniel P. Willis.

This hymn was written to be sung at the consecration of Hanover Street Unitarian Church, Boston, in 1826, at which time the author was only nineteen years of age, having just graduated at Yale College. In the author's *Sacred Poems*, 1843, it bears the title: "*Dedication of a Place of Worship.*" In verse two, line two, the author wrote "illimitable" instead of "expanse of azure."

661 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

COME, O thou God of grace,
Dwell in this holy place,
E'en now descend!
This temple reared to thee,
O may it ever be
Filled with thy majesty,
Till time shall end!

2 Be in each song of praise
Which here thy people raise
With hearts aflame!
Let every anthem rise
Like incense to the skies,
A joyful sacrifice,
To thy blest name!

3 Speak, O eternal Lord,
Out of thy living word,
O give success!
Do thou the truth impart
Unto each waiting heart;
Source of all strength thou art,
Thy gospel bless!

4 To the great One and Three
Glory and praises be
In love now given!
Glad songs to thee we sing,
Glad hearts to thee we bring,
Till we our God and King
Shall praise in heaven!

William E. Evans.

Our Hymns and Their Authors, Nashville, 1890, has the following note concerning this hymn:

This hymn was written for the dedication of Park Place Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Richmond, Va., by the author, who was then pastor of the Church. The Church was built largely by the liberality of Mr. James B. Pace, and was dedicated in 1836, the dedication sermon being preached by Rev. John E. Edwards, D.D., of the Virginia Conference. Since writing this hymn Dr. Evans has connected himself with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

662 8s, 7s. 6l.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner Stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one;
Holy Zion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

2 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day
With thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear thy servants as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls always.

3 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.
From the Latin. Tr. by John M. Neale.

This is a translation of a part of an ancient Latin hymn of the sixth or seventh century beginning: "*Urbs beata Hierusalem.*" The author is unknown. The translation as first published in Dr. Neale's *Medieval Hymns*, 1851, contains nine stanzas.

These are verses five, seven, and eight. They contain no less than nine alterations made by the editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861, all of them improvements on the original.

The doxology of this hymn is worth quoting:

Laud and honor to the FATHER;
Laud and honor to the SON;
Laud and honor to the SPIRIT;
Ever Three, and ever One;
Consubstantial, coeternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

663

L. M.

AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in that great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "*The Church the Birthplace of the Saints; and God's Care of It.*" The Scripture basis of this valuable dedication hymn is Psalm lxxxvii. 5: "And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her."

One word has been altered. The author wrote, verse one, line four:

Avow our temples for his own.

The second and third stanzas of the original are omitted:

2 We bring the Tribute of our Praise,
And sing that condescending Grace,
Which to our Notes will lend an Ear,
And call us sinful Mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful Care we bless
Which guards our Synagogues in Peace,
That no tumultuous Foes invade,
To fill our Worshipers with Dread.

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, London, 1755.

664

8, 8, 6. D.

O LORD, our God, almighty King,
We fain would make this temple ring
With our adoring praise;
And joining with the ransomed host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our grateful songs we raise.

2 The heaven of heavens cannot contain
Thy majesty, and in thy train
Thy archangel veils his face;
Yet curtained tent or temple fair,
If humble, contrite hearts be there,
May be thy resting place.

3 We sing thy wondrous works and ways;
We sing the glorious displays
Of love and power divine;
In all our past, thy matchless grace
Hath been vouchsafed within this place;
The glory e'er be thine.

4 These courts renewed and made more neat
For thine abode, low at thy feet
With prayer, to thee we bring;
Hear and forgive; thy love distill;
Thine temple with thy glory fill;
Our Father and our King!

Mrs. F. K. Stratton.

This was written in 1901 for the rededication of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Lowell, Mass., by the wife of the pastor of the Church, Rev. F. K. Stratton. She spoke of it as a song from the heart—"a song of gratitude and praise for the accomplishment of a difficult task." It was afterwards used on an occasion when Dr. S. F. Upham preached the dedicatory sermon. Dr. Upham was one of the compilers of this *Hymnal*, and his words of encouragement and appreciation of her work led the author to place the hymn in his hands for submission to the Commission who were preparing the new volume. It was voted in unanimously by the Commission, being regarded by them as a hymn especially suited (see the last stanza) to services for the rededication of a church in connection with extensive improvements or the rebuilding of a church that had been previously dedicated.

665

C. M.

J EHOVAH, God, who dwelt of old
In temples made with hands,
Thy power display, thy truth unfold,
Where this new temple stands.

2 Vouchsafe to meet thy children here,
Nor ever hence depart;
From sorrow's eye wipe every tear,
And bless each longing heart.

- 3 The rich man's gift, the widow's mite
Are blended in these walls;
These altars welcome all alike
Who heed God's gracious calls.
- 4 From things unholy and unclean
We separate this place;
May naught here ever come between
This people and thy face!
- 5 Now with this house we give to thee
Ourselves, our hearts, our all,
The pledge of faith and loyalty,
Held subject to thy call.
- 6 And when at last the blood-washed throng
Is gathered from all lands,
We'll enter with triumphant song
The house not made with hands.

Lewis R. Amis.

A useful hymn, written in 1904 especially for this Hymnal, the author being at the time pastor of Arlington Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tenn. It was written in response to an invitation extended by a member of the Commission preparing the Hymnal who knew of the author's poetic gifts. As first submitted to the Commission it closed with the fifth verse. It was not considered altogether satisfactory, the subcommittee venturing, in returning it to the author, to suggest that it lacked a good poetic ending and could be much improved by an additional stanza which should furnish the poetic climax that seemed to be needed. The author took kindly to the suggestion and soon returned it to the Commission with the addition of the sixth and last stanza given above. It will be readily seen how greatly the hymn is improved by this stanza, which is perhaps the most beautiful of the six. With this improvement all objection to its having a place in the Hymnal was removed. But, alas! ere the Hymnal had come from the press the author's final summons had come, and he had himself gone to join that "blood-washed throng" in "the house not made with hands" of which that last stanza sings so beautifully.

It is one of the most frequently used of the new hymns written especially for Church dedications, and is likely to find a place in other hymnals than this.

666

11s.

WE rear not a temple, like Judah's of old,
Whose portals were marble, whose vaultings were gold;
No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane.

2 More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall roll,
And Messiah the King who shall pray for the soul.

3 O Father, come in! but not in the cloud
Which filled the bright courts where thy chosen ones bowed;
But come in that Spirit of glory and grace,
Which beams on the soul and illumines the face.

4 O come in the power of thy life-giving word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord;
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent given,
And love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

Henry Ware, Jr.

This was written for the dedication of a church, April, 1839. It is published in the author's *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1846, where it is titled: "*Hymn for the Dedication of a Church.*" The fifth verse, omitted above, is well worth quoting:

The pomp of Moriah has long passed away,
And soon shall our frailer erection decay;
But the souls that are builded in worship and love
Shall be temples of God, everlasting above.

667

C. M.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

John Berridge.

This hymn is slightly altered. It appeared in *Sion's Songs; or, Hymns Composed for the Use of Them That Love and Follow the Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity*, by John Berridge, M.A., London, 1785. It is found earlier in the *Gospel Magazine* for August, 1775, where it was signed "Old Everton." The original contained six stanzas. These are the first four. The last verse is as follows:

As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this new-met couple live
In faithful friendship join'd.

Isaac and Rebecca have figured in the marriage ritual of the Church of England from the beginning. Why they should be held up as patterns of fidelity is rather difficult to understand since Rebecca instigated and carried out a cruel conspiracy to deceive Isaac, her husband, and to rob Esau, her firstborn, of his birthright.

The author of this marriage hymn was never himself married.

668

11s, 10s.

- 0 PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.
- 2 O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Gurney.

This hymn was written in 1883 by Miss Dorothy F. Blomfield in celebration of the marriage of a younger sister. It was published in *Supplemental Hymns to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1889, where it is titled "*Holy Matrimony*." While this marriage hymn, like the preceding, was written by one who was not married, it is interesting to know that since writing the hymn the author has become Mrs. Gurney. She has herself given an interesting account of the origin of the hymn:

We were all singing hymns one Sunday evening, and had just finished "O Strength and Stay," the tune to which was an especial favorite of my sister's, when some one remarked what a pity it was that the words should be unsuitable for a wedding. My sister, turning suddenly to me, said: "What is the use of a sister who composes poetry if she cannot write me new words to this tune?" I picked up a hymn book and said: "Well, if no one will disturb me, I will go into the library and see what I can do." After about fifteen minutes I came back with the hymn, "O perfect Love," and there and then we all sang it to the tune of "Strength and Stay." It went perfectly, and my sister was delighted, saying that it must be sung at her wedding. For two or three years it was sung privately at many London weddings, and then it found its way into the hymnals. The writing of it was no effort whatever after the initial idea had come to me of the twofold aspect of perfect union, love and life; and I have always felt that God helped me to write it.

The tune to which it was first sung was composed by John B. Dykes. Sir J. Barnby composed a special tune to it for use at the marriage of the Duke of Fife to Princess Louise of Wales July 27, 1889. It could be wished that such appropriate and beautiful words as these were oftener sung at Christian marriages among our people.

669

L. M.

THOU gracious God whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

2. Wilt thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?
- 3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,
- 4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holler spheres,
- 5 We thank thee, Father; let thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

Oliver W. Holmes.

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Written by Dr. Holmes for the meeting of his college class in 1869. It has not been altered except in the first line, which he wrote,

Thou Gracious Power whose mercy lends,
and so it should have been printed here.

670

L. M.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From thee they spring; and by thy hand
They are, and shall be still sustained.

- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come
And sanctify our humblest home.
- 3 To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 So may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name,
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.

Phillip Doddridge.

This is the second hymn in the author's *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755. Title: "God's Gracious Approbation of a Religious Care of

Our Families." Genesis xviii. 19 furnishes its Scripture basis: "For I know him that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." This hymn has been altered more extensively by the editors than is found necessary usually with Doddridge's hymns, as will be seen by comparing the first verse above with the original:

Father of men, Thy care we trace,
That crowns with love our infant race;
From Thee they sprung, and by Thy power
Are still maintain'd through every hour.

671

11s, 10s.

O HAPPY home, where thou art loved the dearest,

Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honored place!

2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessed hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

4 O happy home, where each one serves thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto thee!

5 O happy home, where thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full, and free;
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to thee,

6 Until at last, when earth's day's work is ended
All meet thee in the blessed home above,
From whence thou camest, where thou hast ascended,

Thy everlasting home of peace and love!
Carl J. P. Spitta.

Tr. by Sarah Borthwick Findlater.

From the German. The translation is not by Mrs. Alexander, as given by mistake in the early editions of the Hymnal. It is altered from the translation of Mrs. Sarah Borthwick Findlater given in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*.

The *Dictionary of Hymnology*, Second Edition, says: "It was altered, by the permission of Mrs. Findlater, to a more singable meter."

672

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring
To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria.

Tr. by Henry M. Dexter.

This is supposed to be the oldest Christian hymn extant. There was a fitness in Clement's writing a hymn to the "Shepherd of tender youth," as he was for many years at the head of the first Chris-

tian school known to have been established in the early Church—the celebrated Catechetical School of Alexandria. The original Greek is found at the close of his *Paragogus*, with the title: "*Hymn of the Saviour Christ*." It was written about 200 A.D. The following is a word-for-word rendering of the first verse of the original:

Bridle of colts unbroken;
Wing of birds unwandering;
Helm of ships trusty;
Shepherd of lambs royal;
Thy simple
Children assemble
To praise holly,
To hymn guilelessly,
With innocent mouths,
The children's Leader, Christ.

The above translation was made by Dr. Dexter in 1846 while he was pastor of a Church in Manchester, N. H., and was first sung by the choir from manuscript in connection with a sermon on the early Christians. It was first published in the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, December 21, 1849, of which periodical Dr. Dexter became editor in 1867. "I first translated it literally into prose," says Dr. Dexter, "and then transfused as much of its language and spirit as I could into the hymn." And so much of Christian faith and phraseology did he transfuse into it that his translation is universally regarded as the best ever made of the original into English. It has found its way into many modern hymnals.

673

7, 7, 5. D.

BEAUTEOUS are the flowers of earth,
Flowers we bring with holy mirth,
Bright and sweet and gay;
Will our Father deign to own
Gifts we lay before his throne,
On this happy day?

2 Yes, he will; for all things bright
Are most precious in his sight,
And he loves to see
Children come with flowers for him,
Whom the flaming seraphim
Worship ceaselessly.

3 Yes, he will; for children's love
 Makes this world like heaven above,
 Where no evil reigns,
 And where all unite to bring
 Purest offerings, and sing
 Love's unending strains.

4 Yes, he will; for hearts that turn
 To the sick and poor, and learn
 How to make them glad,
 Shine like beacons on the strand
 Of the far-off, happy land,
 To the lost and sad.

5 So our lowly gifts to thee,
 Lord of earth and sky and sea,
 Thou wilt kindly take;
 Every little flower we bring,
 Every simple hymn we sing,
 And not one forsake.

William C. Dix.

This hymn is especially adapted for a floral Sunday or a Children's Day service. It is exceedingly desirable that children should early and intelligently become Christian disciples. To secure this end care should be taken to interest them in the services of the Church. The singing of suitable hymns is a part of the service that they can understand and greatly enjoy.

674 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark,
 The lamp was burning dim,
 Before the sacred ark:
 When suddenly a voice divine
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
 The priest of Israel, slept;
 His watch the temple child,
 The little Levite, kept;
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
 The open ear, O Lord,
 Alive and quick to hear
 Each whisper of thy word!
 Like him to answer at thy call,
 And to obey thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
 A lowly heart, that waits
 Where in thy house thou art,
 Or watches at thy gates!
 By day and night, a heart that still
 Moves at the breathing of thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
 A sweet, un murmuring faith,
 Obedient and resigned
 To thee in life and death!
 That I may read with childlike eyes
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.
James D. Burns.

This is taken from the author's little volume titled *The Evening Hymn*, 1857, which consists of an original hymn and an original prayer for every evening in the month.

"The hymns and prayers alike," says Julian's *Dictionary*. "are characterized by reverence, beauty, simplicity, and pathos." The above hymn, which is appropriately titled *The Child Samuel*, is one of the finest examples of a prayer-hymn in the entire range of modern hymnology, as will appear from a special study of the last three stanzas. No poet has made more effective and beautiful use for devotional purposes of the familiar Scripture story of the child Samuel than has the author of this hymn.

675 7, 7, 7, 5. D.

WILT thou hear the voice of praise
 Which the little children raise,
 Thou who art, from endless days,
 Glorious God of all?
 While the circling year has sped,
 Thou hast heavenly blessings shed,
 Like the dew, upon each head;
 Still on thee we call.

2 Still thy constant care bestow;
 Let us each in wisdom grow,
 And in favor while below,
 With the God above.
 In our hearts the Spirit mild,
 Which adorned the Saviour-child,
 Gently soothe each impulse wild
 To the sway of love.

3 Thine example, kept in view,
 Jesus, help us to pursue;
 Lead us all our journey through
 By thy guiding hand;
 And when life on earth is o'er,
 Where the blest dwell evermore,
 May we praise thee and adore,
 An unbroken band.

Mrs. Caroline L. Rice.

This hymn, written originally for a Sunday school celebration, was contributed to the hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1878. It is devout, musical, and wholesome.

676

7s.

SAVIOUR, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee;
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

The burden of this fine children's hymn seems to be 1 John iv. 19: "We love him because he first loved us." It is here abbreviated. The original has four stanzas of eight lines. It is taken from the author's *Hymns and Scenes of Childhood*, London, 1842. This makes an ideal hymn for a child to learn by heart as well as to sing. "Love's sweet lesson" has perhaps never been more beautifully presented to the young than in this little love-lyric of one who was preëminently gifted in writing hymns for the young.

677

8s. 7s. 6l.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

23

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus!
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Author Unknown.

This fine and popular hymn dates back to 1836. It is of English origin, and has sometimes been attributed to Lyte and sometimes to D. A. Thrupp. The authorship is at present unknown. This is greatly to be regretted. It has been sung with great profit and satisfaction by millions of people who would be glad to know who gave them such an excellent hymn.

678

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changèless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

First published in the *Christian Observer* (England) in 1812. It was later rewritten by the author. It appeared in its present form in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year, 1827*. Its title is "*Christ a Pattern for Children*." It is founded on Luke ii. 40: "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him."

679

C. M.

HOSANNA! be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

4 Hosanna! then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

James Montgomery.

Title: "*Children Singing Hosanna to Christ*."

Seven stanzas. Verses two, three, and six have been omitted:

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosannas now be heard;
Let infants at the breast be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna here, in joyful bands,
Maidens and youths proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,
The Son of David's name.

6 The city to the country call;
Let realm with realm accord;
And this their watchword one and all:
Hosanna—praise the Lord.

Unaltered. From the author's *Original Hymns, 1853*.

680

7s, 6s. D.

THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear name he bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant thy little children
To know thee as their own.

Albert Midlane.

The most popular of all Midlane's three hundred hymns is this, titled: "*Jesus the Children's Friend*." It was written in 1859, and published the same year in

Good News for the Little Ones. Verses four and five have been transposed. The last stanza, omitted above, is:

There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

Hymn-writing is far from being a high road to riches. A few years ago it was learned that Mr. Midlane, whose home is in the Isle of Wight, was in financial need, and a popular subscription was taken up among the parents, teachers, and children of England to relieve his necessities. The sense of gratitude which they all felt toward the author of this hymn made the givers feel that their donations were a thank offering and not a charity.

681 6s, 5s. D.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.

Refrain.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See thy children meet;
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm clouds lower;
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace;
Jesus in his beauty;
Songs that never cease.

Thomas J. Potter. Alt.

A part of a popular processional hymn which first appeared in England in *The Holy Family Hymns*, 1860. It has been abbreviated and altered because the original was too Romanistic for the use of Protestant singers. As it stands here it is well adapted for general use.

682

P. M.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of
old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to
his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on
my head,
That his arms had been thrown around
me,
That I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:
In that beautiful place he has gone to pre-
pare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with him
there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Jemima T. Luke.

This hymn was written by Miss Thompson in 1841 before her marriage (in 1843) to Rev. Samuel Luke, a Congregational minister of England. It is perhaps the most popular of all modern hymns for children. It was first published in the *Sunday School Teacher's Magazine* in 1841. We have from Mrs. Luke's own pen the following account of its origin:

I went in the year 1841 to the normal infant school, in Gray's Inn Road, to obtain some knowledge of the system. Mary Moffat (afterwards Mrs. Livingstone) was there at the same time, and Sarah Roby, whom Mr. and Mrs. Moffat had rescued in infancy when buried alive, and had brought up with their own children. Among the marching pieces at Gray's Inn Road was a Greek air the pathos of which took my fancy, and I searched Watts and Jane Taylor and several Sunday school hymn books for words to suit the measure, but in vain. Having been called home, I went one day on some missionary business to the little town of Wellington, five miles from Faunton, in a stagecoach. It was a beautiful spring morning, it was an hour's ride, and there was no other inside passenger. On the back of an old envelope I wrote in pencil the first two of the verses now so well known, in order to teach the tune to the village school supported by my step-mother, and which it was my province to visit. The third verse was added afterwards to make it a missionary hymn.

This "missionary verse" is omitted above, and is as follows:

But thousands and thousands who wander
and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for
them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children, of every clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

683

6s, 5s. D.

CHRI^ST, who once among us
As a child did dwell,
Is the children's Saviour,
And he loves us well;
If we keep our promise
Made him at the font,
He will be our Shepherd,
And we shall not want.

2 There it was they laid us
In those tender arms,
Where the lambs are carried
Safe from all alarms;
If we trust his promise,
He will let us rest
In his arms forever,
Leaning on his breast.

3 Though we may not see him
For a little while,
We shall know he holds us,
Often feel his smile;
Death will be to slumber
In that sweet embrace,
And we shall awaken
To behold his face.

4 He will be our Shepherd
After as before,
By still heavenly waters
Lead us evermore,
Make us lie in pastures
Beautiful and green,
Where none thirst or hunger,
And no tears are seen.

5 Jesus, our good Shepherd,
Laying down thy life,
Lest thy sheep should perish
In the cruel strife,
Help us to remember
All thy love and care,
Trust in thee, and love thee
Always, everywhere.

W. St. Hill Bourne.

A scriptural and wholesome hymn for children. It was written in 1868 and first published in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, London, 1875. The text is the same here as given in that popular book.

684

L. M.

TH^ER^E was a time when children sang
The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,
And all the hills of Judah rang
With their exulting jubilee.

2 O to have joined their rapturous songs,
And swelled their sweet hosannas high,
And blessed him with our feeble tongues,
As he, the Man of grief, went by!

3 But Christ is now a glorious King,
And angels in his presence bow;
The humble songs that we can sing,
O will he, can he, hear them now?

4 He can, he will, he loves to hear
The notes which loving children raise:
Jesus, we come with trembling fear,
O teach our hearts and tongues to praise!

5 We join the hosts around thy throne,
Who once, like us, the desert trod;
And thus we make their song our own,
Hosanna to the Son of God!

Thomas R. Taylor.

One of the author's *Hymns for Sabbath School Children*, published in his *Memoirs and Select Remains*, 1836. The "time when children sang" referred to in the first verse was in Jerusalem at the triumphal entry of Christ (Matt. xxi. 15.) The author's most popular hymn is that beginning: "I'm but a stranger here; heaven is my home." When he wrote in one line of this hymn, "Short is my pilgrimage," he was indeed writing of himself more truly than he then knew, for he died when he was only twenty-seven years of age.

685

6s, 5s.

JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

3 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through the earthly darkness
To the heavenly day.

George R. Frynne.

Written in 1856. Published in the author's *Hymnal Suited to the Services of the Church*, 1858. Afterwards it appeared in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and in many other collections.

It is here placed among hymns for children, but the author says that it was not specially written for them. It is indeed very appropriate for Christians of all ages.

The second stanza is omitted:

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

686

L. M.

THE Lord our God alone is strong;
His hands build not for one brief day;
His wondrous works, through ages long,
His wisdom and his power display.

2 His mountains lift their solemn forms,
To watch in silence o'er the land;
The rolling ocean, rocked with storms,
Sleeps in the hollow of his hand.

3 Beyond the heavens he sits alone,
The universe obeys his nod;
The lightning rifts disclose his throne,
And thunders voice the name of God.

4 Thou sovereign God, receive this gift
Thy willing servants offer thee;
Accept the prayers that thousands lift,
And let these halls thy temple be.

5 And let those learn, who here shall meet,
True wisdom is with reverence crowned,
And science walks with humble feet
To seek the God that faith hath found.

Caleb T. Winchester.

This hymn, which combines in a rare degree literary merit with the spirit of true religious devotion, was written in 1871 to be sung at the dedication of the Orange Judd Hall of Natural Science, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in which institution the author graduated in 1869 and has been Professor of English Literature since 1873. In the entire collection there is perhaps no other hymn so well adapted in thought and phraseology for use at the dedication of a Christian institution of learning.

Professor Winchester was a most valued and useful member of the Commission that prepared this Hymnal. The vote to give the above hymn a place in the Hymnal lacked only one vote of being unanimous—that of the author.

687

C. M.

ALMIGHTY Lord, with one accord
We offer thee our youth,
And pray that thou would'st give us now
The warfare of the truth.

2 Thy cause doth claim our souls by name,
Because that we are strong;
In all the land, one steadfast band,
May we to Christ belong.

3 Let fall on every college hall
The luster of thy cross,
That love may dare thy work to share
And count all else as loss.

- 4 Our hearts be ruled, our spirits schooled
Alone thy will to seek;
And when we find thy blessed mind,
Instruct our lips to speak.

M. Woolsey Stryker.

"A *College Hymn*." One stanza has been omitted. It was written in 1896 and first printed in the *New York Evangelist* of February 27 the same year.

It was published in the *College Hymnal* (Biglow and Main Company) in 1896.

It is appropriate for frequent use in college chapels, as it is vastly important that our educated young people should be active Christians.

688

S. M.

WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

- 2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou bleasest us,
To thee our first fruits give.

- 3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold!

- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

- 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christlike thing.

- 6 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William W. How.

This hymn was written about 1858, and was first published in the 1864 edition of *Psalms and Hymns*, edited by Thomas B. Morrell and William W. How. It is based on Proverbs xix. 17: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." John

Wesley said once: "You will have no reward in heaven for what you *lay up*: you will for what you *lay out*. Every pound you put into the earthly bank is sunk; it brings no interest above. But every pound you give to the poor you put into the bank of heaven. And it will bring glorious interest."

689

L. M.

DEAR ties of mutual succor bind
The children of our feeble race,
And if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.

- 2 We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path, with pitfalls strewn;
And 'twere an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.

- 3 Amid the snares misfortune lays
Unseen beneath the steps of all,
Blest is the love that seeks to raise,
And stay and strengthen those who fall;

- 4 Till, taught by Him who for our sake
Bore every form of life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrow less.

William C. Bryant.

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Title: "*Mutual Kindness*."

This little poem was contributed by the author to *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*, edited by Alfred P. Putnam, Boston, 1875.

It emphasizes the importance of brotherly love, and calls attention to the fact that Christ was the great teacher of this principle.

690

C. M.

WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

- 2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

William Cutter.

The title of this fine hymn, "*Who Is My Neighbor*," is a quotation from the parable of the good Samaritan. In the poem the author answers the question. It first appeared in the *Christian Mirror*, Portland, Maine, May 30, 1828, where the first line reads: "Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou." A comparison of the above with the original reveals the fact that quite half the lines have been altered. In this altered form it had appeared anonymously in print in a number of periodicals when Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, a Unitarian pastor of Springfield, Mass., inserted it in his *Springfield Collection of Hymns for Sacred Worship*, 1835. This led to its being erroneously accredited to Mr. Peabody as its author. One of three omitted stanzas is:

Thy neighbor? Yonder tolling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb;
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,
Go thou, and ransom him.

691

L. M.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe and move and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

Thomas Cotterill.

Title: "*For a Charitable Occasion.*"

These stanzas are not altered. Two stanzas, the third and sixth, are omitted:

3 Who sparingly his seed bestows,
He sparingly shall also reap;
But whoso plentifully sows,
The plenteous sheaves his hand shall heap.

6 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve;
Oh! may we find it, gracious Lord,
More bless'd to give than to receive.

From the author's *Sheffield Hymn Book*, 1819. In some collections it begins: "Lord, let us learn thy yoke to wear."

692

8, 8, 8, 4.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be!
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost his sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee
Who givest all.

9 To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all!

Christopher Wordsworth.

This was first published in the 1863 edition of the author's *Holy Year*, where it bears the title, "*Charitable Collections*." Telford pronounces it "the finest of all offertory hymns." "It is not in the least poetical," says Canon Ellerton; "it is full of halting verses and prosaic lines. And yet it is such true praise, so genuine, so comprehensive, so heartfelt that we forget its homeliness."

Over against Canon Ellerton we express the judgment that verses seven and eight are both poetical and beautiful in the expression which they give to the noble Christian sentiment which they contain.

693

7s. D.

POUR thy blessings, Lord, like showers,
On these barren lives of ours;
Warm and quicken them with grace
Till they bloom and bear apace
Fruit of prayer and fruit of praise,
Holy thoughts and kindly ways,
Loving sacrifices shown
Wheresoever need is known.

2 Chiefest, Lord, to-day may we
In the sick and suffering see,
Those whom thou would'st have us bless
With fraternal tenderness,
With our treasure freely poured,
With compassion's richer hoard,
With these ministries most dear
To thy stricken children here.

3 Heavy is the cross they bear,
But our love that cross can share;
Dark thy Providence must seem,
But our cheer can cast a gleam
On their lot; and in our turn
Hollest lessons we may learn,
Where thine own revealing light
Streams through pain's mysterious night.

Harriet M. Kimball.

The first line of this hymn the author wrote:

Pour thy blessing, Lord, in showers,

Also line seven in verse two:

With the ministries most dear.

In an autographic letter under date of March 13, 1908, Miss Kimball gives the history of this hymn as follows:

I cannot tell you when the hymn was written. It must be a dozen years or more ago. The then chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, in behalf of a committee, offered one hundred dollars for the best hymn to be sung on "Hospital Saturday and Sunday" in the churches where offerings were to be made for the benefit of hospitals in that city. This hymn, written in response, was selected as the best by the committee, and was sung accordingly. I do not remember the music used for the words, but think it was not written specially for the hymn. It subsequently appeared in our Church papers; also in others of a religious character.

694

C. M.

SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed;

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

William Cutter.

This hymn first appeared in the *Christian Mirror*, of Portland, Maine, April 23, 1829. It is based upon the story of Mary and the alabaster box of precious ointment as recorded in Matthew xxvi. 6-13. Two stanzas are omitted:

2 And though the prudent worldling frowned,
And thought the poor bereft;
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,
For he approved the gift.

- 4 The poor are always with us here,
 'Tis our great Father's plan
 That mutual wants and mutual care
 May bind us man to man.

695

L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were his works, from day to day,
 But miracles of power and grace,
 That spread salvation through our race? :

- 2 At his command, from rayless night
 Redeemed, the blind receive their sight ;
 The deaf in rapture hear his voice,
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice.
- 3 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
 Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 4 Teach us to mark, from day to day,
 In generous acts our radiant way,
 Tread the same path our Saviour trod,
 The path to glory and to God.

Thomas Gibbons.

Part of Hymn No. 128 in *Hymns Adapted to Divine Worship*, by Thomas Gibbons, D.D., London, 1784. Nine stanzas; these are one, two, seven, and nine. The last stanza has been slightly changed. This lyric, based upon Acts x. 38, is vigorously written throughout. The next to the last stanza of the original is as follows:

That man may *last* but never *lives*,
 Who much receives, but nothing gives,
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
 Creation's Blot, Creation's Blank.

A warm discussion arose in the Joint Commission about admitting this stanza, which had a place in the hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. When put to vote, it failed to carry.

696

C. M.

OHOW can they look up to heaven,
 And ask for mercy there,
 Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
 Nor dried the orphan's tear?

- 2 The dread omnipotence of heaven
 We every hour provoke ;
 Yet still the mercy of our God
 Withholds the avenging stroke :

- 3 And Christ was still the healing friend
 Of poverty and pain ;
 And never did imploring soul
 His garment touch in vain.
- 4 May we with humble effort take
 Example from above ;
 And thence the active lesson learn
 Of charity and love !

John Browne.

In the earlier editions of the *Hymnal* this hymn was erroneously attributed to Simon Browne. It has had a place in the hymnals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, since 1847, when the first official collection of hymns was published by this Church. It had already appeared in an English hymnal titled *A Collection of Hymns for Public and Private Worship*, compiled by Dr. Andrew Kippis, which was published in various editions, beginning in 1795. A supplement was added in the edition of 1807, and continued to be included in subsequent editions, this hymn being one of those published in the supplement. It has two additional verses:

- 5 But chiefly be the labour ours
 To shade the early plant ;
 To guard from ignorance and guilt
 The infancy of want ;
- 6 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
 The canker worm has gnaw'd,
 And teach the rescued child to lip
 Its gratitude to God.

697

P. M.

RESCUE the perishing,
 Care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave :
 Weep o'er the erring one,
 Lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

Refrain.

- Rescue the perishing,
 Care for the dying ;
 Jesus is merciful,
 Jesus will save.
- 2 Though they are slighting him,
 Still he is waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive :
 Plead with them earnestly,
 Plead with them gently :
 He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once
more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Fanny J. Crosby.

Title: "*Home Missions.*" From *Songs of Devotion*, 1870.

Mrs. Van Alstyne has been interested in mission work in New York City for many years. Mr. Doane sent her the topic. It is a rally song for mission and temperance work. It is hopeful, full of faith and power, and has been unspeakably useful in gospel work.

Mr. William T. Stead, the English editor, in his preface to *Hymns That Have Helped*, says:

It would be difficult to overestimate the extent to which the religious life of the English-speaking world has been quickened and gladdened by the *Songs and Solos* of Mr. Sankey. And before Mr. Sankey the *American Sacred Songster* of Mr. Phillips had done much to enliven our service of song. To this day the American hymns and spiritual songs are more popular among our masses than any others. When mission services are held or a revival is under way, in the majority of cases the American hymns are used as a matter of course.

698

S. M.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Seth C. Brace.

"*Temperance Hymn*" is the author's title to these verses.

Some years ago a correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* raised the question as to the authorship of this hymn. Not long afterwards the editor received the following letter:

The Rev. Dr. Buckley: The hymn, "Mourn for the thousands slain," etc., No. 890 in the *Methodist Hymnal*, was written in 1843 for the *Parish Hymns* (published that year in Philadelphia) by S. C. Brace, whose name may be found in the *Congregational Yearbook*. It was marked "original," as were all the hymns composed for that collection, and was signed "C.," the author choosing to affix his middle initial. If further information should be required, it may be obtained from Mr. Henry Perkins, 1428 Pine Street, Philadelphia, who published the *Parish Hymns*, but who knows nothing of this communication.

S. C. B.

Philadelphia, June 10, 1882.

The second stanza has been omitted:

Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

In a letter written in 1884 the author of the above hymn says:

My deep interest in the temperance reform movement has led me to regret that any methods should have been adopted which depress that work in the estimation of many of our most highly educated men. The whole struggle to find total abstinence explicitly commanded in the Bible and the resort to the "two kinds of wine" theory have been in my view exceedingly unfortunate and injurious. I have opposed that whole struggle and oppose it still. I do not know of a single first-class scholar in the Methodist or any other denomination who does not oppose it. The temperance work is too important and too strong in its foundations to be trifled with by bogus arguments and the torturing of history and of the Bible.

However differently some temperance workers may interpret the doctrine of "total abstinence" and the "two kinds of wine" theory as related to New Testament exegesis, all will agree with the author in his estimate of the strength of the foundations of the temperance cause and in the sentiment set forth in his hymn—viz., that we must not only mourn for those who have come under the dominion and curse of the "wine cup's fearful reign," but also work and pray for the absolute eradication and destruction of the demon of intemperance in every form and in every land.

699

C. M.

THINK gently of the erring one;
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones:
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Julia A. Carney.

Title: "*Deal Gently with the Erring.*"
Four double stanzas. These are the second and fourth. Slight changes have been made in some lines, but the merits of the little poem—and they are not slight—all belong to the author.

Written in 1844, and first printed in the *Orphan's Advocate*.

About the same time she wrote the familiar poem for children beginning: "Little drops of water." We give below the author's text of that classic production.

In a communication dated March 17, 1892, Mrs. Carney said: "I wrote 'Little

drops of water' in 1845, and it was printed in the Sunday school paper now named the *Myrtle* the same week with my well-known signature, 'Julia.'"

Mrs. Julia A. Carney (née Fletcher) died at Galesburg, Ill., November 1, 1908. "Little drops of water" and this hymn have been used in England for fifty years, but not in connection with the name of the author. It is to be hoped that hereafter when used they may be properly accredited.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of Eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy,
Like the Heaven above.

700

C. M.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage nor their sword
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number nor their strength
That did their country save;

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored,
Thy providence protected them
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring!

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

Tate and Brady.

From *A New Version of the Psalms of David, Fitted to the Tunes Used in Churches*, by N. Tate and N. Brady, London, 1696.

It is the rendering of the first part of the forty-fourth Psalm:

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old. How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out. For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them. Thou art my King, O God: command deliverances for Jacob. Through thee will we push down our enemies: through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us. For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me. But thou hast saved us from our enemies, and hast put them to shame that hated us. In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name forever.

The original has been much changed; only six lines in the entire hymn remain as the authors wrote them.

701

C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

John R. Wreford.

Title: "Prayer for Our Country."

This was one of fifty-five hymns which the author contributed to a Unitarian col-

lection, edited by Dr. J. R. Beard, entitled *A Collection of Hymns for Public and Private Worship*, 1837.

Verse two, line three, the author wrote

With prosperous times our cities crown.

Two stanzas, the second and fifth, have been omitted:

2 Our father's sepulchers are here,
And here our kindred dwell;
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?

5 Here may religion pure and mild
Upon our Sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

It was written in England and for England about the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria, but it is appropriate for the use of Christian patriots in other lands.

702

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel F. Smith.

The facts concerning the origin of this most popular of all our patriotic and national hymns are familiar to all. It was written, we are told, in less than a half hour on February 2, 1832, while the author was a student at Andover Theological Seminary. It was first sung at a Fourth of July celebration for children in Park Street Church, Boston, the year it was written.

"This song," says the author, "was written in 1832. I found the tune ('America') in a German music book brought to this country by the late Mr. William C. Woodbridge and put into my hands by Lowell Mason, Esq., because, he said, I could read German books and he could not. It is not, however, a translation, but the expression of my thought at the moment of glancing at the tune." See note under "Come, thou Almighty King" (No. 2), which was written in this same meter and for this tune.

The author had not the remotest idea that the words which he dashed off thus hurriedly would ever become a favorite with any lovers of music and song, much less become the national hymn of a great and growing nation. National hymns do not become such by virtue of their loftiness of poetic thought and expression, but because they have in them that indefinable, simple something that gets into the hearts of the people. Greater national songs than this have been written—hymns surpassing it in dignity and nobility of thought—but it is doubtful if we shall ever have in America a national hymn more popular with the people than this.

For more than a century the tune for which these words were written (called with us "America") has been sung in Germany, France, Sweden, Russia, England, and perhaps other countries. This tune, in spite of its unknown origin, ought to be, as indeed it is, especially dear to all Anglo-Saxons in view of the fact that the words which were composed for it in both

England and America have come, by virtue of their simple and universal popularity, to be recognized in each case as the national hymn. On one occasion some one, in the presence of the author of this hymn, ventured to express a regret that our national hymn should have the same meter and tune that the national hymn of England has. "I do not share this regret," said Dr. Smith in reply. "On the contrary, I deem it a new and beautiful bond of union between the mother country and her daughter." And every Christian patriot can but hope and pray that the time may come in the not distant future when there shall be such a bond of international love and coöperation between all the great nations of the earth that they shall not only together take up "the white man's burden," but be able together to voice their common Christian faith and fraternity in songs that shall tell to all the world that the highest and truest patriotism is not simply nation-wide or race-wide, but world-wide.

703

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

GOD bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might!

4 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

*Charles T. Brooks.
 John S. Dwight.*

This hymn was translated from the German by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks while a member of the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass. Soon after that it was altered in some of its lines, especially those of the last stanza, by Rev. John Sullivan Dwight, and came into popular use.

We give below the original translation of Mr. Brooks. By comparison the reader can see just what changes were made by Mr. Dwight.

OUR COUNTRY.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Father Eternal, save
Us by thy might!

Lo! our hearts' prayers arise
Into the upper skies,
Regions of light!
He who hath heard each sigh,
Watches each weeping eye:
He is forever nigh,
Venger of Right!

John S. Dwight is the author of the following beautiful verse:

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere:
'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving, and that is true rest.

704

10s.

GOD of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the
skies,
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by thee our lot is cast;
Be thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, thy paths our chosen
way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

Daniel C. Roberts.

This is one of the many patriotic hymns called forth by celebrations held during the American "centennial" year, 1876. It was written for a Fourth of July celebra-

tion held that year at Brandon, Vermont. It was published in various papers at the time, and was given a place in the *Hymnal* of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1892, since which time it has appeared in several other Church hymnals.

705

L. M.

O GOD of love, O King of Peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Henry W. Baker.

This noble hymn of peace is unaltered and complete as found in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, to which it was contributed by the author, who was the editor in chief of that famous book.

It is very desirable that peace should become universal, but it can be secured only with the progress of Christianity. The jealousy of nations is so fierce and the selfishness and belligerency of men so universal that we cannot yet count upon long-continued peace. God alone can give it. "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth."

706

L. M.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

Alfred A. Woodhull.

This hymn was written in 1828, when the author was only eighteen years old, for the Presbyterian *Psalms and Hymns*, published at Princeton, N. J., in 1829, where it is titled: "*Thanksgiving Hymn*." There have been alterations in every verse. The fifth stanza of the original, omitted above, is:

5 When foes without and foes within,
With threatening ills our land have
pressed,
Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

707

P. M.

GOD, the All-Terrible! thou who ordainest
Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy
sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where thou
reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God, the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God, the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy word;
Let not thy wrath in its terror awaken;
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

4 So will thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise him who saved them from peril
and sword,
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the
Lord. *Henry F. Chorley.*

Dr. Julian says: "Written for a Russian air and printed in four stanzas of

four lines in Hullah's *Part Music*, 1842." It has appeared in several collections with more or less changes.

708

L. M.

GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our Guardian, Guide, and
Friend!
O still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

William Roscoe. Alt.

This was written in 1788 for a centennial celebration of the English Revolution. It has been extensively altered. It was written in a long meter of six-lined stanzas. The first stanza of the original is:

Great God, beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie,
We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy favoring smile upholds them all;
Thine anger smites them and they fall;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own.

709

8s, 7s.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

C. F.

This hymn appeared in the *Christian Observer* (England), 1804, with the signature "C. F."

The original had eight more lines. One line has been changed.

Verse two, line three, was:

Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning.

The first edition of this Hymnal gives the authorship to Thomas Cotterill, but without sufficient warrant. It is found in his *Selection*, 1819, fifteen years after its appearance in the *Observer*. Dr. Julian says:

At that time Bonaparte was First Consul and meditating an immediate invasion of England. A day of humiliation and prayer was appointed. In anticipation of this day the following editorial note appeared in the *Christian Observer*: "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint Friday, the 25th of May next, to be observed throughout England and Ireland as a day of public humiliation and fasting. We earnestly hope it may be observed in a proper manner. We subjoin a hymn for the occasion, which has just reached us in time to obtain a place in this number."

710 8s. 6l.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

- 2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

- 3 Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

- 4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

- 5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling.

This poem, titled "*The Recessional*," is perhaps the greatest single production of Rudyard Kipling's pen. It was written in 1897 in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and was first published in the *London Times* on July 17, 1897. Its first appearance in a hymnal was in Dr. E. H. Johnson's collection titled *Sursum Corda*, issued by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1898. We have from the author's own pen an account of the circumstances that led to his writing this poem:

That poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote. I had promised the *Times* a poem on the Jubilee, and when it became due I had written nothing that had satisfied me. The *Times* began to want that poem badly, and sent letter after letter asking for it. I made many more attempts, but no further progress. Finally the *Times* began sending telegrams. So I shut myself in a room with the determination to stay there until I had written a Jubilee poem. Sitting down with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through those dozens of sketches till at last I found just one line I liked. That was: "Lest we forget." Round these words "*The Recessional*" was written.

Next to "*The Recessional*" the most notable contribution which Kipling has made to the larger Christian patriotism of the world—that patriotism which is in-

ternational and recognizes the debt which the stronger nations owe the weaker—is found in his poem titled "The White Man's Burden," from which we quote the following lines. The poem is an appeal to Christian statesmanship, a high call to international love and altruistic service, to which our Anglo-Saxon race should first of all and most of all give heed.

Take up the White Man's burden!
Send forth the best ye breed;
Go blind your sons to exile,
To serve your captives' need.
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden!
Ye dare not stoop to less,
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

711

7s. D.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong. Alt.

Title: "Thanksgiving Hymn."

This is the last hymn in the *Hartford Selection*, edited in 1799 by Dr. Strong and others. Several lines have been changed.

24

Verse one, line four:

Praise to heav'n's Almighty King.

Verse two, lines two, three, and four:

*Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.*

Verse three, lines two, three, and four:

*Subjects cheerfully obey,
Here we feel no tyrant's rod,
Here we own and worship God.*

Verse four, line four:

And the heav'nly notes prolong.

In the *Hartford Selection* the hymn appears in six stanzas of four lines each. The third and fourth have been omitted. As a national hymn it has intrinsic merits. It acknowledges God and gives praise to him for the many blessings we enjoy in this happy land.

712

L. M.

OUR thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayer;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air.

2 Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made;
In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

3 Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest; rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

4 With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee.
God of our fathers! make it true.

5 O land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

John G. Whittier.

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At Concord, Mass., August 14, 1890, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lothrop gave a reception complimentary to Mrs. John A. Logan.

The venerable poet, John G. Whittier, was invited to attend this reception. As he was not able to do so, he sent an original poem entitled "Our Country." This patriotic hymn is composed of the first two and the last three stanzas of the poem of ten verses. The poem was accompanied by a letter which closed as follows:

I cannot be with you on the 14th, owing to the state of my health; but I send you some lines which I hope may not seem inappropriate. I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

This song by our Quaker poet shows how truly Christianity is conducive to patriotism. But the most perfect patriotism is international as well as national. Songs of patriotism that inculcate virtue and righteousness as the foundation of national greatness should hold an honored and influential place in the literature and life of every Christian nation. The flag of a truly Christian nation stands for peace and not for war, for the reign of Christian ethics and altruism and not for selfishness and greed. The writer takes the liberty of quoting here a song of American patriotism, of recent composition, by his colleague, Dr. C. S. Nutter, which, though not claiming to be a hymn for religious worship, yet abounds in sentiments the singing of which cannot fail to make better patriots and better Christians of all who sing it. It celebrates in song the things for which "Old Glory," the flag of the American Union, should always stand:

Old glory, old glory, up rising on high,
We borrow thy hues from the tints of the sky;
Thy red from the glow of the morning and
night,
Thy white from the clouds so fleecy and light,
Thy blue from the dome that arches o'erhead
The land that we love in its beauty outspread.

Refrain.

Old glory, old glory, bright flag of the brave!
O'er land and o'er sea, high and long may it
wave.

Old glory, old glory, now floating above!
The flag of our land is the flag that we love.

Other flags other colors present to our view,
But the colors we own are the red, white, and
blue.

Other lands other emblems unfold with a
cheer,

But the stars and the stripes is the flag we
hold dear.

Old glory, old glory, the flag of our might!
The flag that we hail is the flag of the right.
For error and wrong let it ne'er be unfurled,
But for freedom and law, and the peace of the
world.

All war we deplore, we can fight if we must,
But the cause that we choose is the cause of
the just.

Copyrighted, 1908.

This "Flag Song" was set to music by
Wilbur Hascall, of Boston.

713

L. M.

OUR fathers' God, to thee we raise,
In cheerful song, our grateful praise;
From shore to shore the anthems rise;
Accept a nation's sacrifice.

2 Incline our hearts with godly fear
To seek thy face, thy word revere;
Cause thou all wrongs, all strife to cease,
And lead us in the paths of peace.

3 Here may the weak a welcome find,
And wealth increase with lowly mind;
A refuge, still, for all oppressed,
O be our land forever blest!

4 Thy wisdom, Lord, thy guidance lend,
Where'er our widening bounds extend;
Inspire our wills to speed thy plan:
The kingdom of the Son of man!

5 Through all the past thy truth we trace,
Thy ceaseless care, thy signal grace;
O may our children's children prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

Benjamin Copeland.

Written during the stirring events that took place at the close of the Spanish-American War, when Porto Rico on the east and the Philippines in the far west came under the stars and stripes. Reference is made to our "widening bounds" in the fourth verse.

It was written while the author was pastor of the Richmond Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo, N. Y., and was first published in *Zion's Herald*, Boston,

under the title, *Thanksgiving Day*, November 18, 1903. It is a wholesome and truly Christian hymn of thanksgiving.

714 C. M. D.

- O** KING of kings, O Lord of hosts,
Whose throne is lifted high
Above the nations of the earth,
The armies of the sky,
The spirits of the perfected
May give their nobler songs;
And we, thy children, worship thee,
To whom all praise belongs.
- 2 Thy hand has hid within our fields
Treasures of countless worth;
The light, the suns of other years,
Shines from the depths of earth;
The very dust, inbreathed by thee,
The clods all cold and dead,
Wake into beauty and to life,
To give thy children bread.
- 3 Thou who hast sown the sky with stars,
Setting thy thoughts in gold,
Hast crowned our nation's life, and ours,
With blessings manifold;
Thy mercies have been numberless;
Thy love, thy grace, thy care,
Were wider than our utmost need,
And higher than our prayer.
- 4 O King of kings, O Lord of hosts,
Our fathers' God and ours!
Be with us in the future years;
And if the tempest lowers,
Look through the cloud with light of love,
And smile our tears away,
And lead us through the brightening years
To heaven's eternal day.

Henry Burton.

This hymn was written in 1887 at the request of Sir John Stainer, composer of the tune "Rex Regum," who requested the author to furnish him with words that were especially suited to be permanently associated with the tune. The first hymnal to appropriate it for the uses of public worship was *The Methodist Hymn Book*, published at the Wesleyan Conference Office, London, 1904. The author's account of the origin of the hymn is as follows:

In the late Queen's jubilee year, 1887, I composed an ode which was set to music by

Sir J. Stainer and sung at a jubilee festival in the Royal Albert Hall, London. As the ode could not be sung at any other time, Sir J. Stainer requested me to compose a hymn to which the same music should be set. This led me to write the hymn.

The second and third verses have been omitted:

- 2 Thou who didst lead thy people forth,
And make the captive free,
Hast drawn around our native land
The curtain of the sea,
To make another holy place,
Where golden lamps should shine,
And human hearts keep loving watch
Around the ark divine.
- 3 Our bounds of empire thou hast set
In many a distant isle,
And in the shadow of our throne
The desert places smile;
For in our laws and in our faith
'Tis thine own light they see—
The truth that brings to captive souls
The wider liberty.

Dr. Burton is the author of the following beautiful and oft-quoted lines:

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
It was not given to you alone,
Pass it on.
Let it travel through the years;
Let it wipe another's tears;
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

715 L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.
- 3 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Still we will make thy mercies known
Around thy board, around our own.
- 4 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "For New Year's Day."

From *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755. Seven stanzas; these are the first, fifth, sixth, and seventh. They have not been changed except that in the first couplet of the last stanza the author used the plural:

O may our more harmonious *tongues*
In worlds unknown pursue the *songs*.

The Scripture text placed at the head of this hymn is Psalm lxxv. 11: "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

716

7s, 6s. D.

WE plow the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius.

Tr. by Jane M. Campbell.

The German original from which this song is taken consists of seventeen stanzas of four lines each, with chorus, and was first published in a sketch titled *Paul Erdmann's Fest*, 1782. "The neighbors are represented as coming to Paul's house and there singing this so-called 'Peasants' Song,' the last four stanzas of which especially relate to the occasion, the stanzas being sung as a solo and all joining in the chorus." Miss Campbell's translation

of select stanzas was first published in C. S. Bere's *Garland of Songs*, London, 1861, with the title "*Thanksgiving for the Harvest*." In 1868 it appeared in the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, from which collection it has passed into numerous other Church hymnals. Beauty, simplicity, and faith are happily blended in this short hymn.

717

7s. D.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home.

Henry Alford.

This was published in *Psalms and Hymns*, London, 1844, under the title: "*After Harvest*." It was subsequently altered by the author. It appears, in the form here given, in the author's *Year of Praise*, 1867. It is very popular and widely used in England at harvest festivals.

DOXOLOGIES

718

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

This is preëminently *the Doxology* of the Christian Church in all parts of the world where the English language is spoken. It is the closing stanza of three famous hymns by Bishop Thomas Ken, titled respectively the *Morning, Evening, and Midnight* hymns, which were written about 1673 or earlier. (See notes under hymns numbered 44 and 49.) It is doubtful if any stanza of religious poetry ever written has been so often, so universally, and so heartily sung in the worship of the Triune God as this. The author was accustomed to remark that it would enhance his joy in heaven if when he reached that happy place he might be permitted to hear his songs sung by the faithful on earth:

And should the well-meant song I leave behind,
With Jesus' lovers some acceptance find,
'Twill heighten e'en the joys of heaven to know
That, in my verse, saints sing God's praise below.

If saints in heaven can hear the songs of earth, surely then the good Bishop's joy is very great.

For many years before he died he headed all his letters with the words, "All glory be to God;" and these are said to have been the last words he ever uttered.

A distinguished Unitarian divine has said that this doxology of Bishop Ken has done more to familiarize the English-speaking peoples of the earth with the doctrine of the Trinity, and lead them to believe in that doctrine, than all the theological books ever written.

719

C. M.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

Dr. Watts closed his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1709, with a number of doxologies in various meters. This has not been changed.

720

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

This is taken from *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, by N. Tate and N. Brady, London, 1696.

721

C. M.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

Isaac Watts.

Found in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1709. In the days of Watts and for a long time after the last word, "join," was pronounced "jine," so that it rhymed perfectly with "divine."

722

S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

This is the closing stanza of the hymn beginning, "We lift our hearts to thee,"

(373)

which is taken from John Wesley's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1741. (See note under Hymn No. 45.)

723

8s, 7s. D.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us now depart in peace;
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,
 Let our faith and love increase:
 Fill each breast with consolation;
 Up to thee our hearts we raise:
 When we reach our blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Robert Hawker (?).

This closing hymn is more than a hundred years old. Its early history is very obscure. The date, text, and authorship are all uncertain.

This can be said in its favor: it is about the only one of the ten doxologies here given that uses the form of direct address to Deity.

724

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One!

William Goode.

From the author's *An Entire New Version of the Book of Psalms*. London, 1811. In the first line he wrote "Lo" instead of "Great," and in the last line "To the Three, in Godhead One."

725

7s.

SING we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his love;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley.

This excellent doxology is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

Most all our doxologies are lacking in the element of direct praise. To make the matter more plain, compare the above stanza with the following in the same meter:

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 God the Father, God the Word,
 God the Spirit. Glory be,
 Blessed Trinity, to Thee.

The first sings *about* God; the second sings directly *to* God. Direct address is necessary to a true doxology.

726

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy Godhead we adore,
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 To praise thee evermore!
 Live, by earth and heaven adored,
 The Three in One, the One in Three;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee!

Charles Wesley.

This is the last of twenty-four hymns found in the author's *Hymns to the Trinity*. 1746.

727

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 All praise be given!
 Crown him, in every song;
 To him your hearts belong:
 Let all his praise prolong,
 On earth, in heaven!

Edwin F. Hatfield.

Found in Hatfield's *Church Hymn Book*, 1872. Marked "E. F. H., 1843."

CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES

728 Venite, Exultemus Domino.

O COME, let us *sing* | unto the | Lord || let us heartily *rejoice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before his *presence* | with thanks- | giving || and *show* ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the *corners* | of the | earth || and the *strength* of the | hills is his — | also.

5 The *sea* is his | and he | made it || and his *hands* pre- | pared · the dry — | land.

6 O come, let us *worship* and | fall — | down || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For *he* is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of his pasture, *and* the | sheep of | his — | hand.

8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holliness || let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he *cometh* to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with his | truth.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ever- | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | men.

We have here the words found in Psalms xcv. 1-7 and xcvi. 9, 13, English *Prayer Book* version, which is that made by Miles Coverdale in 1535. The Scripture quotation is followed by the familiar words of the *Gloria Patri* at the close.

729 Te Deum Laudamus.

WE *praise* | thee, O | God || we *acknowl-* edge | thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | thee || *the* | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.

3 To thee all *Angels* | cry a- | loud || the *Heavens* and | all the | Powers there- | in.

4 To thee *Cherubim* and | Ser-a- | phim || *con-* tin-ual- | ly do | cry,

5 *Holy* | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth;

6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj- es- | ty || of | thy — | Glo- — | ry.

7 The glorious *company* | of · the A- | pos- tles || *praise* | — — | — — | thee.

8 The goodly *fellowship* | of the | Prophe- ts || *praise* | — — | — — | thee.

9 The noble | army · of | Martyrs || *praise* | — — | — — | thee.

10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *doth* ac- | knowl- — | edge — | thee.

11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || of an | in- · finite | Maj- es- | ty;

12 *Thine* a- | dor- · able, | true || *and* | on- — | — ly | Son;

13 *Also* the | Holy | Ghost || *the* | Com- — | fort- — | er.

14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory || O | — — | — — | Christ.

15 Thou art the *ever-* | last-ling | Son || of | — the | Fa- — | ther.

16 When thou tookest upon *thee* to de- | liv-er | man || thou didst humble thy- *self* to be | born — | of a | Virgin.

17 When thou hadst overcome the | sharp-ness · of | death || thou didst open the *Kingdom* of | Heaven · to | all be- | lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *in* the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.

19 We *believe* that | thou shalt | come || to | be — | our | Judge.

20 We therefore *pray* thee | help thy | serv-ants || whom thou hast *redeemed* | with thy | pre-cious | blood.

21 Make them to be *numbered* | with thy | Saints || *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.

22 O *Lord* | save thy | people || *and* | bless thine | her-it- | age.

23 *Gov-* | — ern | them || *and* | lift them | up for- | ever.

24 *Day* | by — | day || *we* | mag-ni- | fy — | thee;

25 *And* we | worship · thy | Name || *ever* | world with- | out — | end.

26 *Vouch-* | safe, O | Lord || to *keep* us this | day with- | out — | sin.

27 O *Lord*, · have | mercy · up- | on us || *have* | mercy · up- | on — | us.

28 O *Lord*, let thy *mercy* | be up- | on us || *as* our | trust — | is in | thee.

29 O *Lord*, in *thee* | have I trusted || *let* me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

"*Te Deum Laudamus.*" It dates back to A.D. 400 or 450.

It is most probably a growth. The standard form as here given has twenty-nine verses. A shorter form has twenty-six; another has twenty-one. The Greek has only ten.

It is impossible to fix the authorship; it is not even known whether it first appeared in Greek or Latin.

We are pleased that this famous chant has a place in this Hymnal. Its use is world-wide, but, because of its length and the difficulty of rendering it adequately, it has been too much neglected among us.

730 Jubilare Deo.

- O** BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands ||
serve the Lord with gladness, and come
before his | pres-ence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is
he that hath made us, and not | we our-
selves || we are his people, and the |
sheep of | his — | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into his gates with thanks-
giving, and into his | courts with |
praise || be thankful unto *him*, and |
speak good | of his | Name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, his *mercy* is |
ev-er- | lasting || and his truth endureth
from *gener-* | ation · to | *gen-er-* | ation.
Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the |
Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
ever | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | men.

This is the *Prayer Book* version of the one hundredth Psalm. This translation was made by Miles Coverdale in 1535. The "Gloria Patri" follows the Scripture quotation. The first two words of the Latin version of the Psalm are used as a title to the chant.

731 Magnificat.

- M**Y soul doth *magn-* | fy the | Lord ||
and my spirit hath re- | jolced · in | God
my | Saviour.
- 2 For he | hath re- | garded || the lowli- |
ness of | his hand- | maiden.
- 3 For be- | hold, from | henceforth || all *gen-* |
er- | ations · shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 For he that is *mighty* hath | magni- · fied |
me || and | ho-ly | is his | name.

5 And his *mercy* is on | them that | fear
him || *through-* | out all | *gen-er-* |
ations.

6 He hath showed *strength* | with his | arm ||
he hath scattered the proud in the *im-* |
agi- | na-tion | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their |
seat || and *hath* ex- | alted · the | hum-
ble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the *hungry* with | good — |
things || and the *rich* he hath | sent — |
empty · a- | way.

9 He remembering his *mercy* hath *holpen*
his | servant | Israel || as he promised to
our forefathers, Abraham | and his |
seed for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the |
Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
ev-er || shall be || *world* without |
end. — | A- — | men.

"The Magnificat." (Luke i. 46-55.)

This is identical with the form in the first *Book of Common Prayer*, 1549, but it does not correspond exactly with any other version with which we are familiar.

732 Deus Misereatur.

- G**OD be merciful unto | us and | bless us ||
and show us the light of his countenance,
and be | mercl- · ful | un-to | us;
- 2 That thy *way* may be | known up- · on |
earth || Thy *saving* | health a- | mong
all | nations.
- 3 Let the people *praise* | thee O | God || *yea*
let | all the | peo-ple | praise thee.
- 4 O let the nations *rejoice* | and be | glad ||
for thou shalt judge the folk *righteous-* |
ly, and *govern* the | nations · up- |
on — | earth.
- 5 Let the people *praise* | thee O | God || *yea*
let | all the | peo-ple | praise thee.
- 6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | in-
crease || and God, even our own *God*
shall | give — | us his | blessing.
- 7 *God* shall | bless — | us || and all the *ends*
of the | earth shall | fear — | him.
Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the |
Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
ev-er | shall be || *world* without |
end. — | A- — | men.

This is the English *Prayer Book* version of the sixty-seventh Psalm, being that made by Miles Coverdale in 1535. The words of the "Gloria Patri" are introduced

at the end. The title at the head of this chant consists of the first two words of the Latin version of the Psalm.

733 Nunc Dimittis.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant de- | part in | peace || ac- | cord-ing | to thy | word.

2 For mine | eyes have | seen || thy | — sal- | va- — | tion,

3 Which thou | hast pre- | pared || before the | face of | all — | people;

4 To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles || and to be the glo-ry | of thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world without | end. — | A- — | men.

"Nunc Dimittis." This song of Simeon (Luke ii. 29-32) has been slightly changed from the Authorized Version. It follows the text of the first *Prayer Book*, 1549.

734 Invocation Sentence.

The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.

These words, taken from Habakkuk ii. 20, are used in opening the services at morning and evening prayer in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Whether uttered by the preacher or chanted by the choir, they are equally impressive and appropriate.

735 The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. || Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in | earth · as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day our | dally | bread; || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that | tres- · pass a- | gainst — | us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the king- dom, and the power, and the glory, for- ever. | A- — | men.

This translation comes to us from William Tyndale through the English *Book of Common Prayer*. Tyndale was the

first to translate the Lord's Prayer from the Greek into English, and to him we are indebted for the word "trespasses," which is used by the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Methodist Episcopal, and other Churches.

We give here first the form of this prayer as found in Tyndale's New Testament of 1534:

O oure father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Let thy kyngdome come. Thy wyll be fulfilled as well in erth as it ys in heven. Geve vs this daye oure dayly breede. And forgeve vs oure treaspases, even as we forgeve oure trespacers. And leade vs not into temptacion: but delyver vs from evell. For tyne is the kyngedome and the power, and the glorye for ever. Amen.

We give next the same prayer as modified and printed in the *First Book of Common Prayer*, 1549:

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dally bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation: But deliver us from evil. Amen.

John Wesley gave this prayer in *The Sunday Service of the Methodists in North America*, London, 1784, as follows:

Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on Earth, As it is in Heaven: Give us this day our dally bread; And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, For ever and ever. Amen."

This was the form as given in "Morning Prayer;" another form was used in "Evening Prayer." This same form, minus the doxology, was given in the Litany and in other services.

Notice the changes from the *Prayer Book* version. Wesley uses "who" instead of "which," "on" earth instead of "in" earth, and adds the doxology.

The Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church did not contain the Lord's Prayer until the eighth edition, 1792,

when it appeared in the same verbal form as in John Wesley's "Morning Prayer." This usage continued down to the General Conference of 1864, when two changes were made. "In" earth was substituted for "on" earth, a change that cannot be justified by the Greek or in any other manner. The other change was the dropping the last two words, "and ever," before the "Amen." This was a change for the better.

We gladly notice that the new catechisms, edited by a Joint Commission, have restored the word "on," making probably the best translation of the Lord's Prayer that can be made in English.

736 My God, My Father.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh!
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was thine;
Thy will be done!

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done!

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

"*Thy Will Be Done*" is the author's title to this tender and beautiful prayer-hymn of resignation, which was written in 1834, and was first published in *The Invalid's Hymn Book* that same year. The author republished it in her *Hours of Sorrow*, 1836. It was also published in

her brother's (H. V. Elliott) *Psalms and Hymns*, 1835. There are differences, evidently made by herself, in each of these editions. Two stanzas of the original are omitted above:

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!

8 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

(See note to Hymn No. 521.)

The following beautiful lines, addressed to her sister Eleanor, were written when she was fourscore years old and seemed to be in immediate prospect of death:

Sweet has been our earthly union,
Sweet our fellowship of love;
But more exquisite communion
Waits us in our home above;
Nothing there can loose or sever
Ties ordained to last forever.

737 Gloria Patria.

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and
to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever shall be, world without end. Amen.
Amen.

The "*Gloria Patri*" is one of the ancient doxologies of the Church. It came into common use soon after the Arian heresy arose, and has been popular with orthodox Christians ever since.

738 The Ten Commandments.

GOD spake these words, and said: I am the
Lord thy God: Thou shalt have none other
gods before me.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline
our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven
image, or any likeness of any thing that is
in heaven above, or that is in the earth be-
neath, or that is in the water under the earth.
Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor
serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a
jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fa-
thers upon the children unto the third and
fourth generation of them that hate me, and

showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not kill.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not steal.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.

Whatever tends to make Christian worshippers realize the deep significance of the Ten Commandments is to be encouraged in public worship. In the text above each of the commandments is followed by an appropriate prayer that is suitable to be chanted or sung by the choir and con-

gregation. This may be made a very impressive service if entered into thoughtfully and devoutly.

739 Offertory Sentence.

BLESSED be the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

This is the *Prayer Book* version of Psalm xli. 1: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." It calls to mind a new beatitude: "Blessed is the man who has God for his friend."

740 Presentation of Aims.

ALL things *come* of thee, O Lord: and of thine *own* have we given thee.

These words are well suited to be chanted at the conclusion of the morning or evening offering in the public congregation where worshipers have been asked to give to God some of that which he has given them.

741 Sanctus.

THEREFORE with angels and archangels, And with all the company of heaven, We laud and magnify Thy glorious name, Evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of thy glory: Glory be to thee, O Lord, Most High.

The "*Trisagion*" is found in various forms in the early liturgies. It is doubtless an amplification of the cry of the seraphim found in Isaiah vi. 3: "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory."

742 Gloria in Excelsis.

GLORY be to | God on | high || and on earth | peace, good | will | towards men.
 2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.
 3 O Lord God | Heaven- | ly | King || God the | Fa-ther | Al- | mighty.
 4 O Lord, the only begotten Son | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of God | Son — | of the | Father,

- 5 That takest *away* the | sins · of the |
world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.
- 6 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the |
world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.
- 7 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the |
world || *re-* | ceive our | prayer.
- 8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of |
God the Father || have *mercy* up- |
on — | us.
- 9 For thou *only* | art — | holy || *thou* |
on-ly | art the | Lord.
- 10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly |
Ghost | art most *high* in the | glory ·
of | God the | Father.

These words are a part of the ritual for the administration of the Lord's Supper. They come at the close, being followed by the benediction. In the *English Prayer Book* they are preceded by these words: "Then shall be said or sung, all standing, *Gloria in excelsis*; or some proper hymn from the selection." The opening sentence is taken from the song of the angels at the nativity of our Lord, Luke ii. 14. It is not known who first arranged these words for public worship. They are in use in the Greek, Latin, English, and American Churches.

743 10s.

LATE, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!

Late, late, so late! But we can enter still.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

- 2 No light had we:—for that we do repent,
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."
- 3 No light! so late! and dark and chill the night—
O let us in, that we may find the light.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."
- 4 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet;
"No! no! too late! ye cannot enter now!"
Alfred Tennyson.

This plaintive song is found in *Idyls of the King*, imbedded in "*Guinevere*." The

unhappy queen had fled from King Arthur's court to the convent at Almesbury. Here, unknown to all, she found sanctuary among the nuns. She was attended by a little maid, a novice, who one day was humming snatches of song. To her Queen Guinevere said:

"O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep."
Wherewith full willingly sang the little maid,
"Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!" [etc.]

So sang the novice, while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands remembering
Her thought when first she came, wept the sad queen.

744 Crossing the Bar.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

This was first published in the author's *Demeter and Other Poems*, 1889. The author told Dr. Butler, of Cambridge, that a favorite nurse who had been with him for eighteen months and had great influence over him requested him to write a hymn. "Hymns are often such dull things," was his only reply to her. Nevertheless, the suggestion, he said, bore fruit, and her request was the cause of his writing this hymn. "They say," he added, "that I compose very slowly; but I knocked that off in ten minutes." His son, the present Lord Tennyson, in his *Memoir of his father* has the following to say concerning this hymn:

"*Crossing the Bar*" was written in his eighty-first year on an October day (1889), as he crossed from Aldworth to Farringford. His son says: "Before he reached Farringford he had the moaning of the bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said: 'That is the crown of your life's work.' He answered: 'It came in a moment.' He explained the 'Pilot' as 'that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us.' A few days before my father's death, in 1892, he said to me: 'Mind you put "*Crossing the Bar*" at the end of all editions of my poems.' My father considered Edmund Lushington's translation into Greek of '*Crossing the Bar*' one of the finest translations he had ever read."

It is not strange that one who wrote *In Memoriam* at forty should write "*Crossing the Bar*" at eighty. Tennyson's pronounced faith in the "strong Son of God, immortal Love," and in the Christian doctrine of immortality gave him a foremost place among the positively Christian poets of the nineteenth century, and this none the less because his writings and his biography reveal the fact that he had to fight his way through many honest doubts in order to attain that faith. His greatest production, *In Memoriam*, is preëminently a poem of immortality. "I am always amazed, when I read the New Testament, at the splendor of Christ's purity and holiness and at his infinite pity," Tennyson once said. "And I can hardly understand how any great, imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought, and wrought, can doubt of the soul's continuous progress in the after life."

Nothing which the great poet laureate ever wrote has done more to embalm his name in the affectionate remembrance of the Anglo-Saxon race and of the Christian world than this brief swan song of immortality which he wrote in ten minutes. While hymns have been made out of verses culled from his poems (see Hymns No. 139 and 743), yet these are the only words he ever wrote distinctly as a hymn.

745

P. M.

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame,
But the olives they were not blind to him,
The little gray leaves were kind to him,
The thorn tree had a mind to him,
When into the woods he came.

2 Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo him last,
From under the trees they drew him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew him last,
When out of the woods he came.

Sidney Lanier.

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Title: "*A Ballad of Trees and the Master.*" Dated at Baltimore November, 1880, and published soon after in the *Independent*, New York.

A grove, mountain, or desert was a favorite place with Christ to retire for prayer and rest. After the murder of John the Baptist he said to his disciples: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."

The author of this unique and meritorious poem brings out the same truth. When burdened almost beyond endurance there is no place of rest like the woods, and when heartbroken there is no remedy but repeated prayer.

Into the groves of Gethsemane the Master went with a soul "exceeding sorrowful" and a burden that threatened immediate dissolution; but after soothing intercourse with nature and earnest and repeated prayer to the God of nature he came out "content" and calm, ready for the judgment hall and the cross. The commissioners knew that this was not a hymn, but they knew also that it was a gem of poetic composition and taught a great lesson. The musical setting is exceedingly happy.

It is a very appropriate selection to use at any grove meeting of a religious character.

746 **The Last Wish.**

IN age and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
 Jesus, my only hope thou art,
 Strength of my falling flesh and heart.
 O could I catch one smile from thee,
 And drop into eternity!

Charles Wesley.

"*The Last Wish*" is the title given to these lines that were dictated by the author to his wife on his deathbed in March, 1788. It is a genuine swan song, a noble sentiment and prayer with which to close a long life devoted to making music and songs for the world to sing. Charles Wesley is understood to have written nearly seven thousand Christian hymns—more than any poet that ever lived. Of these beautiful lines one has said:

They are Charles Wesley's legacy to Methodism. He died as he lived; prizing above all else a smile from Christ. Mr. Prothero says that on his deathbed "the train of thought suggested by Ps. lxxiii. 25 ('My flesh and my heart falleth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever') took shape in verse. It was the last exercise of his wonderful gift."

The music that accompanies this dying prayer-song of the sweet singer of Methodism in the tune edition of our Hymnal was composed especially for it by Sir Hubert H. Parry at the request of Sir Frederick Bridge, the musical editor of the Wesleyan *Methodist Hymn Book*, published in 1904, from which volume it was secured for use in our Hymnal. Concerning this hymn and tune Dr. Telford gives us the following interesting note:

In editing the music for the *Methodist Hymn Book*, 1904, Sir Frederick Bridge was quick to discern the significance of this precious relic. The Tune Book Committee looked on it rather as an interesting and pathetic historical memento than a verse for congregational use. Many of them had never heard it sung, and felt that it could be sung only under very special circumstances. "But Sir Frederick Bridge, to our intense astonishment, took an entirely different view. 'This,' said he, 'is one of your treasures. Any

Church might be proud to possess a little hymn with such a history, and in itself so beautiful. Let me ask my friend, Sir Hubert H. Parry, to compose a tune for it. It is just such a hymn as will appeal to his genius.'" Mr. Curnock adds: "When, some little time afterwards, the tune was forwarded from the Royal College of Music to the Committee, we all felt thankful that our editor had been so insistent. It is one of those hymn-anthems that now and then a congregation may be glad to hear, especially when rendered by an organist and choir who have made a careful study of the twin souls—the soul of the dying poet's hymn, and the soul in the great musician's tune. One competent critic, after playing the tune several times, made the remark: 'You can see the old man leaning on his staff.'" The name "Marylebone" was given to the tune in memory of the place where the poet spent the last years of his life (1771-88), and where he was laid to rest in the graveyard of the old parish church.

747 L. M. 31.

DAY of Wrath! O day of mourning!
 See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

- 2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
 When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
 On whose sentence all dependeth!
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
 Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth;
 All before the throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
 All creation is awaking,
 To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,
 Wherein all hath been recorded:
 Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
 And each hidden deed arraigneth,
 Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
 Who for me be interceding,
 When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,
 Who dost free salvation send us,
 Fount of pity, then befriend us!
- 9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
 Cost thy wondrous Incarnation;
 Leave me not to reprobation!

- 10 Faint and weary, thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
- 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!
- 13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!
- 15 With the favored sheep O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Low I kneel, with heart submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.
- 18 Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him;
- 19 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord, all-pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant us thine eternal rest.

Tr. from Latin by W. J. Irons.

A new translation of the *Dies Iræ* from the *Paris Missal*, published in 1849. This is the text given in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. At the Revolution in Paris in 1848 one of the distinguished victims was the archbishop of the city, who was shot by the insurgents while endeavoring to persuade them to cease firing. A solemn and impressive funeral service was held not long after in Notre Dame Cathedral, and the *Dies Iræ* was chanted by a large body of priests. Dr. Irons was present,

and of course was deeply moved by what he saw and heard. After the service he wrote out this translation, which is one of the finest modern renderings of the grandest of mediæval hymns.

748 **Benediction.**


THE Lord bless you and keep you,
The Lord lift his countenance upon you,
and give you peace;
The Lord make his face to shine upon you,
and be gracious unto you.

This is what is known as the Old Testament benediction. Its threefold blessing is thought by some to foretoken the New Testament benediction in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. It is found in Numbers vi. 22-27:

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Speak unto Aaron and unto his sons, saying, On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them, The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. And they shall put my name upon the children of Israel, and I will bless them.

It makes a very appropriate and impressive benediction to have the choir chant the above words at the close of public worship in the Church. And it is also fitting that the closing verses in this collection of hymns and chants should consist of inspired words of benediction and divine blessing upon all who love the songs of Zion, and who, speaking to themselves in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, do sing and make melody in their hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things unto God the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ—

"And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song!"



HYMN WRITERS OF THE CHURCH.

HYMN WRITERS OF THE CHURCH

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

Adams, Sarah Flower, was born at Harlow, England, February 22, 1805; and died in London August 21, 1848. Sarah Flower was the younger daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor and proprietor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*. In 1834 she married John Brydges Adams, a civil engineer and inventor. She is represented by her friends as being beautiful, intelligent, and high-minded. Mrs. Adams had a gift for lyric poetry, and wrote thirteen hymns for her pastor, the Rev. William Johnson Fox, an Independent minister. These were all published in *Hymns and Anthems*, London, 1841. Several of these hymns have come into common use, but her masterpiece is the one found in this book:

Nearer, my God, to thee..... 315

Addison, Joseph, whose fame is coextensive with English literature, was the son of Rev. Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield, England, and was born May 1, 1672. He was educated at Oxford, and early developed poetic talent. His literary contributions were made chiefly to the *Tattler*, the *Guardian*, and the *Spectator*. He is the author of five hymns, all of which appeared in the *Spectator* in 1712. It has been claimed that Andrew Marvell is the author of two of these hymns ("The spacious firmament on high" and "When all thy mercies, O my God"), but this claim is not justified by the historical facts, which are too lengthy to present here. Addison died June 17, 1719, being a devout and consistent member of the Church of England. His last effort at writing was on an article upon the Christian Religion. At the time of his death he was contemplating a poetic version of the Psalms. "The piety of Addison," says Macaulay, "was in truth of a singularly cheerful kind. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude; and on that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life he relied in the hour of death with a love which casteth out fear." The three hymns by Addison are among the finest in this collection:

How are thy servants blest, O Lord... 102

The spacious firmament on high..... 84

When all thy mercies, O my God.... 105

Alexander, Cecil Frances, daughter of Maj. John Humphreys, was born in Ireland in 1823. In 1850 she married the Rt. Rev. William Alexander, Bishop of Derry. She wrote "The Burial of Moses," and was the author of several books of poetry. Among them were: *Verses for Holy Seasons*, 1846; *Hymns for Little Children*, 1848; *Hymns Descriptive and Devotional*, 1858; and *The Legend of the Golden Prayers*, 1859. She was the author of many hymns, several of which have been widely used, as, for example, "There is a green hill far away." She died at Londonderry October 12, 1895.

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult..... 545

Alexander, James Waddell, an eminent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church and the son of a no less distinguished divine (Rev. Archibald Alexander, D.D.), was born at Hopewell, Va., March 13, 1804. After graduating at Princeton College, he entered the ministry and was a pastor in Charlotte County, Va., and later in Trenton, N. J. He then became a professor in Princeton College, and in 1844 a pastor in New York City. In 1849 he returned to Princeton, becoming a professor in the Theological Seminary, which position he resigned at the end of three years, his heart yearning to get back into the regular work of the ministry. He now became pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York City. He died July 31, 1859. Dr. Alexander's only hymn in this collection is a translation:

O sacred Head, now wounded..... 151

Alford, Henry, widely known as the author of *The Greek Testament with Notes* and other volumes, was born in London October 7, 1810; was pious from his youth, and in his sixteenth year wrote the following dedication in his Bible: "I do this day, in the presence of God and my own soul, renew my covenant with God, and solemnly determine henceforth to become his and to do his work as far as in me lies." He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, ordained in 1833, and soon made a reputation

as an eloquent preacher and sound biblical critic. He was appointed Dean of Canterbury in 1857, which distinction he held to the day of his death, in 1871. Dean Alfred's *Poetical Works* (two volumes) were published in London in 1845. An American edition was published in Boston in 1853. He was the editor of *The Year of Praise*, a hymn and tune book intended primarily for use in Canterbury Cathedral, 1867. Four of his hymns appear in this collection:

Come, ye thankful people, come. 717
 Forward be our watchword. 384
 My bark is wafted to the strand. 451
 Ten thousand times ten thousand. 618

Amis, Lewis Randolph, a Southern Methodist minister, was born in Maury County, Tenn., December 7, 1856; graduated at Vanderbilt University in 1878, and that same year joined the Tennessee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as an itinerant preacher. He filled many important appointments, being pastor at Pulaski, Tenn., when he died, in 1904. A useful and greatly beloved minister.

Jehovah, God, who dwelt of old. 665

Andrew of Crete, so called because he was bishop of the island of Crete, was born in Damascus in 660. He died about 732. He was deputed by Theodore, Patriarch of Jerusalem, to attend the sixth General Council at Constantinople (680). He was also a member of the Pseudo-Synod of Constantinople, held in 712, which revived the Monothelite heresy. Afterwards he returned to the faith of the Church. Seventeen of his homilies remain to us. His most ambitious poem is called "*The Great Canon*." It contains more than three hundred stanzas, yet it is sung right through on Thursday of mid-lent week in the Greek Church.

Christian, dost thou see them. 616

Anstice, Joseph, was born in Shropshire, England, in 1808. Soon after leaving Oxford University, where he took a high stand as a student, he became Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. He was a member of the Church of England. He died February 29, 1836, being twenty-eight years old. It was during the last evenings of his life, when he was a great sufferer, that he dictated to his wife the hymns (fifty-two in number) which were collected and published the year he died for private distribution. From this collection the following hymn was taken:

O Lord, how happy should we be. 519

Auber, Harriet, was born October 4, 1773; and died January 20, 1862. She led a quiet

and contented life, writing much, but publishing only one volume. The full title of this book was: *The Spirit of the Psalms; A Compressed Version of Select Portions of the Psalms of David*. It was published anonymously in 1829. It is not entirely original; some pieces were selected from well-known writers. This book is sometimes confounded with *The Spirit of the Psalms*, by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, but it is entirely different. The author became known through the Rev. Henry Auber Harvey. In a note to Daniel Sedgwick, dated November 25, 1862, he wrote: "*The Spirit of the Psalms* was partly a compilation and partly the composition of the late Miss Harriet Auber, an aunt of my mother's; and the preface to the book was drawn up by the editor, my late father, Mr. Harvey, a canon of Bristol." Julian, in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, gives the first lines of twenty-five of Miss Auber's hymns which he says are in common use. This Hymnal contains only three:

Hasten, Lord, the glorious time. 637
 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed. 189
 With joy we hail the sacred day. 65

Babcock, Maltbie Davenport, an American Presbyterian clergyman, was born in Syracuse, N. Y., August 3, 1858; and died at Naples, Italy, May 18, 1901. He was graduated at Syracuse University in 1879, and Auburn Theological Seminary in 1883. He filled most successful and popular pastorates at Lockport, N. Y., Baltimore, Md., and at the Brick Presbyterian Church, in New York. While on a visit to the Levant in 1901 he was seized with the Mediterranean fever, and died under pathetic circumstances in the International Hospital, at Naples. He was a man of extraordinary personality and influence both in the social circle and in the pulpit. A volume of his prose and verse, edited by his wife, appeared soon after his death, entitled *Thoughts for Every-Day Living*, 1901. Dr. Babcock's writings show strength, delicacy of thought, and great originality.

Be strong; we are not here to play. . . 407

Baker, Sir Henry Williams, an eminent English clergyman, son of Sir Henry L. Baker, born in London May 27, 1821; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1844. He took holy orders in 1844, and became vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire, in 1851, which benefice he held until his death. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1851. He is best known as editor

in chief of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, to which he contributed several of his hymns. Dr. Julian says: "Of his hymns four only are in the highest strain of jubilation, another four are bright and cheerful, and the remainder are very tender but exceedingly plaintive, sometimes even to sadness." The language of his hymns is smooth and simple, the thought is correct and sometimes very beautifully expressed. He died February 12, 1877. His last audible words were a quotation of the third stanza of his own exquisite rendering of the twenty-third Psalm, No. 136 in this book:

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

O God of love, O King of Peace..... 705
O perfect life of love..... 155
The King of love my Shepherd is.... 136

Bakewell, John, a Wesleyan lay preacher, was born at Brallsford, in Derbyshire, in 1721. He was a man of piety, earnestness, and consecration. He was made a lay preacher in 1749, and proved to be one of Mr. Wesley's most efficient workers. He was for several years Master of the Greenwich Royal Park Academy. It was in his house that Thomas Olivers wrote his justly famous and much-admired hymn, "The God of Abraham praise." He was an eminently useful man, and lived to a ripe old age, being ninety-eight years old when he died, in 1819. He was buried in City Road Chapel not far from the tomb of John Wesley. The epitaph upon his tombstone states that "he adorned the doctrines of God our Saviour eighty years, and preached his glorious gospel about seventy years." He composed many hymns "which remain in the manuscript beautifully written," but only one finds a place in modern Church hymnals:

Hail, thou once despised Jesus..... 171

Barbauld, Anna Letitia, was a daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, D.D., an English Dissenting minister. She was born June 20, 1743, and early in life gave evidence of poetic talent. She had a great desire for a classical education, to which her father strongly objected. At length she prevailed in some measure, and was permitted to read Latin and Greek. She published her first volume of poems in 1773. In 1774 she married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a young man of French descent, who attended a school at Warrington, where her father was a classical instructor. Mr. Bar-

bauld had charge of a Dissenting congregation at Fulgrave. They also opened a boarding school, which they carried on successfully for eleven years. Mr. Barbauld afterwards held other pastoral relations, and died in 1808. Mrs. Barbauld occupied her time and mind in literary pursuits, editing various works and contributing to the press. She died March 9, 1825.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice..... 257
How blest the righteous when he dies. 582

Barber, Mary Ann Serrett, was an English-woman, the daughter of Thomas Barber. She wrote many poems for the *Church of England Magazine*, and was the author of several books. One of these, *Bread Winning; or, The Ledger and the Lute, an Autobiography*, by M. A. S. Barber, was published in 1865. Miss Barber died in Brighton, England, March 9, 1864, at the age of sixty-three years.

Prince of Peace, control my will.... 337

Baring-Gould, Sabine, an English clergyman, was born in Exeter, England, January 28, 1834. He was educated at Clare College, Cambridge, receiving the degrees of B.A., 1854, and M.A., 1856. He took orders in 1864. His prose works are numerous and well known: *Lives of the Saints*, in fifteen volumes, 1872-77; *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, in two series, 1866-68; *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, two volumes, 1869-70. He is the author of a number of fine hymns, the best-known of which is "Onward, Christian soldiers." He published a volume of original *Church Songs* in 1884. From 1854 to 1906 he had published eighty-five volumes. His present address is Lew-Trenchard House, North Devon.

Now the day is over..... 59
Onward, Christian soldiers..... 383
Through the night of doubt..... 567

Barton, Bernard, widely known as the "Quaker Poet," was born in London January 31, 1784, and was educated at a Quaker school at Ipswich. In 1810 he was employed at a local bank at Woodbridge, Suffolk, where he remained forty years. He was the author of eight or ten small volumes of verse between 1812 and 1845. From these books some twenty pieces have come into common use as hymns. He died at Woodbridge in 1849. His daughter published his *Poems and Letters*, 1849, after his death. His writings show a familiarity with the Scriptures and a love for good

men. "Light" is the keynote to each of his three hymns found in this volume:

Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace. 205

Walk in the light, so shalt thou. . . . 361

We journey through a vale of tears. . . 447

Bateman, Henry, an English layman and successful business man, was born March 6, 1802; and died in 1872. He was much interested in literary and religious work. He was the author of several volumes of verse, the most successful of which was *Sunday Sunshine: New Hymns and Poems for the Young*, 1858. From this book some forty hymns have come into common use.

Light of the world! whose kind. . . . 505

Bathurst, William Hiley, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Cleve Dale, near Bristol, England, August 28, 1796. He was the son of Charles Bragge, who was member of Parliament for Bristol, and who, upon inheriting his uncle's estate, assumed his name, Bathurst. He graduated at Christ Church College, Oxford, and was ordained a priest of the Church of England in 1819. The following year he became rector of Barwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire, where he remained thirty-two years. His biographer, speaking of these years of ministerial service, says: "Faithfully devoting himself to the spiritual welfare of his parishioners, he greatly endeared himself to them all by his eminent piety, his great simplicity of character, his tender love, and his abundant generosity." In 1852 he resigned his living and retired to private life because of conscientious scruples in relation to parts of the baptismal and burial services of the Church. In 1863, upon the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the family estate of Sidney Park, Gloucestershire, where he died November 25, 1877. His published works are: *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, 1831 (which volume contains 132 psalms and 206 hymns from his pen); *The Georgics of Virgil*, 1849; *Metric-Al Musings; or, Thoughts on Sacred Subjects in Verse*, 1849.

O for a faith that will not shrink. . . 424

O for that flame of living fire. 187

Baxter, Lydia, the writer of "There is a gate that stands ajar" and other popular hymns, was born in Petersburg, N. Y., September 2, 1809. She was converted early in life, and united with the Baptist Church. Later in life she resided in New York City. She was an invalid for many years, but a patient and cheerful sufferer. She died June 22, 1874. A volume of her poems,

titled *Gems by the Wayside*, was published in 1855.

Take the name of Jesus with you. . . . 508

Baxter, Richard, an eminent Puritan divine and voluminous author of the seventeenth century, is best known to Christians of the present day by his *Call to the Unconverted* and his *Saint's Everlasting Rest*. When about twenty-five years of age he entered the ministry, and was appointed to the parish of Kidderminster (1640). Here he remained until "for conscience' sake" he, along with many other Nonconformist divines, was driven out from his weeping flock by the "Act of Uniformity" passed in 1662. He now ceased to preach; but being caught holding family prayers "with more than four persons," he was, under the conditions of the "Conventicle Act" (1664), arrested and imprisoned for six months. He lived in retirement until 1672, when the "Act of Indulgence" gave him liberty to preach and to publish. But in 1685 the infamous Jeffries had him arrested and shamefully convicted of sedition, the foundation for the charge being found in his *Paraphrase of the New Testament*, for which he was imprisoned two years. He endured this unjust and cruel imprisonment with Christian patience and resignation, which finds illustration in the hymn below. His pastorate of twenty-two years at Kidderminster was faithful and untiring in the ministry of the Word, and was followed by rich spiritual fruits in the improved lives and characters of his six hundred parishioners. He exemplified his own couplet:

I preached as though I ne'er should preach
again,

And as a dying man to dying men.

In few hymns are the faith and fidelity of the author more truly expressed than in this hymn by Baxter.

Lord, it belongs not to my care. . . . 470

Beddome, Benjamin, an English Baptist minister, was born in Warwickshire January 23, 1717. He was apprenticed to an apothecary in Bristol; but when he was twenty years of age he was converted, and soon after began to prepare for the ministry. In 1743 he was ordained and became the pastor of a small Baptist Church at Bourton. Later he received an urgent call to a Church in London; but he refused the call and remained at Bourton fifty-two years—until his death, September 3, 1795. It was a frequent custom with him to write a hymn to be sung after his morning sermon. A number of these hymns were pub-

lished in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, and so came into common use. A volume of his hymns, over eight hundred in number, was published in 1818. James Montgomery, in the preface to his *Christian Psalmist*, quotes the first stanza of one of Beddome's hymns as follows,

Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head,

and makes this just remark: "His name would deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance if he had left no other memorial of the excellent spirit which was in him than these few humble verses." Beddome's hymns have been more highly appreciated in America than in his native country. The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him in 1770 by Rhode Island College, now Brown University.

Come, Holy Spirit, come..... 182
Did Christ o'er sinners weep..... 276
How great the wisdom, power, and... 8

Bernard of Clairvaux, an eminent monk, theologian, scholar, preacher, and poet, was born at Fontaine, near Dijon, in Burgundy, France, in 1091. Aletta, his mother, was a devotedly pious woman, and consecrated her son to God from his birth. "Her death chamber was his spiritual birthplace." He was educated at Paris. Being naturally fond of seclusion, meditation, and study, and living in the twelfth century, it is not surprising that one so piously inclined as he soon sought a home in the cloister. At twenty-two years of age he entered the small monastery of Cîteaux, and later he founded and made famous that of Clairvaux, where by fasting and self-mortification he became an emaciated monk, but with it all one of the most conspicuous and influential characters in Europe. Kings and popes sought his advice. His enthusiasm and impassioned eloquence were all but irresistible. He died August 20, 1153. His life was pure, his faith strong, his love ardent, his courage unflinching, his piety unquestioned. Luther greatly admired him and thought him "the greatest monk that ever lived." His published works are in five folio volumes. His *Sacred Songs of Praise* have long been the admiration of the Church. Christ crucified was the theme of his preaching and of his song, as the four hymns here given will testify. His love for Christ amounted to a deep and ardent passion that was unconscious of using terms

of endearment not altogether becoming to so divine a theme.

Jesus, the very thought of thee..... 533
Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts..... 536
O sacred Head, now wounded..... 151
Of Him who did salvation bring..... 289

Bernard of Cluny was a monk of the twelfth century; the exact dates of his birth and death are not known. His parents were English, but he was born at Morlaix, France. He was an inmate of the Abbey of Cluny, and dedicated his famous poem to Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny from 1122 to 1156. His long poem, about three thousand lines, was a satire against the vices and follies of his time. Dr. Neale, who gives a translation of four hundred lines in the third edition of his *Medieval Hymns*, 1868, says of this poem: "The greater part is a bitter satire on the fearful corruptions of the age. But, as a contrast to the misery and pollution of earth, the poem opens with a description of the peace and glory of heaven of such rare beauty as not easily to be matched by any mediæval composition on the same subject." It is this part of the poem that Dr. Neale translated and from which our hymns are taken.

For thee, O dear, dear country..... 614
Jerusalem the golden..... 612

Berridge, John, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in Nottinghamshire March 1, 1716. He became Vicar of Everton in 1755, and remained there until his death, January 22, 1793. His preaching was at first sadly lacking in spirituality; but being happily converted, he became one of the most earnest of the evangelical clergymen who sympathized with and aided the Methodist revival. Frequent allusions to him are found in the writings of John Wesley, who esteemed him highly and found in him a helpful coworker. He was never married. In 1785 he published a volume of hymns titled *Zion's Songs*. His "wedding hymn," a prayer in song for the divine blessing on the bridal couple, is the only one of his three hundred and forty-two hymns that finds a place in this collection: Since Jesus freely did appear..... 667

Bethune, George Washington, an eminent divine of the Reformed Dutch Church, was born in New York March 18, 1805. He was graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., in 1823, and studied theology at Princeton, N. J. In 1827 he became pastor of a Reformed Dutch Church at Rhinebeck,

N. Y.; in 1830, at Utica, N. Y.; in 1834 he passed to Philadelphia, and in 1850 to Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1861 he went abroad for his health. He died at Florence, Italy, April 27, 1862, suddenly after preaching. Dr. Bethune wrote occasional hymns and poems for more than thirty years. One of his first compositions was a sailor's hymn beginning, "Tossed upon life's raging billow," which appeared in *The Christian Lyre*, 1830. A collection of his poems, *Lays of Love and Faith*, was published in Philadelphia in 1847.

It is not death to die..... 585
When time seems short and death is. 296

Bickersteth, Edward Henry, a bishop of the Church of England, son of Edward Bickersteth, rector of Walton, was born at Islington, England, January 25, 1825. He was graduated at Cambridge University (B.A. 1847, M.A. 1850). Taking holy orders in the Church of England in 1848, he became curate first at Banningham, Norfolk, and then at Tunbridge Wells; and in 1852 became rector of Hinton-Martell and vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, in 1855. He became Dean of Gloucester in 1885, and that same year he was appointed Bishop of Exeter. Beginning with a volume of *Poems* in 1849, he published successively no less than twelve volumes, the most widely known being his extended poem titled *Yesterday, To-Day, and Forever*, 1867, and *The Spirit of Life*, 1868. He edited and published in 1858 a volume titled *Psalms and Hymns*. His *Hymnal Companion* (first edition 1870, last edition 1890) called forth from Dr. Julian, editor of the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, these high words of praise: "Of its kind and from its theological standpoint, as an evangelical hymn book, it is in poetic grace, literary excellence, and lyric beauty, the finest collection in the Anglican Church;" and the author's contributions to this volume are pronounced "very beautiful and of much value." He retired from active work in 1900, and died May 16, 1906. Four of his hymns are in this collection:

O God, the Rock of Ages..... 18
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark.... 528
Stand, soldier of the cross..... 413
"Till He come!" O let the words.... 240

Blacklock, Thomas, was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, November 10, 1721. He lost his sight by smallpox when an infant, but was nevertheless well educated and ordained a minister in 1762. Two years later

he retired to Edinburgh and spent his time in teaching and authorship. An edition of his poems, which are characterized by elegant mediocrity, was published in 1793. He died July 7, 1791.

Come, O my soul, in sacred lays..... 23

Bode, John Ernest, a clergyman in the Church of England, was born in 1816. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford, graduating at Christ's Church in 1837, and took orders in 1841. He was a rector several years, and for a time a tutor of his college. He delivered the Bampton Lectures in 1855. He published *Short Occasional Poems*, 1858, and *Hymns from the Gospel of the Day for Each Sunday and Festivals of Our Lord*, 1860. He died October 6, 1874.

O Jesus, I have promised..... 350

Boehm, Anthony Wilhelm, a German writer, was born in 1673; and died in 1722. Very little is known of him. He translated and published Arndt's *True Christianity* in 1712, in which volume was a translation of St. Bernard's "*Jesu, Dulcis Memoria*," which J. C. Jacobi altered and published in his *Psalmodia Germanica*, 1732. Jacobi's version was in turn altered by others, and among these alterations the one found in Madan's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1760, beginning, "Of Him who did salvation bring," has long been a favorite with American Methodists. If any hymn in our Hymnal has to be traced back through a long genealogy, this one surely has.

Of Him who did salvation bring.... 289

Bonar, Horatius, a distinguished Presbyterian divine, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, December 19, 1808; and was educated at the high school and University of Edinburgh. He was ordained in 1837, and became a minister of the Established Church of Scotland at Kelso. At the Disruption in 1843 he became one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland. The University of Aberdeen gave him the doctorate in 1853. In 1866 he became the minister of the Chalmers Memorial Church, in Edinburgh. Dr. Bonar died July 31, 1889. He was a voluminous writer of sacred poetry, and more than one hundred of his hymns are in common use. He published the following books, in which most of his hymns are found: *Songs of the Wilderness*, 1843-44; *The Bible Hymn Book*, 1845; *Hymns Original and Selected*, 1846; *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857 (second series, 1864; third series, 1867); *Hymns of the*

Nativity, 1879; *Communion Hymns*, 1881. Dr. Bonar was an able, pious man and a sweet singer, though as a premillenarian some of his poems are plaintive and sad almost to pessimism. Twelve of his hymns are found in this book. He died July 31, 1889.

| | |
|--|-----|
| A few more years shall roll..... | 578 |
| Beyond the smiling and the weeping..... | 627 |
| Go, labor on; spend and be spent.... | 399 |
| Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to..... | 237 |
| I heard the voice of Jesus say..... | 304 |
| I lay my sins on Jesus..... | 438 |
| I was a wandering sheep..... | 300 |
| Make haste, O man, to live..... | 399 |
| No, not despairingly come I to thee..... | 453 |
| O Love of God, how strong and true..... | 83 |
| Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... | 527 |
| When the weary, seeking rest..... | 509 |

Bonar, Jane Catherine, the wife of Dr. Horatius Bonar, was the youngest daughter of Rev. Robert Lundie, of Kelso, Scotland (where she was born, December, 1821), and sister of that devotedly pious woman, Mary Lundie Duncan, whose *Memoir* was written by her gifted mother. She was married to Dr. Bonar in 1843, and died at Edinburgh December 3, 1885. Her hymns, which are few in number, appeared in her husband's *Songs for the Wilderness*, 1843-44, and *Bible Hymn Book*, 1845.

Fade, fade each earthly joy..... 529

Borthwick, Jane, was born in Edinburgh April 9, 1813. In connection with her sister, Mrs. Sarah Findlater, wife of Rev. Eric J. Findlater, she translated *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, 1854. Miss Borthwick not only translated many German hymns, but wrote a number of original poems. Many of them were collected and published under the title of *Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours*, 1857. She died September 7, 1897.

My Jesus, as thou wilt..... 524

Bourignon, Antoinette, a gifted and pious, but eccentric, mystic of the seventeenth century, was born January 13, 1616. She became fascinated at an early age with books of devotion and with a life of celibacy. She twice fled from home to escape marriage, into which relation her parents wished her to enter. Her father died in 1648, leaving her possessed of considerable wealth. Wishing to do good with her worldly means, she took charge of a founding hospital in 1653. She joined the order of Augustines in 1667. She attracted great attention by her tracts and discourses. Renouncing Roman Catholicism,

she declared herself divinely called to found a new and pure communion. She became an object of persecution, and fled from place to place. She died at Franeker, in Friesland, October 30, 1680. Her works were published in nineteen volumes in 1686. One of her works, *The Light of the World*, was translated into English, and met with such a large sale and was of such influence in Great Britain that at one time all the candidates for the Presbyterian ministry were required to disavow all belief in or sympathy with "Bourignonism." The fact that for twenty years she boasted that she had not read a word of the Holy Scripture shows the erratic character of her piety. But by John Wesley's (or possibly John Byrom's?) rare power of translation we have from her a most useful hymn, which was written in 1640, at the time when she renounced the world for a religious life.

Come, Saviour Jesus, from above.... 379

Bourne, William St. Hill, a Church of England clergyman, was born in 1846. He was educated at the London College of Divinity, and took orders in 1869. He is the author of a number of hymns and poems, only one of which is found in this collection. He published *A Supplementary Hymnal* in 1898. He became rector of Finchley in 1900.

Christ, who once amongst us..... 683

Bowring, Sir John, an eminent English politician, statesman, foreign minister, and literary man, was born at Exeter, England, October 17, 1792. He held many official positions of responsibility under the English government, and was knighted in 1854. He was a genius in the acquisition of languages. He made translations from no less than thirteen modern languages, mostly of poetry. For many years he represented the English government in China and other portions of the Orient. He was a Unitarian in faith. He died at Exeter November 23, 1872, being eighty years old. His hymns are found in his *Mattins and Vespers*, 1823, and in his *Sequel to the Mattins*, 1825. His published volumes are very numerous, no less than ten of them containing poetic translations from foreign languages or disquisitions on poetry. Although a Unitarian, he is the author of two of our most popular and useful hymns on Christ, one on the life of Christ (No. 290) and the other on the cross of Christ (No. 143); while two others (Nos. 199 and 636) are among our best missionary hymns,

striking a triumphant note concerning the beneficent and universal spread of the gospel of Christ.

God is love; his mercy brightens.... 88
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound 290
In the cross of Christ I glory..... 143
Upon the gospel's sacred page..... 199
Watchman, tell us of the night..... 636

Brace, Seth Collins, a Congregational clergyman, son of Rev. Joab Brace, was born at Newington, Conn., August 3, 1811; was graduated at Yale College, class of 1832, and received his theological education at the Yale Theological Seminary. He entered the Presbyterian ministry in 1842, but became a Congregationalist later. For many years he was engaged in teaching and literary work, preaching occasionally. In 1861 he was installed pastor of a Congregational Church at Bethany, Conn. Subsequently he was compelled by illness to retire from active work in the ministry. He died in Philadelphia January 25, 1897.

Mourn for the thousands slain..... 698

Brady, Nicholas, an English divine, was born at Bandon, County Cork, Ireland, October 28, 1659; was educated at Westminster, Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin. He was a Prebendary of Cork, Ireland. In 1702-05 he was incumbent at Stratford-on-Avon. Later, while incumbent at Richmond, he taught school in addition to his ministerial work. He died May 20, 1726. He published two volumes of poetry, one being a translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*. His association with Nahum Tate in making a *New Version of the Psalms of David*, 1696, which long held a dominant place in the Church of England, has given him a permanent and honored place in the history of hymnology. From this *Version* we have four selections:

As pants the hart for cooling streams 316
O Lord, our fathers oft have told... 700
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost..... 720
While shepherds watched their flocks 115

Brewer, Leigh Richmond, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Montana since 1880, was born at Berkshire, Vt., January 20, 1839; educated at Hobart College and General Theological Seminary; ordained in 1866; rector of Grace Church, Carthage, N. Y., 1866-72, and of Trinity Church, Wattertown, N. Y., 1872-80; was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Montana in 1880; resides at Helena, Mont. Abundant in labors, Bishop Brewer has found time to write occasional poems.

Long years ago o'er Bethlehem's... 120

Bridges, Matthew, was an Englishman born at Maldon, Essex, England, July 14, 1800. He was educated in the Church of England, but became a convert to the Church of Rome in connection with the famous Tractarian movement led by Cardinal Newman and others. For several years before his death he resided in the province of Quebec, Canada, where he died October 6, 1894. He was the author of several books, the most valuable of which is *Hymns of the Heart*, 1848.

Crown him with many crowns..... 179

My God, accept my heart this day.. 369

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise..... 161

Bromehead, Joseph, was born in 1748, and after his graduation at Queen's College, Oxford (B.A. 1768, M.A. 1771), he became curate of Eckington, Derbyshire, remaining there until his death, January 30, 1826. His *Melancholy Student* reached a second edition in 1776. He translated some of the Psalms into English verse, and was editor of the *Eckington Collection*, in which volume the hymn beginning "Jerusalem, my happy home," first appeared in its present familiar form. From this collection of hymns it passed into the Williams and Boden *Collection* of 1801, and thence into many modern hymnals—from which circumstance several hymnologists have inferred that Bromehead gave that hymn its present form when he inserted it in the *Eckington Collection*. See full discussion of authorship under the hymn.

Jerusalem, my happy home..... 608

Brooks, Charles Timothy, a Unitarian divine and a poet and author of more than ordinary ability, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1813; graduated at Harvard College in 1832 and at the Harvard Divinity School in 1835; was pastor of a Unitarian Church in Newport, R. I., from 1836 to 1871; published quite a number of volumes, many being translations from the German; he died June 14, 1883.

God bless our native land..... 703

Brooks, Phillips, a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in Boston December 13, 1835; graduated at Harvard College in 1855, and then attended the Episcopal School of Theology, at Alexandria, Va. He was ordained in 1859, and became the rector of the Church of the Advent, in Philadelphia. In 1869 he became the rector of Trinity Church, Boston. This church was on Summer Street; but the great fire of 1872 destroyed it, and a

new church was erected in Copley Square. He was greatly beloved by his people, and his fame and influence were widely spread. In 1891 he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts, but he did not long serve in this position. He died January 23, 1893. Bishop Brooks was a great soul in a gigantic body. He made friends of all with whom he came in contact. His influence was positive, strong, and good. Besides the carol in this book, he wrote at least four Christmas and two Easter carols, all of which are very fine.

O little town of Bethlehem..... 121

Brown, Phoebe Hinsdale, was the daughter of George Hinsdale, and was born May 1, 1783, at Canaan, N. Y. Being left an orphan and moneyless when only two years of age, her early life was one of want, hardship, and drudgery. When nine years of age she went to live with a relative who kept a county jail. "These were years of intense and cruel suffering," says her son. "The tale of her early life which she has left her children is a narrative of such deprivations, toil, and cruel treatment as it breaks my heart to read." Not until she was eighteen years of age did she escape from this bondage and find a home among kind and sympathetic people. Her education was limited to three months in the public school at Claverack, N. Y., where she learned to write. She made at this time a profession of faith in Christ and joined the Congregational Church. She did not improve her worldly fortune when, in 1805, she married Thomas H. Brown, a journeyman house painter, after which she lived successively at East Windsor and Ellington, Conn., Monson, Mass., and at Marshall, Ill., where she died October 10, 1861. "Despite all her disadvantages," says Prof. F. M. Bird in Julian's *Dictionary*, "Mrs. Brown's talents and work are superior to those of any other early female hymnist of America." Fifteen of her hymns have found a place in the different Church hymnals of America, though only one is given a place in this collection—her famous "*Twilight Hymn*," the origin of which is deeply interesting. The "little ones" to whom she referred in this hymn all became eminent for piety and usefulness.

I love to steal awhile away..... 498

Browne, Simon, an English Independent minister and contemporary of Dr. Isaac Watts, was born at Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, about 1680; and died in 1732. He

was the pastor of a Church in Portsmouth and later in London. While living in London he published his original *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1720. He was also the author of a number of prose volumes, among them a *Defence of Christianity*. Near the close of life he suffered from a peculiar mental disease. He imagined that God in his displeasure had gradually annihilated in him the thinking substance—that he had no reasoning soul. At the same time he was so acute a disputant that his friends said he could reason as if he had two souls. In the old hymn books a number of his hymns were in common use.

And now, my soul, another year.... 570

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, scarcely less famous as a poet than her illustrious husband, Robert Browning, was born in London March 4, 1809, being the eldest daughter of Edward Moulton, a country gentleman, who took the name of Barrett soon after her birth. On September 12, 1846, she was married to Robert Browning, and the remainder of her life was spent in Italy, chiefly at Florence, where she died June 30, 1861. In all literature there is no parallel case where husband and wife have each attained such distinction as poets and hold so high a place in the world of letters. As a poet she stands foremost among English literary women. Beginning at eight years of age to write poetry and being a great reader and a tireless worker, she produced during the forty years of her literary life, although much of the time an invalid, poems of rare intellectual power, artistic beauty, and ethical force; and a beautiful Christian faith pervades them all, which is also true of the writings of her illustrious husband. The happy married life and literary fellowship of Mrs. Browning and her husband constitute one of the most beautiful things in the biography of literature. This volume contains two lyrics from her pen:

Of all the thoughts of God that are.. 541

Since without Thee we do no good.. 504

Bryant, William Cullen, eminent American editor and poet, was born in Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794; spent two years at Williams College, after which he studied law and practiced about ten years. In 1826 he connected himself with the *New York Evening Post* and continued to be one of its editors and proprietors to the day of his death, June 12, 1878. Bryant is known

as one of the ablest and sweetest of American poets. Many editions of his poems have been published. He also made an excellent translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Nineteen of his hymns were privately printed and circulated among his friends in 1869. A number of them are in common use.

Dear ties of mutual succor bind... 689
Deem not that they are blest alone... 456
Look from thy sphere of endless day. 644
Thou whose unmeasured temple... 659

Bulfinch, Stephen Greenleaf, a Unitarian minister, was born in Boston June 18, 1809. His father, Charles Bulfinch, a well-known architect, was the designer of the national capitol at Washington, where he lived and where his son Stephen was graduated at Columbian College in 1827. He was also a graduate of the Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., 1830. He was ordained in 1831, and began his ministry at Augusta, Ga. Later he was the pastor of Unitarian Churches in several places. Dr. Bulfinch died at East Cambridge, Mass., October 12, 1870. The *Boston Transcript* just after his decease said: "Of a beautiful spirit, earnest convictions, sympathetic and devout nature, he won the respect and love of the people wherever he served." Most of his poems are found in his *Lays of the Gospel*, Boston, 1845.

Hail to the Sabbath day..... 66

Burleigh, William Henry, a social reformer and member of the Unitarian Church, was born at Woodstock, Conn., February 12, 1812. He was brought up on his father's farm, and attended the district school. He was a born reformer, and living in New England in his time and with his disposition, naturally identified himself with the radical abolitionists and prohibitionists. His business was that of editor and lecturer. In 1837 he began at Pittsburg, Pa., the publication of the *Christian Witness and Temperance Banner*. In 1843 he became editor of the *Christian Freeman* at Hartford, Conn. From 1849 to 1855 he was agent of the New York State Temperance Society, and was harbor master at New York from 1855 to 1870. He died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18, 1871. Poetry was his recreation. His poems were collected and published in 1841; second and enlarged edition, 1871. The poem titled "*Blessed Are They That Mourn*" was born of sorrow. Within the space of two years he buried his father, wife, eldest daughter, and

eldest son. Let no one imagine that the strong, calm faith of this hymn was attained without difficulty. In a letter to a friend he said: "It is not without strong wrestlings that doubt and murmurings are put under my feet and I am enabled to struggle up into the purer atmosphere of faith." He is one of the few American hymn writers whose hymns are more extensively used in England than in America. Of fourteen hymns by him in common use, only two are here given:

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of... 475
Still will we trust..... 486

Burns, James Drummond, a Scotch Presbyterian divine, was born in Edinburgh February 18, 1823. He was a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. In 1845 he became a pastor of the Free Church of Scotland at Dunblane. In 1848 he took charge of a Presbyterian Church at Funchal, Madeira. In 1855 he became pastor of a Presbyterian Church in London. He died at Mentone November 27, 1864. He was the author of about one hundred hymns, only a few of which have come into common use. He was also the translator of thirty-nine German hymns. His *Memoir* was written by the Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., 1869.

Hushed was the evening hymn..... 674
Still with thee, O my God..... 525

Burton, Henry, a Methodist minister, born in 1840 at Swannington, Leicestershire, in the house where his grandmother, Mrs. James Burton, in 1818 organized the first Wesleyan juvenile missionary society. His parents moving to America in his boyhood, he was educated at Beloit College, Wisconsin. After his graduation he became a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church and acted as a supply for the brother of Miss Frances E. Willard and also for six months as pastor at Monroe, Wis., after which he returned to England, and in 1865 entered the Wesleyan ministry. His labors have been chiefly in Lancashire and London. He married the sister of Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the well-known Wesleyan preacher and author. He is the author of the commentary on St. Luke in the *Expositor's Bible* series of commentaries and also of *Gleanings in the Gospels* and *Wayside Songs*, 1886. In 1900 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Beloit College. His famous little poem titled "*Pass It On*" has been set to music by no less than ten different com-

posers. His present address is Charnwood, West Kirby, Birkenhead, Cheshire, England.

O King of kings, O Lord of hosts... 714

Campbell, Jane Montgomery, an English lady, a writer and teacher of music, daughter of the Rev. A. Montgomery Campbell, of the Church of England, was born in London in 1817; and died November 15, 1878. She was a teacher in her father's parish school, a writer of English verse, and a translator of German hymns, some of which were published in C. S. Bere's *Garland of Songs*, 1862, and *Children's Choral Book*, 1869. She is the author of *A Handbook for Singers*.

We plow the fields and scatter..... 716

Campbell, Margaret Cockburn. She was the eldest daughter of Sir John Malcolm. In 1827 she was married to Sir Alexander Thomas Cockburn-Campbell, who was one of the founders of the Plymouth Brethren in England. Some of her hymns appeared in the collection of the Plymouth Brethren in 1842, and so came into general use. She died February 6, 1841.

Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord. 20

Carney, Julia A., was Miss Fletcher when she wrote the hymn contained in this collection, beginning: "Think gently of the erring one." She was born at Lancaster, Mass., April 6, 1823; began writing verses in early childhood, contributing poems to juvenile periodicals when she was only fourteen; became a teacher in one of the primary schools of Boston in 1844; wrote the familiar little poem beginning, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," in 1845; married Rev. Thomas J. Carney in 1849. She died at Galesburg, Ill., November 1, 1908. Mr. and Mrs. Carney were members of the Universalist Church.

Think gently of the erring one..... 699

Cary, Phoebe, and her sister Alice hold an honored place among the female poets of America. Phoebe (her sister Alice being four years her senior) was born in the Miami Valley, Ohio, September 4, 1824. The sisters began writing poetry at a very early age. Their collected *Poems* were first published in 1850. They moved to New York City in 1852, and soon had bought and paid for with their pens a very delightful home on Twentieth Street, where they lived until their death. The death of the elder sister preceded and hastened that of the younger, which occurred in 1871 while on a visit to Newport, R. I. Miss

Cary was at the time of her death a member of the Church of the Strangers (Independent), in New York City. In 1869, in coöperation with her pastor, Dr. Charles F. Deems, she published a collection of sacred songs titled *Hymns for All Christians*. She published *Poems and Parodies* in 1854 and *Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love* in 1868. The deep devotion of these two sisters to each other and their intimate fellowship in literary work attracted widespread and admiring attention on the part of all who knew them. Three other hymns by Phoebe Cary and seven hymns by Alice Cary are found in Church hymnals.

One sweetly solemn thought..... 620

Caswall, Edward, is the translator of many popular hymns. He comes of a literary family. His father and a brother were both clergymen of distinction in the Church of England. He was born at Yateley, in Hampshire, July 15, 1814; graduated at Oxford in 1836; was ordained deacon in the Church of England in 1838; became perpetual curate of Stratford-and-Castle, near Salisbury, in 1840; resigned his ecclesiastical position in the Church of England in 1846 with a view to joining the Roman Catholic Church, which he and his wife did in 1847; became a priest in the Congregation of the Oratory, which Cardinal Newman had established at Birmingham, where he remained until his death, January 2, 1878. His biographer says:

His life was marked by earnest devotion to his clerical duties and a loving interest in the poor, the sick, and in little children. . . . His translations of Latin hymns have a wider circulation in modern hymnals than those of any other translator, Dr. Neale alone excepted. This is owing to his general faithfulness to the originals and the purity of his rhythm, the latter feature specially adapting his hymns to music and for congregational purposes.

His translation from St. Bernard, beginning, "Jesus, the very thought of thee," is one of the finest in the entire Hymnal. Most of his original hymns are so Romish in doctrinal teaching as to make them unfitted for use in Protestant hymnals. His hymns are found in his *Lyra Catholica*, 1849; *Masque of Mary and Other Poems*, 1858; *A May Pageant and Other Poems*, 1865. The contents of all these volumes are contained in his *Hymns and Poems*, 1873, many of his hymns being rewritten or revised for this final volume. Four of his translations are in our Hymnal:

Jesus, the very thought of thee..... 533

My God, I love thee, not because.... 483

O come, all ye faithful..... 125
 When morning gilds the skies..... 32

Cawood, John, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Matlock, in Derbyshire, March 18, 1775. He was a farmer's son, and his early educational advantages were limited. By private study he succeeded in entering St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, in 1797, obtaining his degree four years later. He took holy orders in 1801. In 1814 he became perpetual curate in Bewdely, Worcestershire, remaining there until his death, November 7, 1852. Cawood wrote only a few hymns. Nine were published in Cotterill's *Selection*, eighth edition, 1819. Three others are found in *Lyra Britannica*, 1867. Only one appears in this collection:

Hark! what mean those holy voices. 109

Cennick, John, was born in Berkshire, England, December 12, 1718. Being converted in his seventeenth year, he connected himself first with the Methodists and became a preacher among them, and was placed in charge of the Kingswood School; but his theological views undergoing a change, he separated from them in 1741, carrying several members with him and founding an independent society of his own, which, however, was soon gathered into the Whitefield, or Lady Huntingdon, Connection. A few years later he joined the Moravians, and spent most of the remainder of his life in the northern part of Ireland, returning to London in 1755, where he died July 4 of that same year, at the age of thirty-seven. He was a man of sincere and earnest piety. His first hymns were written for the use of the Methodists, and were altered and probably improved by the Wesleys. He published *Sacred Hymns* in three parts and in various editions, 1741-49, and in 1754 his *Hymns to the Honor of Jesus Christ, Composed for Such Little Children as Desire to be Saved*. "I would not have any," says Cennick, "who read these hymns look to find either good poetry or fine language, for indeed there is none." To which Dr. Hatfield says: "It was the truth. The few hymns from his pen that are now used have been considerably modified to fit them for the service of song, and are known at present almost wholly in these altered forms." He is the author of two well-known "Graces" before and after meat, commencing, "Be present at our table, Lord," and "We thank thee, Lord, for this our food." (See notes under Nos. 306

and 532 for further biographical facts.) His three best hymns are:

Children of the heavenly King..... 547
 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.... 306
 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb... 532

Charles, Elizabeth Bundle, the daughter of John Rundle, a banker and member of Parliament, was born at Tavistock, Devonshire, England, January 2, 1828. In 1851 she was married to Andrew Paton Charles, a barrister at law, who died in 1868. For some years previous to her death (March 28, 1896) she signed her name "Rundle-Charles." She is described in Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors* as one who had reputation as a linguist, painter, musician, poet, and preëminently as the author of *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*, 1863, and more than twenty-five other volumes, several of which were poetry. No books written in the past century designed to popularize the notable epochs in modern Church history have had a wider reading or a greater and more healthful influence than *The Schönberg-Cotta Family* and the series of historic volumes that followed it. Among her many volumes discussing poetry and containing poems from her pen, none has attained such widespread recognition and influence as *The Voice of Christian Life in Song in Many Lands and Ages*, 1865. Her *Poems* were published in New York in 1867. Many of her works have had an immense circulation in England and America. Before her death she had won a high and permanent place in English literature as one of the purest and most wholesome of modern Christian authors. Some half dozen of her hymns are found in the hymnals of different Churches.

Never farther than thy cross..... 144

Chorley, Henry Fothergill, an English editor and author, was born at Blackleyhurst, Lancashire, December 15, 1808. He was educated at the Royal Institution, Liverpool. In 1834 he went to London to take a place on the staff of the *Athenæum*, and retained this editorial position for thirty-five years. He was the author of several novels and a large number of songs. He died February 15, 1872.

God, the All-Terrible! thou who..... 707

Claudius, Matthias, the son of a Lutheran pastor, was born at Reinfeld, near Lubeck, August 15, 1740. He entered the university at Jena in 1759 as a student of theology, but later turned to law and literature.

While residing at Darmstadt he associated with a circle of freethinking philosophers, but a severe sickness caused him to return to the faith of his childhood. He did not intentionally write hymns for the Church, but much of his poetry is Christian in spirit and a few pieces have been utilized as hymns. He died at Hamburg January 21, 1815.

We plow the fields and scatter. . . . 716

Clement of Alexandria, whose real name was Titus Flavius Clemens, was born about 160 or 170 A.D., at either Athens or Alexandria; and died about 215 or 220. A diligent student of Greek literature and philosophy, he was also a young man an earnest seeker after the truth, and at length found it in the Christian faith. He traveled far and wide, seeking instruction from Christian teachers. He seemed to have been most influenced by Pantænus, the head of the celebrated Catechetical School at Alexandria, and succeeded him about 190. While in this position he was ordained a presbyter. He continued to teach and preach at Alexandria until driven away by the persecution of Severus in 202. Origen and Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem, were both pupils of Clement at Alexandria. The last knowledge of him is in 211, when he bore a letter of commendation and confidence from Bishop Alexander, his former pupil, to the Christians at Antioch. It is not known whether he died in the East or returned to Alexandria. Three of his theological works are extant; also one sermon and one hymn to Christ, which, as found in this collection, owes as much to the translator as it does to the author.

Shepherd of tender youth. 672

Codner, Elizabeth, was the wife of an English clergyman, the author of *Among the Brambles and Other Lessons from Life*, in which her hymn, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," was printed. She published two small volumes titled *The Missionary Ship* and *The Bible in the Kitchen*, and edited the periodical, *Woman's Work in the Great Harvest Field*. She was associated for some years with the Mildmay Protestant Mission, London. Hymnologists do not give the date of her birth or death.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing. . 346

Coghill, Annie Louisa, daughter of Robert Walker, was born in Kildermore, England, in 1836. In 1884 she was married to Harry Coghill. "Work, for the night is coming," was written in 1854, which was before her

marriage and when she was only eighteen years of age. She was then residing in Canada, and the hymn was first printed in a Canadian newspaper. The author's text is found in her *Oak and Maple*, 1890. Her occasional poems printed in various Canadian newspapers were gathered together and published in 1859 in a volume titled *Leaves from the Backwoods*. In 1898 Mrs. Coghill edited and published the *Autobiography and Letters* of her cousin, Mrs. Oliphant.

Work, for the night is coming. 422

Collyer, William Bengo, was the pastor of an Independent or Congregational Church from 1801, when he was ordained, until his death, January 8, 1854. He was born at Blackheath, near London, April 14, 1782. He was educated at Homerton College, which he entered at the age of sixteen. Dr. Collyer's Church was at Peckham, England. Dr. Falding, in the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, says he "was eminent in his day as an eloquent evangelical preacher when formalism in worship and Arianism in doctrine prevailed. He was a man of amiable disposition, polished manners, and Christian courtesy, popular with rich and poor alike." He edited a hymn book which was published in London, 1812, *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*. To this book he contributed fifty-seven of his own hymns. He also contributed thirty-nine pieces to Dr. Leifchild's book of *Original Hymns*, 1843. A few of his hymns have been useful, but none of them have reached the first rank.

Haste, traveler, haste, the night. . . 251

Return, O wanderer, return. 255

Colquhoun, Frances Sara, daughter of Mrs. Ebenezer Fuller-Maitland, of Stanstead Hall, Henley-on-Thames, was born at Shinfield Park, near Reading, England, June 20, 1809; on January 29, 1834, she was married to John Colquhoun. She died May 27, 1877. She contributed to her mother's volume titled *Hymns for Private Devotion*, 1827, one original hymn, and also some additional lines to Henry Kirke White's incomplete hymn beginning, "Much in sorrow, oft in woe."

Oft in danger, oft in woe. 412

Conder, Josiah, the son of Thomas Conder, a London bookseller, and the grandson of Dr. John Conder, an eminent Dissenting clergyman, was born in London September 17, 1789. At an early age he lost the sight of his right eye. At the age of fifteen he

entered his father's bookstore, where he was thrown much with intellectual people; and this increased and confirmed the interest which he already had in literature. At the early age of twenty-one we find him, conjointly with several other young aspirants for literary fame (one of whom, Eliza Thomas, became his wife), issuing a volume of poetry called *The Associate Minstrels*, which attained sufficient popularity to justify a second edition two years later (1812). This same year he contributed three hymns to Dr. Collyer's collection. In 1814 he obtained control of the *Eclectic Review*, and from this time on he devoted all his time to literature and journalism. In 1832 he started the *Patriot* newspaper, which he continued to edit and publish until his death, December 27, 1855. He published more than a dozen scholarly volumes during his life, and these show him to have been a devout and pious believer. His *Congregational Hymn Book*, published in 1836, attained a widespread popularity which lasted for many years. Just before he died he collected all the hymns he had ever written with a view to publication. They were issued the year after his death under the title: *Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation*. "His friends included most of the literary and Christian men of eminence living in the first half of the nineteenth century." A larger number of Conder's hymns are said to be in common use in England and America at this time than those of any other writer of the Congregational body, Watts and Doddridge alone excepted.

Day by day the manna fell..... 438

How shall I follow Him I serve..... 339

The Lord is King! lift up thy voice.. 90

Copeland, Benjamin, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, residing at present (1911) in Buffalo, N. Y., was born in 1855. He has filled various important stations in his Church since entering the ministry. The two useful hymns which we have here from his pen show that he has fine poetic ability. They are both hymns of more than ordinary merit. The first of the two especially meets a real need in the Hymnal and fills a place not filled by any other hymn.

Christ's life our code, his cross our.. 138

Our Father's God, to thee we raise.. 713

Cotterill, Jane, was the daughter of a minister, Rev. John Book, the wife of a minister, Rev. Joseph Cotterill, and the mother of a minister, Rt. Rev. Henry Cotterill,

Bishop of Edinburgh. She lived but thirty-five years. Born in 1790, married in 1811, died in 1825. She wrote only a few hymns, which appeared first in Thomas Cotterill's *Selection*, 1815, without name; and later they appeared in Montgomery's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825, with the name of the author.

O Thou, who hast at thy command.. 341

Cotterill, Thomas, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Cannock, Staffordshire, December 4, 1779; graduated at Cambridge in 1801, and entered the ministry of the Church of England. In 1817 he became perpetual curate of St. Paul's, at Sheffield, where he spent the rest of his life, teaching a small school part of the time in connection with his pastoral work. It was here that he met and formed an intimate friendship with James Montgomery, the poet and hymn writer, who helped him in the preparation of a volume of hymns under the following title: *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use, Adapted to the Services of the Church of England*. So popular was this book that it reached its eighth edition by 1819. This work contained one hundred and fifty psalms and three hundred and sixty-seven hymns, of which Montgomery furnished fifty and Cotterill thirty-two, though the authors' names were not in any cases attached to the hymns. This book brought Cotterill into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities, and was actually carried into the courts; but the suit was settled through the mediation of the archbishop, who revised Cotterill's selections and added several of his own, reducing the number to one hundred and forty-six. In spite of ecclesiastical influence, however, this "suppressed" volume continued to be used and to have widespread influence. "It did more," says Julian, "than any other collection in the Church of England to mold the hymn books of the next period; and nearly nine-tenths of the hymns therein, and usually in the altered form given them by Cotterill or James Montgomery, who assisted him, are still in common use in Great Britain and America." Cotterill died December 29, 1823. Montgomery's sorrow over his death found expression in the well-known hymn beginning "Friend after friend departs."

Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear.. 691

Our God is love; and all his saints.. 552

Cowper, Francis Maria, was born in England in 1727; and died in 1797. She was the wife of Major Cowper, a sister of the Rev. Martin Madan, and a cousin, through her mother, of William Cowper, the poet. Her poems, *Original Poems on Various Occasions*, by a Lady, were published in 1792.

My span of life will soon be done... 426

Cowper, William, one of the most popular poets and letter writers of the English language, was born in Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, November 26, 1731. His father, Rev. John Cowper, was a chaplain to George II. He spent ten years in Westminster School, and then began reading law, but abandoned it for literature after a very brief practice. He became the most distinguished poet of the English language in the latter half of the eighteenth century. His poetic works are too numerous and too well known to need mention here. His life is invested with a peculiar and sorrowful interest, owing to his constitutional tendency to mental and moral despondency, which brought on frequent attacks of insanity. His disappointment in not being permitted to marry his cousin added to his malady. His melancholia had come upon him and placed its dark limitations upon his life before he went, in 1765, to live at Huntingdon, where his association with and love for Mrs. Mary Unwin became one of the tenderest and holiest attachments of his life. In 1767 he moved to Olney, the home of Rev. John Newton. An intimate friendship between the two at once began. Cowper was a constant and prayerful attendant upon Newton's Church services, especially his cottage prayer meetings, for which nearly all of his hymns were written at Newton's request. The *Olney Hymns*, 1779, was their joint production, seventy-eight of them coming from Cowper. He also translated many of the hymns of Madame Guyon, one of which is found in this volume. He died April 25, 1800, at East Dereham. He is regarded as the greatest letter writer in English literature. None of his great poems show signs of melancholia, but breathe a healthful and cheerful piety. No other great poet has written so many hymns as he. His hymns give expression to sentiments of peace and gratitude, of trust and submission, rather than of hope and joy. A plaintive and refined tenderness runs through them all.

A glory glids the sacred page..... 198

God moves in a mysterious way.... 96

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord..... 307

Hear what God the Lord hath..... 211

Jesus, where'er thy people meet..... 37

My Lord, how full of sweet content.. 518

O for a closer walk with God..... 492

Sometimes a light surprises..... 454

There is a fountain filled with blood. 291

What various hindrances we meet... 496

Cox, Christopher Christian, an eminent physician, son of Rev. Luther J. Cox, a Methodist preacher, was born in Baltimore August 28, 1816; was graduated at Yale College in 1835, and at a medical school in his native city in 1838. In 1861 he was appointed brigade surgeon in the United States army, and resided in Washington. He died November 25, 1882. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was a brother of Rev. Samuel K. Cox, D.D., author of Hymn No. 347.

Silently the shades of evening..... 52

Cox, Samuel Keener, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was born in Baltimore, Md., July 16, 1823; and died at Harrisonburg, Va., November 27, 1909. He was the son of Rev. Luther J. Cox, a Methodist local preacher, and was a first cousin of Bishop John C. Keener. He enjoyed fine educational advantages in early life, and in 1844 he joined the Maryland Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, of which his father was one of the organizers in 1828. After filling various pastoral charges in Washington City and elsewhere, he became in 1853 Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Madison College, Uniontown, Pa., which position he filled for some years, and then was engaged in educational work in Virginia and Alabama until 1866, when he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in which Church he served as educator, pastor in Baltimore, Washington City, and elsewhere and as editor of the *Episcopal Methodist*, the *Baltimore Christian Advocate*, and the *Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate*. He was a member of the committee of nine which in 1886-88 compiled the hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which was the official hymnal of that Church until this present book became the joint hymnal of both branches of American Episcopal Methodism. Dr. Cox was a brother of Dr. Christopher C. Cox, the author of Hymn No. 52.

Lord, thou hast promised grace for.. 347

Coxe, Arthur Cleveland, a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born at Mendham, N. J., May 10, 1818; gradu-

ated at the University of New York in 1838; took orders in the ministry in 1841, and served as rector at Hartford, Baltimore, and New York. In 1865 he was elected Bishop of Western New York. He died July 20, 1896. Bishop Coxe was the author of several small volumes of poems: *Advent*, 1837; *Christian Ballads*, 1840; *Athanasion*, 1842; *Hallowe'en and Other Poems*, 1844; *Saul, a Mystery*, 1845. A few of his best hymns are found in many collections. As a member of the Hymnal Commission that prepared the official hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1869-71 he refused to allow any of his own hymns to be inserted in that volume, which, Prof. F. M. Bird thinks, was a case of "too scrupulous modesty."

How beauteous were the marks. . . . 127

O where are kings and empires now. 214

Crowdson, Jane, the daughter of George Fox, was born at Perraw, Cornwall, England, in October, 1809, and was married to Thomas Crowdson, of Manchester, in 1836. Always delicate in health, toward the close of her life she became a confirmed invalid and a great sufferer; and most of her hymns were written during this period of suffering. She died at Summerlands, near Manchester, September 14, 1863, "leaving behind her the memory of a beautiful Christian life and many admirable verses." She truly learned in suffering what she taught in song. Her husband wrote beautifully of her: "As a constant sufferer, the spiritual life deepening and the intellectual life retaining all its power, she became well prepared to testify as to the all-sufficiency of her Saviour's love. Many felt that her sick room was the highest place to which they could resort for refreshment of spirit and even for mental recreation. From that apartment came many a letter of earnest sympathy or of charming playfulness." She published anonymously several small volumes of poetry, and the year after her death a book of her poems was published under the title: *A Little While and Other Poems*, 1864. A verse, written just before she died, titled "*During Sickness*," is a gem worthy of immortality:

O Saviour, I have naught to plead
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And thy exceeding love:
The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er;
The love, unbought, is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

O Thou, whose bounty fills my cup. . 531

Croly, George, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Dublin August 17, 1780. In 1804 he took the degree of Master of Arts at Dublin University, which institution also conferred on him in 1831 the degree of LL.D. After receiving holy orders he labored in Ireland until 1810, when he removed to London and devoted himself largely to literature. He died November 24, 1860. Dr. Croly's hymns were published in his *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, 1854.

Spirit of God, descend upon my heart. 197

Crosby, Fanny Jane (Mrs. Van Alstyne), is the most prolific and perhaps the most popular writer of Sunday school hymns that America has ever produced. She was born at South East, Putnam County, N. Y., March 24, 1820. When only six weeks old she lost her eyesight. Her first poem was written when she was only eight years old. At the age of fifteen she entered the Institution for the Blind in New York City, where she spent seven years as a pupil and eleven years (1847-58) as a teacher. In 1844 she published a volume entitled *The Blind Girl and Other Poems*, and in 1849 *Monterey and Other Poems*. In 1851 she was happily converted, and united with the Old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1858 she was married to Mr. Alexander Van Alstyne, who was also, like herself, blind, had been a teacher in the Institution, and was possessed of rare musical talent, and thus eminently fitted to be a congenial and helpful life companion. As a hymn writer, however, she has continued since her marriage to bear her maiden name. A third volume of her poems was issued the year of her marriage: *A Wreath of Columbia's Flowers*, 1858. She was in the employ of Mr. William B. Bradbury for the last four years before he died, and she was for some years regularly employed by Biglow and Main to write "three hymns a week the year round." She has written about six thousand hymns, considerably less than half of which number have been published. In 1898 she published *Bells at Evening and Other Poems*, and in 1906 *Memories of Eighty Years*. Revered, honored, and loved by millions, she resides at Bridgeport, Conn., being at this writing (1911) ninety-one years of age. Fanny Crosby's hymns and the tunes to which they are sung have a peculiar charm for the young and for the masses of the people. There are thousands of religious homes where her sweet and simple songs

are sung daily, and are scarcely less familiar than the words of Scripture. In sunshine and darkness alike and in all lands her songs are sung "with a glad heart and free." Few women that have ever lived can claim a higher honor than belongs to Fanny Crosby in being permitted to witness the world-wide popularity of so many of her hymns.

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine... 548
 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour..... 329
 Rescue the perishing..... 697
 Saviour, more than life to me..... 490
 Thou, my everlasting portion..... 332

Cross, Ada Cambridge, the daughter of Henry Cambridge, was born at Norfolk, England, November 21, 1844. In 1870 she married Rev. George Frederick Cross, a clergyman of the Church of England. The same year she removed with her husband to Australia, where she has since resided. She published *Hymns on the Holy Communion*, 1866, and *Hymns on the Litany*, 1865. A few of her hymns have become popular. Her hymns, says Dr. Julian, "are characterized by great sweetness and purity of rhythm, combined with naturalness and simplicity."

The dawn of God's dear Sabbath.... 72

Cummins, James John, was born in Cork, Ireland, May 5, 1795. He moved to London in 1834. He was for many years a director of the Union Bank of Australia. He died at Wildecroft, Buckland, Surrey, November 23, 1867. He was a devout member of the Church of England. He took a deep interest in the study of Hebrew and of theology. His volume titled *Seals of the Covenant Opened in the Sacraments*, 1839, was prepared with a view to meeting the needs of his own children in their preparation for assuming the vows of Church membership. It contained poetical meditations and hymns which were also published separately the same year and republished ten years later under the title, *Hymns, Meditations, and Other Poems*, 1849, the title on the cover being *Lyra Evangelica*.

Shall hymns of grateful love..... 26

Cutter, William, an editor and publisher, was born in North Yarmouth, Me., May 15, 1801. He was educated at Bowdoin College, where he was graduated in 1821. He belonged to the Congregational Church. He was engaged in business in Portland, Me., for several years, and then in Brooklyn, N. Y. His hymns were contributed to the *Christian Mirror*, a periodical pub-

lished at Portland. He died February 8, 1867. Professor Bird describes Mr. Cutter as "a deserving writer who has hitherto missed his due meed of acknowledgment."

She loved her Saviour, and to him... 694

Who is my neighbor? He whom.... 690

Davies, Samuel, an eminent Presbyterian divine, was born near Summit Ridge, New-castle, Del., November 3, 1723. He was licensed in 1745 and ordained to the ministry in 1747, and labored for several years as a missionary and evangelist in the State of Virginia. He succeeded Jonathan Edwards as President of Princeton College in 1759, but died February 4, 1761, in his thirty-seventh year. His published sermons show him to have been a man of great intellectual vigor, piety, and usefulness. They have been frequently reprinted. In Dr. Thomas Gibson's *Hymns Adapted to Divine Worship* (London, 1769) there are sixteen hymns by Mr. Davies, one of which is the following:

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.... 342

Decius, Nicolaus, was born in Upper Franconia, Bavaria, toward the close of the fifteenth century. He was first a monk in the Roman Catholic Church, being in 1519 Probst of the cloister at Steterburg, near Wolfenbüttel; but becoming a convert to Luther's views, he left the Romish Church in 1522 and moved to Brunswick, where he taught school for one year. He became an Evangelical preacher at Stettin in 1523, and was for many years pastor of the Church of St. Nicholas. He died suddenly March 21, 1541. His work was carried on under constant opposition from the Church of Rome, but he was a popular and influential preacher among the early Protestants. He was a good musician, and composed tunes for three hymns that he wrote, only one of which is contained in this collection:

To God on high be thanks..... 93

Deems, Charles Force, was for a number of years a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and from 1866 till his death, in 1893, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, an independent congregation in New York City. He was born in Baltimore, Md., December 4, 1820; graduated at Dickinson College in 1839, after which he settled in North Carolina, entering the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church and serving as Agent of the American Bible Society in that State for 1840-41; Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina, 1842-5; Professor

of Chemistry in Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, 1845-46. He served as pastor of several Churches in the North Carolina Conference. He was President of the Greensboro Female College, North Carolina, 1846-50. In 1866 he moved to New York, where he died November 18, 1893. Dr. Deems was a popular preacher and forcible public speaker. He was the author of a valuable life of Christ, titled *The Light of the Nations*. In connection with Miss Phœbe Cary he edited *Hymns for All Christians*, 1869. As pastor of Commodore Vanderbilt he had, in connection with Bishop H. N. McTycire, not a little to do with influencing that man of princely wealth to give a million dollars to the "Central University of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South" (now Vanderbilt University), at Nashville, Tenn. He was the founder and for many years the President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, and also editor of its organ, *Christian Thought*.

I shall not want; in deserts wild.... 436

Denny, Sir Edward, was born at Tralee Castle, County Kerry, Ireland, October 2, 1796, and succeeded to the baronetcy upon the death of his father, in 1831. He owned a large estate in Ireland, though his principal residence was in London. His Church membership was with the Plymouth Brethren. He published *A Selection of Hymns* in 1839 and a volume of *Hymns and Poems* in 1848. His *Millennial Hymns*, 1870, is a republication of his former work. It contains a long preface on prophecy, in which he advocates millenarianism. He died in London June 13, 1889.

What grace, O Lord, and beauty.... 126

Dessler, Wolfgang Christopher, was born at Nuremberg February 11, 1660. His father was a jeweler, and wished his son to follow the same trade. But the son was devoted to study, and at length entered the University of Altdorf as a student of divinity. On account of ill health, he was obliged to give up his course; but he continued his literary work as he was able. He was head master of a school at Nuremberg some fifteen years. Dessler was the author of fifty-six hymns, an accurate scholar, and a devout Christian. He died March 11, 1722.

Into thy gracious hands I fall..... 305

Dexter, Henry Martyn, an eminent Congregational divine and editor of the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, was born at Plymouth, Mass., August 13, 1821; graduated at Yale

College in 1840, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1844; was pastor in Manchester, N. H., and in Boston; resigned his pastoral charge in 1867 to become editor of the *Congregationalist and Recorder*. He is the author of a large number of published volumes. He died November 13, 1890. His only hymn in this collection is a translation of the primitive hymn of Clement of Alexandria:

Shepherd of tender youth..... 672

Dix, William Chatterton, an eminent English author, was born at Bristol June 14, 1837. He was manager of a marine insurance company in Glasgow. His contributions to hymnody are valuable. Some twenty or thirty of them are in common use in Great Britain and America; a few of them are of first rank. He published *Hymns of Love and Joy*, 1861; *Altar Songs*, 1867; *Vision of All Saints*, 1871; and *Seekers of a City*, 1878. Many of his hymns were contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and other English hymnals. Among his best-known volumes are two titled *The Risen Christ*, 1883, and *The Pattern Life*, 1885. He died September 9, 1898.

Beauteous are the flowers of earth... 673

Come unto me, ye weary..... 295

Hallelujah! sing to Jesus..... 176

Doane, George Washington, a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799; graduated at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1818; entered the ministry in 1821, and served as an assistant minister at Trinity Church, New York, until 1824, when he was called to a chair in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., where he remained until 1828, when he became rector of Trinity Church, Boston, being in this position when he was elected in 1832 to the bishopric of New Jersey. St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, was founded by him in 1837, and Burlington College in 1846. A man of great energy and force of character, of rare warmth of heart, and of exceptional learning, he was regarded as one of the most able and influential prelates of the Episcopal Church in America. He had not only warm friends and ardent admirers, but bitter enemies and ardent controversialists. He died April 27, 1859. His *Songs by the Way*, 1824, published when he was only twenty-five years old, gave evidence of unusual gifts as a poet and hymn writer. Just after his death his son published his *Works*, in four volumes, and an enlarged edition of

his *Songs by the Way*. There are some who claim that his hymn beginning "Thou art the Way" is the greatest hymn that America has yet produced.

Fling out the banner! let it float... 639
Softly now the light of day..... 53
Thou art the Way; to Thee alone... 133

Doane, William Crosswell, a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the son of Bishop George Washington Doane, was born in Boston, Mass., March 2, 1832. He was educated for the ministry. He was ordained a deacon in 1853, a priest in 1856. His first work was as assistant to his father in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J. From 1865 to 1867 he was rector of St. John's Church, Hartford, Conn. In 1869 he was consecrated bishop of the new diocese of Albany. In 1902 his fugitive poems were collected and published in a volume titled *Rhymes from Time to Time*. Bishop Doane received the title of D.D. from Oxford and LL.D. from Cambridge. His residence is Albany, N. Y.

Ancient of days, who sittest throned. 76

Doddridge, Philip, one of the most distinguished Dissenting ministers of the eighteenth century, was the youngest of twenty children. He was born June 26, 1702. He entered the ministry when only nineteen years old. In 1729 he moved to Northampton, where he became pastor of the Dissenting Church and also, by the urgent advice of Isaac Watts and others, organized and conducted a theological school for young preachers; and as many as a hundred and fifty studied theology with him during the twenty years he was there. His *Family Expositor* and *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* have been translated into many languages, and are still widely read, while his *Sermons* attest his vigor and piety as a preacher. He died of consumption at Lisbon, Portugal, October 26, 1751, in the fiftieth year of his age. It was Dr. Doddridge's custom immediately after finishing a sermon, while his mind was yet aglow with the warmth and unction of earnest, prayerful study and the thought and plan of the sermon were fresh in his mind, to write a hymn embodying the doctrinal and devotional sentiment of the discourse, and have it sung immediately after the conclusion of his sermon. This gives to his hymns a doctrinal unity not found in many hymns. Hence his hymns, as a rule, are suitable for *one* subject, not for *any* subject or occasion. They are the

hymns of a pastor and preacher, written to meet his own needs. Dr. Doddridge's hymns were circulated only in manuscript during his lifetime. It was not until four years after his death that they (three hundred and seventy in all) were collected and published under the title: *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755. A later edition (1766) contained five additional hymns; and in 1839 a great-grandson of Dr. Doddridge published a "new and corrected edition," which contained twenty-two additional hymns. Dr. Jullian states in his *Dictionary* that over one-third of Dr. Doddridge's hymns are in common use at the present time. Twenty-two only are found in this collection:

And will the great, eternal God.... 663
Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve. 396
Beset with snares on every hand.... 425
Do not I love thee, O my Lord..... 338
Eternal Source of every joy..... 715
Father of all, thy care we bless.... 670
God of my life, though all my days. 322
Grace! 'tis a charming sound..... 288
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour... 108
How gentle God's commands..... 100
How rich thy bounty, King of kings. 224
How swift the torrent rolls..... 580
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace.. 406
Let Zion's watchmen all awake..... 223
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows. 73
My gracious Lord, I own thy right.. 336
O happy day, that fixed my choice.. 312
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand... 230
The King of heaven his table spreads 333
To-morrow, Lord, is thine..... 253
What though the arm of conquering. 592
Ye servants of the Lord..... 429

Dryden, John, the distinguished English poet, was born at Aldwinkle August 9, 1631. He attended Westminster School and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650, taking his A.B. in 1654. He was of Puritan blood, and his first great poem was *Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell*, 1658. Soon after the restoration he became a Royalist, and was made Poet Laureate in 1670. He did not remain, however, in the Church of England, but in 1785 he became a Romanist. He died May 18, 1701.

Creator, Spirit, by whose aid..... 134

Duffield, George, was born at Carlisle, Pa., September 12, 1818; graduated at Yale in 1837, and at Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1840; was ordained an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and became a pastor successively of many of the leading

Presbyterian Churches in the North and Northwest—viz., Brooklyn, N. Y., 1840-47; Bloomfield, N. J., 1847-52; Philadelphia, 1852-61; Adrian, Mich., 1861-65; Galesburg, Ill., 1865-69; and at Ann Arbor and Lansing, Mich., 1869-84. He retired from the active work of the ministry in 1884, and settled at Detroit, Mich. He died July 6, 1888, at Bloomfield, N. J., while on a visit to his son's widow. He was the son of Rev. George Duffield, D.D., the "patriarch of Michigan," who was born in 1796 and died at Detroit in 1868, and the father of the late Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, D.D., of Bloomfield, N. J., author of *English Hymns, Their Authors and History*, 1886, and *Latin Hymn Writers and Their Hymns*, 1889.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus. 386

Dwight, John Sullivan, a Unitarian minister and musician, was born in Boston May 13, 1813. He entered Harvard College in 1828, and was graduated in 1832. He studied for the ministry at the Harvard Divinity School, and was ordained in 1836 as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Northampton. In a few years he gave up the ministry and devoted himself to literature and music. In 1852 he established *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which he owned and edited for thirty years, making it one of the foremost musical journals of the time. He died September 5, 1893.

God bless our native land. 703

Dwight, Timothy, a distinguished Congregational minister and educator, was born at Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. His mother was a daughter of Jonathan Edwards. He entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, and, graduating four years later, became a tutor, when position he resigned in 1777 to become chaplain in the Revolutionary army. He next became a pastor at Greenfield, Conn., and in 1795 was elected President of Yale College, and remained in this position until his death, January 11, 1817. He is best known by his theological works, which are numerous and strong and show him to be a moderate Calvinist in faith. In 1800 he prepared and published a revised edition of *Watts's Psalms*, which was approved and adopted by the General Association of Connecticut (Congregational). This volume contained several other hymns from various sources, some of which were written by himself. He is the author of about a dozen hymns found in modern Church hymnals. "This is the most important name," says Prof. F.

M. Bird, "in early American hymnology, as it is also one of the most illustrious in American literature and education."

I love thy kingdom, Lord. 208

Shall man, O God of light and life. . . 596

While life prolongs its precious light. 254

Edmeston, James, an Englishman, born September 10, 1791. He was educated as an architect and surveyor, and practiced these callings until his death, January 7, 1867. He was a member of the Church of England. Edmeston wrote nearly two thousand hymns, mostly for children. Some of them have been very popular. Between 1817 and 1847 he was the author of twelve small volumes composed of hymns and other short poems on religious subjects.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing. 55

Ela, David Hough, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in Canaan, Me., in 1831. He was converted in childhood, and joined the Church at the age of nine years. While yet a youth he learned the trade of printing and that of a machinist also. In 1854 he became a student and Christian worker in Wesleyan University, from which he graduated with honors in 1857. He was a successful pastor and presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England for many years. Cornell College gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1876. His death took place October 7, 1907.

The chosen three on mountain height. 129

Ellerton, John, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in London December 16, 1826. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1849. From 1850 till his death, June 15, 1893, he filled various positions in the Church of England as vicar and rector, being appointed Canon of St. Albans in 1892. He was the author of some prose writings, but is best known as a hymnologist. His contributions to hymnody are not numerous—about fifty original hymns and ten translations. Many of these are in common use, and a few are of special value. Dr. Julian says of his hymns: "His verse is elevated in tone, devotional in spirit, and elegant in diction." He published his *Hymns for Schools and Bible Classes* in 1859, and in 1871, in connection with Bishop How, *Church Hymns*. His *Notes and Illustrations of Church Hymns*, 1881, was a valuable popular contribution to hymnology.

Behold us, Lord, a little space. 394

Saviour, again to thy dear name we. 38

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended. 60
Welcome, happy morning, age to... 166

Elliott, Charlotte, one of the sweetest though saddest of Christian singers, was the daughter of Charles Elliott, of Clapham and Brighton, England, and the granddaughter of Rev. Henry Venn, an eminent Church of England divine of apostolic character and labors. She was born March 18, 1789. Reared amid refined, cultured Christian surroundings, she developed at quite an early age a passion for music and art. She was unusually well educated. From her thirty-second year until her death, which occurred September 22, 1871, in her eighty-third year, she was a confirmed invalid and oftentimes a great sufferer. She was a member of the Church of England. Her hymns have in them a tenderness and sweetness born of suffering and resignation. Although an invalid, she did a large amount of literary work in her lifetime, publishing several volumes. Her *Invalid's Hymn Book* was published in various editions from 1834 to 1854, and contained altogether one hundred and fifteen of her hymns. Other poetic volumes by her containing hymns were: *Hours of Sorrow*, 1836; *Hymns for a Week*, 1839; *Thoughts in Verse on Sacred Subjects*, 1869. Her hymns number about one hundred and fifty, a large percentage of which, according to Julian's *Dictionary*, are in common use. "Her verse is characterized by tenderness of feeling, plaintive simplicity, deep devotion, and perfect rhythm. For those in sickness and sorrow she has sung as few others have done." It is doubtful if any hymn written in the past century is more widely sung and popular the world over than "Just as I am, without one plea." Miss Elliott shrank from publicity, nearly all her books being published in the first instance anonymously.

Christian, seek not yet repose..... 494
Just as I am, without one plea..... 272
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen..... 478
My God, is any hour so sweet..... 501
My God, my Father, while I... 521, 736

Elliott, Emily Elizabeth Steele, an Englishwoman, a daughter of the Rev. Edward B. Elliott and a niece of Miss Charlotte Elliott, was born at Brighton July 22, 1836. She published *Chimes of Consecration*, a volume of seventy original hymns, in 1873, and *Chimes for Daily Service*, seventy-one hymns, in 1880. A few of her hymns have obtained wide acceptance. She edited the *Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor* for

several years. She died at Mildmay, London, August 3, 1897.

Thou didst leave thy throne..... 122

Esling, Catherine Harbison, who first wrote and published poems under her maiden name (Waterman), was born in Philadelphia April 12, 1812. In 1840 she married Captain George J. Esling, of the Merchant Marine, and resided from that date till the death of her husband, in 1844, at Rio de Janeiro, after which she returned to Philadelphia. In 1850 her poems were collected and published under the title *The Broken Bracelet and Other Poems*. She was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, where she died in 1897.

Come unto me when shadows darkly. 462

Evans, William Edwin, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in Baltimore July 11, 1851; was converted in early life and joined the Methodist Church; educated at Randolph-Macon College, which he entered in 1869. He was licensed to preach in 1870, and joined the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1872, but was immediately transferred to the Virginia Conference. After filling various appointments in this Conference, he transferred his Church relationship in 1892 to the Protestant Episcopal Church. Dr. Evans is at present rector of an Episcopal Church in Birmingham, Ala. Come, O thou God of grace..... 661

Everest, Charles William, an Episcopal clergyman, was born at East Windsor, Conn., May 27, 1814; graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, in 1838; was ordained priest in 1842, and became at once rector of the parish of Hampden, near New Haven, Conn., where he remained for thirty-one years. He died at Waterbury, Conn., January 11, 1877, being at the time an officer in the Society for the Increase of the Ministry. His volume is titled *Visions of Death and Other Poems*, 1833.

"Take up thy cross," the Saviour... 433

Faber, Frederick William, was born in Yorkshire, England, June 28, 1814. He was of Huguenot origin. He was educated at Harrow School and Balliol College, Oxford, which he entered in 1832. At Oxford he came under the influence of the Rev. John Henry Newman, then vicar of St. Mary's. He entered the ministry of the Church of England, taking deacon's orders in 1837 and priest's orders two years later. Most of his time for the next four years was

spent in traveling on the Continent, where he further developed his leaning toward Romanism. On his return to England he became rector of Elton, where he was popular and highly useful. Sunday evening, November 16, 1845, he told his people that he could no longer remain in communion with the Church of England. The next day he was admitted into the Roman Catholic Church at Northampton. In April, 1849, he went to London and took charge of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, where he remained until his death, September 26, 1863. In the preface to the 1849 edition of his *Hymns* he wrote: "It seemed then in every way desirable that Catholics should have a hymn book for reading, which should contain the mysteries of the faith in easy verse or different states of heart and conscience depicted with the same unadorned simplicity, for example, as the 'O for a closer walk with God' of the *Olney Hymns*." It was to supply this need that Dr. Faber wrote his hymns, and he not only succeeded in large measure in his undertaking to give Roman Catholics good modern hymns, but he wrote many which have had a wide circulation among Protestant Churches. It has been found necessary, however, to eliminate objectionable Romish expressions from many of his hymns in order to adapt them to use in Protestant worship.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Faith of our fathers! living still. . . . | 415 |
| Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs. . . | 621 |
| I worship thee, most gracious God. . . | 480 |
| My God, how wonderful thou art. . . . | 86 |
| O come and mourn with me awhile. . . | 152 |
| O God, thy power is wonderful. | 87 |
| O how the thought of God attracts. . . | 363 |
| O it is hard to work for God. | 442 |
| O Paradise! O Paradise. | 622 |
| There's a wideness in God's mercy. . . | 98 |
| Workman of God! O lose not heart. . . | 392 |

Fabricius, Jacob, a chaplain in the army of King Gustavus Adolphus, was born in 1593, and died in 1654. There is some doubt as to the authorship of the hymn here credited to him. Some hymnologists have attributed it to Johann Michael Altenburg (1584-1640), a preacher, teacher, and musician of Erfurt, and others attribute it to Gustavus Adolphus.

Fear not, O little flock, the foe. 445

Farrar, Frederick William, a distinguished divine of the Church of England, was the son of Rev. C. P. Farrar, a missionary to India, and was born in Bombay, India, August 7, 1831. He had the best educational

opportunities that England could furnish; received the degree of B.A. at the University of London, and then passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with high honors in 1854. He took orders the same year and served in various positions. In 1876 he was made a Canon of Westminster Abbey and rector of St. Margaret's Church. Dr. Farrar became Dean of Canterbury in 1895, and died there March 23, 1903. As a preacher and lecturer he was a man of first rank. He was the author of many books. The best known perhaps are his *Life of Christ* and *Life and Work of St. Paul*.

In the field with their flocks abiding. 117

Fawcett, John, a Baptist divine of England, was born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, Yorkshire, January 6, 1739. He was converted under the preaching of Whitefield in 1755 and fellowshipped with the Methodists until 1758, when he joined the Baptist Church at Bradford. In 1765 he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Wainsgate; and although he received many flattering calls to go elsewhere, he remained here, or in the neighborhood at least, living on a pitifully small salary, until his death, July 25, 1817. He was an honored and useful minister of the gospel. He published many volumes on religious subjects, his poetic publications being: *Poetic Essays*, 1767; *The Christian's Humble Plea, a Poem in Answer to Dr. Priestly* (a Unitarian), 1772; *The Death of Eumenio, a Divine Poem*, 1779; *The Reign of Death*, 1780; *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, Leeds, 1782. He wrote altogether one hundred and sixty-six hymns. Most of these hymns were written in the midnight hours of Saturday nights, and, like those of Dr. Doddridge, were composed especially to be sung at the conclusion of his sermons on the Sabbath following. His hymn beginning, "Blest be the tie that binds," because of its popular note of Christian love and fellowship, intensified by its exceedingly pathetic origin, is one of the most universally popular hymns in the Christian world.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Blest be the tie that binds. | 556 |
| How precious is the book divine. . . . | 201 |
| Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing. . . | 39 |
| Religion is the chief concern. | 314 |
| Sinners, turn; why will ye die. | 246 |

Fortunatus, Venantius, a Latin poet, was born in Italy about 530; was naturally of a gay disposition, and spent the earlier part of his life in France, either in idleness or

in writing fashionable literature. He was past middle life when he entered the ministry. In 599 he was appointed Bishop of Portiers, but died soon after, about 609. Some of his hymns have a great reputation in the Roman Catholic Church. The most famous is the passion hymn, "*Pange, lingua, gloriosi, proelium certaminis,*" which has been translated by Dr. Neele and others.

Welcome, happy morning..... 166

Francis, Benjamin, an English Baptist minister, born in Wales in 1734. He united with the Baptist Church at fifteen years of age, and began preaching when only nineteen. He was educated at the Bristol Baptist College. After a brief ministry at Sodbury, he accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Shortwood in 1757, and remained there until his death, December 14, 1799. An earnest and popular preacher and indefatigable worker, he received flattering calls from London and elsewhere, but refused them all in deep devotion to his flock at Shortwood. He published several small volumes of poetry, among them two volumes of Welsh hymns, 1774 and 1786. Five of his hymns were published in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. Joseph Grigg's well-known hymn beginning, "Jesus, and shall it ever be," owes its present popular form to Francis.

Great King of glory, come..... 656
Jesus, and shall it ever be..... 443
Praise the Saviour, all ye nations... 649

Freckelton, Thomas Wesley, an English Unitarian, for several years pastor of Unity Church, Islington, was born in 1827, and died in 1903. These are all the facts we have at present concerning the author of one of our most useful hymns on Christian service. Other facts, it is hoped, will be learned in time to be inserted in later editions of this volume.

The toil of brain, or heart, or hand.. 414

Gerhardt, Paul, a distinguished Lutheran minister, and, next to Luther, the most popular hymn writer of Germany, was born in Saxony March 12, 1607. He matriculated as a student at the University of Wittenberg January 2, 1628, and seems to have resided in Wittenberg until 1642 or 1643, when he went to Berlin, where he became a tutor in the family of the advocate, Andreas Barthold, whose daughter he married in 1655. In the meantime he had begun to preach, and on November 18, 1651, he was ordained as chief pastor at Mitten-

walde, near Berlin. Several of his hymns were published in 1653 in the *Berlin Hymn Book*, and later in other collections in Brandenburg and Saxony; and became at once very popular with the people. In 1657 he was appointed to the large and influential Church of St. Nicholas, in Berlin, where he preached to large crowds and was happy and useful in his ministry until ejected in 1666 by the edict of the Elector Frederick William, which was designed to make all preaching conform to the Reformed (Calvinistic) faith, and to which edict Gerhardt, believing in an unlimited atonement, refused to conform. As a consequence he was ejected and suffered many and great hardships. In 1669 he was appointed archdeacon of Lubben, in Saxony. He died June 7, 1676. His hymns number only one hundred and twenty-three, of which number about fifty are in common use.

Commit thou all thy griefs..... 435
Give to the winds thy fears..... 437
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness..... 192
Jesus, thy boundless love to me... 333
O sacred Head, now wounded..... 151

Gibbons, Thomas, an English Independent clergyman, was born at Reak, near Newmarket, May 31, 1720; was a friend of Dr. Watts, and wrote his memoir. In 1743 he accepted a call to a Church in Cheapside, London, and held this pastorate up to his death, February 22, 1785. Dr. Gibbons published a volume of sermons and two volumes of hymns of more than average merit titled *Hymns Adapted to Divine Worship*, 1769 and 1784.

Great God, the nations of the earth.. 645
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay.... 695

Gilder, Richard Watson, a distinguished editor and author, the son of Rev. William Henry Gilder, a Methodist minister, was born at Bordentown, N. J., February 8, 1844; educated at his father's seminary at Flushing, Long Island, and later studied Greek and Hebrew under the eminent scholar, Dr. James Strong. He was a private in the Civil War in 1863, and in railroad service in 1864-65, after which he took up literary and editorial work, first on daily papers at Newark, N. J., and then on *Hours at Home*, a New York monthly. In 1870 he became managing editor of *Scribner's Monthly* and later its editor in chief, retaining this position after it became the *Century Magazine* (1881). He was connected with various literary and social reform clubs. He is the author of numerous

volumes of poetry. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from several of the leading universities of America in recognition of his scholarly attainments and splendid service to American literature. He died November 19, 1909.

To thee, eternal Soul, be praise. . . . 14

Gill, Thomas Hornblower, an English layman, was born in Birmingham February 10, 1819, and died in 1906. He prepared for the University of Oxford, but could not enter because, having been trained in Unitarian principles, he could not subscribe to the Articles of the Church of England, as was then required. Later he left the Unitarian Church. He wrote about two hundred hymns. Most of them were collected in his *Golden Chain of Praise*, London, 1869. He was an original hymnist, and had some very correct ideas as to what a hymn should be. In his preface he said: "Hymns are not meant to be theological statements, expositions of doctrine, or enunciations of precepts; they are utterances of the soul in its manifold moods of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, love, wonder, and aspiration. . . . Hymns are meant and made to be sung. The best and most glorious hymns should be more exactly defined than as divine love songs."

Break, newborn year, on glad eyes. . . 572

Lord, when I all things would. 343

Not only when ascends the song. . . . 520

Gilman, Samuel, a Unitarian minister, born at Gloucester, Mass., February 16, 1791. He graduated at Harvard University in 1811, and was a tutor there in 1817-19. From 1819 to 1858 he was pastor of the Unitarian Church at Charleston, S. C. His death occurred at Kingston, Mass., February 9, 1858. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard in 1837. He was the author of a volume of prose and poetry titled *Contributions to Literature*, 1856.

This child we dedicate to thee. 232

Gilmore, Joseph Henry, a Baptist minister, the son of Gov. Joseph A. Gilmore, was born in Boston April 29, 1834; entered Brown University in 1854, and was graduated with high honors in 1858. The same year he entered Newton Theological Seminary, graduating in 1861. He was ordained in 1862 as pastor of a Baptist Church in Fisherville, N. H. In 1863 and 1864 he was the private secretary to his father, at that time Governor of New Hampshire. He was pastor of the Second Baptist Church at

Rochester, N. Y., in 1865-67, and acting Professor of Hebrew in Rochester Theological Seminary in 1867-68. In 1868 he became Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and English Literature in the University of Rochester, a position which at this writing (1911) he still retains as Professor Emeritus, having only recently retired from active work. Dr. Gilmore is the author of some half dozen or more published volumes on the subjects to which he has devoted his life as a teacher, his latest volume being *Outlines of English and American Literature*, 1905.

He leadeth me, O blessed thought. . . 489

Gladden, Washington, a distinguished Congregational minister and author, son of Solomon Gladden, was born at Pottsgrove, Pa., February 11, 1836. Reared on a farm near Oswego, N. Y., and educated in a country district school and at Oswego Academy, he first learned the printer's trade and later entered Williams College, from which he graduated in 1859. He was licensed to preach in 1860. He was successively pastor of Congregational Churches in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1860; Morrisania, N. Y., 1861-66; North Adams, Mass., 1866-71; Springfield, Mass., 1875-82; and from 1882 to the present date (1911) he has been pastor of the First Congregational Church of Columbus, Ohio, where he now resides. From 1871 to 1875 he was on the editorial staff of the New York *Independent*, and later, while pastor at Springfield, he was editor of the weekly periodical, *Sunday Afternoon*. Dr. Gladden is one of the most widely known and influential pastors, preachers, lecturers, and religious writers in America. In deep sympathy with the masses and the working people, his voice and pen have long been exercised in the work of social reform. He is the author of about thirty widely read volumes on religious, ethical, and social subjects, among which may be mentioned: *Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living*, 1868; *Workingmen and Their Employers*, 1876; *The Young Men and the Churches*, 1885; *Applied Christianity*, 1887; *Who Wrote the Bible?* 1891; *The Church and the Kingdom*, 1894; *Ruling Ideas of the Present Age*, 1895; *The Christian Pastor*, 1898; *Social Salvation*, 1901; *Christianity and Socialism*, 1905; *Recollections*, 1909.

O Master, let me walk with thee. . . . 411

Goode, William, an English clergyman, was born at Buckingham April 2, 1762. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, gradu-

ating in 1784. He took orders in the Church of England in 1786. His *Works*, edited by his son, were published in 1822. He was the author of *An Entire New Version of the Book o Psalms*, London, 811, which was somewhat widely used for a ime. Most of his versions of the Psalms have fallen out of use. He is represented in this Hymnal by one doxology. He died April 15, 1816.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee..... 724

Grant, Robert, was born in India in 1785. His father, a stanch and pious Scotchman, was a leading officer of the East India Company, and his brother Charles was Lord Glenelg. He graduated at Cambridge in 1804; was admitted to the bar in 1807, and filled various public official positions; was appointed Governor of Bombay in 1834. He died in India July 9, 1838. He is the author of several volumes on the work of the East India Company and also of twelve hymns which his brother, Lord Glenelg, published the year after his death in a volume titled *Sacred Poems*. It rarely happens that a man engaged so deeply in public and political life as was Sir Robert Grant finds time and inclination to write Christian hymns. There are very few hymns of adoration and worship in the entire collection that surpass his hymn beginning: "O worship the King."

By thy birth, and by thy tears..... 280
 Lord of earth, thy forming hand.... 469
 O worship the King..... 106
 Saviour when, in dust, to thee..... 500
 The starry firmament on high..... 203
 When gathering clouds around..... 134

Greg, Samuel, an English layman, born at Manchester September 6, 1804. He died May 14, 1877. He was educated at Edinburgh University and later became a mill owner. He was the author of *Scenes from the Life of Jesus*, 1854, in which some of his short poems appeared. Some addresses given by him to his workmen at Bollington were published in 1877 as *A Layman's Legacy*, for which volume Dean Stanley wrote the preface. He wrote only a few hymns. He was a member of the Church of England.

Slowly, slowly dark'ning..... 464

Grigg, Joseph, an English Presbyterian minister, was born in 1720. He was the son o poor parents and brought up to mechanical pursuits. He began writing hymns when he was only ten years old. He entered the ministry in 1743, and became an assistant

to Rev. Thomas Bures, pastor of the Silver Street Presbyterian Church, London. He continued here only four years, when he married a woman of wealth and settled at St. Albans. He retired from the active work of the ministry at this time, but did much literary work thereafter his published works numbering about forty. He died at Walthamstow Essex, October 29, 1768. Two of his volumes were titled *Miscellanies on Moral and Religious Subjects*, 1756, and *Four Hymns on Divine Subjects Wherein the Patience and Love of Our Divine Saviour Is Displayed*, 1765. In 1806 his hymns were collected and published; and again in 1861, nearly a century after his death, a second edition of his hymns was published by Dr. Sedgwick. Only two of his forty-three hymns are found generally in modern hymnals.

Behold, a Stranger at the door..... 249
 Jesus, and shall it ever be..... 443

Gurney, Dorothy Frances, the daughter of the late Rev. F. G. Blomfield, rector of St. Andrew's Undershaft, London, and granddaughter of Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, was born at Finsbury Circus October 4, 1858. The "marriage hymn found in this volume was written before the author's marriage to Mr. Gerald Gurney whose father, Rev. A. T. Gurney, is author of several meritorious hymns. Mrs. Gurney is now living in England, but we do not know her present address.

O perfect Love, all human thought.. 668

Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, is justly regarded as one of the greatest and noblest figures in history. He was born at Stockholm in 1594; was slain in the battle of Lützen November 6, 1632. His father died in 1611, and Gustavus ascended the throne of Sweden in his eighteenth year. In the Thirty Years' War, which began in 1618, he was hailed as the champion of Protestantism, and his untimely death at the age of thirty-eight years was an unspeakable loss to that cause. His armies were distinguished for bravery, discipline, and morality. Robbery and license were not allowed. Morning and evening the soldiers gathered around their regimental chaplains for prayer. On the morning of the battle of Lützen it is said the army sang Gustavus's battle hymn, "Fear not, O little flock, the foe." Such an army was a novelty in the history of war.

Fear not, O little flock, the foe..... 445

Guyon, Jeanne Marie Bouvier de la Motte, an eminent mystic writer of the seventeenth century, was born at Montargis, France, April 13, 1648. Her father, Claude Bouvier, was the Lord Proprietor of La Motte Vergonville. She was religiously inclined from her youth and desired to enter a convent; but her parents prevented this by giving her in marriage in her sixteenth year to Jacques Guyon, a man twenty-two years her senior and in every way uncongenial. An unhappy married life of twelve years terminated in the death of her husband in 1676, leaving her three children, to whose education and to the care of her estate she now devoted herself. She later devoted herself to religious works and to writing on her peculiar views of spiritual religion. Her published volumes soon brought on her the persecution of the Roman Catholic Church. She was twice imprisoned, the first imprisonment lasting eight months and the second seven years, ending in the Bastille. After her release she lived with her children and continued her writings. Most of her hymns were written during this imprisonment. Thirty-seven of the choicest of her hymns were translated by Cowper. She was a strong believer in the witness of the Spirit, perfect faith, and perfect love. She died June 9, 1717, in her seventieth year. Deeply religious, enthusiastic and impassioned in the advocacy of her views, whether by tongue or pen, persecuted by enemies, and ardently loved by friends, she was one of the most remarkable women in the entire range of religious biography. Though criticized and persecuted by Romanists through well-nigh her whole life, she heard mass daily and died in full communion with the Church of Rome. Her published works fill forty volumes.

My Lord, how full of sweet content. . . 518

Hall, Christopher Newman, an English Congregationalist minister, was born at Maidstone May 22, 1816. He was educated at the University of London, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1841. From 1842 to 1854 he was minister at Albion Church, Hull. In 1854 he became the pastor of Surrey Chapel, London, and its successor, Christ Church, Westminster. He was the author of several prose works, and he edited the *Christ Church Hymnal*, 1876, to which he contributed eighty-two original hymns. His published volumes include the following: *Hymns Composed at Bolton Abbey*, 1858; *Pilgrim Songs in Sunshine and Shade*, 1870; *Songs of Earth and Heaven*,

1886; *Lyrics of a Long Life*, 1894; and other volumes. His famous little tract, "Come to Jesus," has been translated into more than thirty different languages, and has reached a circulation of over two million. He died February 18, 1902.

Friend of sinners, Lord of glory. . . . 130

Hammond, William, a Moravian minister of England, was born at Battle, Sussex, January 6, 1719. He graduated at Cambridge in 1839. He was converted in 1740. He joined the Calvinistic Methodists in 1743, and began to preach. Two years later he united with the Moravians, and continued with them until his death. He died in London August 19, 1783, leaving an autobiography in Greek which has never been published. In 1744 he published a volume titled *Medulla Ecclesiarum*, which was considered of sufficient value and interest to be republished in England in 1779 and also in America in 1816 under the title *The Marrow of the Church*. In 1745 he published a volume of *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, containing 161 original hymns, which are said to have been "much above the hymnology of the period." He was associated with John Cennick, author of "Children of the heavenly King." About twelve of his hymns are in common use.

Lord, we come before thee now. . . . 35

Hankey, Katherine, is known to the public as the author of two of the most popular of modern hymns. She published *The Old, Old Story* in 1866, *The Old, Old Story and Other Verses* in 1879, and *Heart to Heart* in 1870. Many editions of these small books were sold, and some of her hymns have been translated into many languages. They are full of sweetness and faith. Miss Hankey is said to be the daughter of an English banker. The date of her birth we have not been able to learn. We hope to be able to present later additional facts concerning the life of the author of the very popular hymn which here bears her name. The hymn beginning, "Tell me the old, old story," is scarcely less popular than its companion hymn here given.

I love to tell the story. 544

Hart, Joseph, a Congregational minister of England, was born in 1712 of pious parents. He was well educated, and was for many years a teacher of the classics. In early life he was pious, but relapsed into sin and exerted a most pernicious influence upon all with whom he associated. While in this backslidden state he wrote a pam-

phlet titled *The Unreasonableness of Religion, Being Remarks and Animadversions on the Rev. John Wesley's Sermon on Romans viii. 32*. But he was deeply convicted in his fortieth year, and betook himself to daily prayer and to reading the Scriptures. It was not, however, until he attended a service at the Moravian church in Fetter Lane, London, on Whitsunday, 1757, that he obtained peace. He now became an earnest and consecrated Christian, and many of his best hymns were written within the next two years following his conversion. His *Hymns Composed on Various Subjects, with the Author's Experience* were published in several editions during his lifetime (first edition, 1759) and subsequent to his death. This volume led to his being importuned to become a preacher, which he did, although in his forty-eighth year, becoming pastor of an Independent congregation in Jewin Street, London, to which he ministered for eight years, "great crowds gathering to hear his fervid and eloquent discourses." He died May 24, 1768, in the midst of labors and successes almost unprecedented, his funeral being attended by twenty thousand people. Of his volume of *Hymns* a competent judge said: "Herein the doctrines of the gospel are illustrated so practically, the precepts of the Word enforced so evangelically, and their effects stated so experimentally that with propriety it may be styled a treasury of doctrinal, practical, and experimental divinity." One of the author's sons, who attained remarkable success as a barrister, was made a baronet by George IV., and was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy... 259

O for a glance of heavenly day..... 274

Once more we come before our God. 33

Prayer is appointed to convey..... 502

Hastings, Thomas, editor, author, and Doctor of Music, was born at Washington, Conn., October 15, 1784. In youth he removed with his father to Northern New York, and subsequently resided in New York City. He edited and largely contributed to the following works: *Spiritual Songs*, 1832; *Christian Psalmist*, 1836; *The Mother's Hymn Book*, 1849; and *Devotional Hymns and Religious Poems*, 1850; and he was also the editor of a number of music books. He died in New York May 15, 1872. "His aim," says Prof. F. M. Bird, "was the greater glory of God through better musical worship; and to this end he was

always training choirs, compiling works, and composing music."

Come, ye disconsolate (Moore)..... 526

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us..... 319

Hatch, Edwin, a Church of England clergyman, was born at Derby September 4, 1835. He graduated at Oxford in 1857. After spending some years in Canada, he returned to England and became in 1867 vice principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. He delivered the Bampton Lectures in 1881 on "The Origin of Early Christian Churches." He was rector of Purleigh from 1883 till his death, November 10, 1889. His hymns and other poems were published in a posthumous volume titled *Towards Fields of Light*, 1890.

Breathe on me, Breath of God..... 196

Hatfield, Edwin Francis, a prominent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, was born at Elizabethtown, N. J., January 9, 1807; was graduated at Middlebury College, and studied theology at Andover. He was ordained in 1832. He was a pastor in St. Louis three years; in New York (Seventh Church) twenty-one years; and of North Church, in the same city, seven years. Failing health compelled him to give up the pastorate. Dr. Hatfield was an able writer and a useful man. He died at Summit, N. J., September 22, 1883. He is the author of a valuable and well-known volume titled *The Poets of the Church*, being a series of biographical sketches of hymn writers, with notes on their hymns. It was published in 1884, the year after his death.

To God, the Father, Son..... 727

Havergal, Frances Ridley, the daughter of Canon W. H. Havergal, of the Church of England, was born at Astley, Worcestershire, December 14, 1836. She is the most gifted and popular lady hymn writer that England has produced in the last half century, being the author of a larger number of hymns in this and other recent Church hymnals than any other woman. Her father was the author of about one hundred hymns, but was more distinguished as a musician and composer of Church music than as a poet. Everything that inheritance, a literary and musical environment, and a cultured Christian home could do to make a Christian singer and hymn writer belonged to Frances Havergal in her youth. "When fifteen years old," she says, "I committed my soul to the Saviour, and earth and heaven seemed brighter from that mo-

ment." This was the beginning of a beautiful Christian life. Her knowledge of Hebrew and Greek and modern languages was extensive. Few poets have consecrated their gifts of head and heart and pen more fully to Christ than she did, and few lives ending at forty-three years of age have left behind more pleasing and precious literary treasures than are found in her poems of Christian faith and love and service. She died at Caswall Bay, Swansea, June 3, 1879. Her popularity and influence as an author and hymn writer have steadily increased ever since her death. About seventy-five of her hymns are in common use, and are taken from her various volumes: *The Ministry of Song*, 1869; *Twelve Sacred Songs for Little Singers*, 1870; *Under the Surface*, 1874; *Loyal Responses*, 1878; *Life Mosaics*, 1879; *Life Chords*, 1880; *Life Echoes*, 1883; *Poems*, 1884. Eight of her hymns are contained in this collection. (See note to No. 548.)

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Another year is dawning..... | 571 |
| From glory unto glory..... | 573 |
| Golden harps are sounding..... | 175 |
| I could not do without thee..... | 353 |
| Lord, speak to me that I may speak. | 410 |
| Take my life, and let it be..... | 348 |
| Tell it out among the nations..... | 634 |
| True-hearted, whole-hearted..... | 420 |

Hawels, Hugh Reginald, an eminent author and clergyman of the Church of England, son of Rev. J. W. O. Hawels, canon of Chichester, was born in 1838 at Egham, Surrey. He graduated at Cambridge in 1861. For many years before his death he was incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone, London. He was a skilled musician, and drilled and led his own choir of boys and men. He was the author of many volumes, among them *My Musical Life*, 1886, and *Music and Morals*, 1871 (fifteenth edition, 1888). He was for a time editor of *Cassell's Magazine*. He died in 1901. It is very doubtful whether Dr. Hawels is properly credited with the hymn here attributed to him.

The Homeland! O the Homeland.... 615

Hawker, Robert, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Exeter, England, in 1753, and was educated for the medical profession, becoming a doctor of medicine. After taking holy orders, he became incumbent of a Church in Plymouth, and remained there until his death, April 6, 1827. He was noted as a polemical preacher and writer, and also as the author and com-

piler of one of the earliest and most popular of the hymn books for children called forth by the Sunday school movement. His *Psalms and Hymns Sung by the Sunday School* (published about 1787) passed through thirteen editions. His most famous hymn is the doxology found in this Hymnal:

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing... 723

Hawks, Annie Sherwood, has written a number of hymns, some of them very popular, but no other so widely useful as "I need thee every hour," found in this book. Mrs. Hawks was born in Hoosick, N. Y., May 28, 1835. For many years she resided in Brooklyn, N. Y., where this hymn was written in 1872. She was a member of the Baptist Church in Brooklyn, of which Rev. Robert Lowry, the musical composer and hymn writer, was pastor. We hope to be able to supplement these brief facts at some later time with additional information concerning the author of this popular hymn.

I need thee every hour..... 506

Hay, John, the late Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, was a poet as well as a diplomat and statesman. He was born at Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838; graduated in 1858 at Brown University; entered the legal profession in Illinois, and became private secretary to President Lincoln, which position he resigned to enter the Union army in the Civil War. In the diplomatic service he represented the United States successively at Paris, Madrid, and Vienna; and in 1897-98 he was Ambassador to the Court of St. James. He was First Assistant Secretary of State in 1879-81, and in 1898 he was called home from England to fill the most responsible office in the government, excepting only that of the chief executive, being Secretary of State from 1898 until his death, July 1, 1905. In addition to a voluminous life of Abraham Lincoln in ten volumes (in connection with J. G. Nicolay), 1887, he published *Castilian Days*, 1871; *Pike County Ballads*, 1871; and *Poems*, 1890. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. Three of his poems are used as hymns in modern Church hymnals. His hymn on "*Sinai and Calvary*" is possessed of more than ordinary merit, and shows that a great statesman may rightly estimate the moral value and lessons of both the law and the gospel.

Defend us, Lord, from every ill.... 403

Hayward. It is to be regretted that nothing is known of the author of the beautiful hymn beginning "Welcome, delightful morn," except that his name is given as "Hayward" in Dobell's *New Selection of Evangelical Hymns*, published in 1806. It is possible, but not probable, that some facts may yet come to light bearing upon the authorship of this hymn, now more than a century old.

Welcome, delightful morn..... 67

Hearn, Marianne, was born at Farningham, Kent, England, December 17, 1834; and died at Barmouth March 16, 1909. She was a member of the Baptist Church. She was on the editorial staff of the religious periodical called the *Christian World*, and was also editor of the *Sunday School Times* (of England). She wrote under the nom de plume of "Marianne Farningham." She published volumes titled: *Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life*, 1861; *Poems*, 1865; *Morning and Evening Hymns for the Week*, 1870; *Song of Sunshine*, 1878; and *Harvest Gleanings and Gathered Fragments*, 1903. She is most widely known as the author of a popular hymn sung by Mr. Ira D. Sankey, titled "Waiting and Watching for Me." At her death she was one of the most greatly beloved and honored women in the Baptist Church in England.

We hope in thee, O Lord..... 328

Heath, George, an Englishman, was born about 1745. He was the pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Honiton, Devon, in 1770; died in 1822. He was the author of *Hymns and Poetic Essays Sacred to the Public and Private Worship of the Deity, and to Religious and Christian Improvement*, Bristol, 1781. According to Hatfield, Duffield, and other authorities, Heath "proved unworthy of his office as a Presbyterian pastor and lost his position by bad conduct." He later, it seems, became a Unitarian minister. "It is a striking commentary on his hymn," says Duffield, "that its author should have failed in the very mode against which his stirring trumpet blast ought effectually to have warned him. But let us be charitable and hope that this was one of the fruits of true repentance, for the hymn was published in 1781."

My soul, be on thy guard..... 493

Heber, Reginald, a bishop of the Church of England, was born at Malpas April 21, 1783. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he early took the prize

for both Latin and English poems; ordained in 1807, and became rector at Hodnet. He was Missionary Bishop of Calcutta from 1823 until his death, April 3, 1826. He was a man of learning and piety. He was Bampton lecturer in 1815. His hymns are among the most popular in the language. They were collected and published the year after his death under the title *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year, 1827*. All of Bishop Heber's hymns were written while he was at Hodnet. He tried in 1820 to secure from Archbishop Manners Sutton and the Bishop of London official episcopal authorization for the use of his manuscript hymns in the Church, but they declined to grant it. But the whole Christian world has done what the prelates of the Church would not do. His authorship of our most popular missionary hymn and his early and pathetic death as Missionary Bishop of India have made his name "as olntment poured forth" in the annals of modern Christian missions.

Bread of the world in mercy broken. 238
Brightest and best of the sons of the. 114
By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 678
From Greenland's icy mountains.... 655
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God..... 78
The Son of God goes forth to war.. 416

Hedge, Frederick Henry, a Unitarian divine, professor and author of note, was born at Cambridge, Mass., December 12, 1805. He graduated at Harvard College in 1825, and at the Theological School, Cambridge, in 1828. For a number of years he was the pastor of Unitarian Churches. In 1857 he became Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Divinity School, and in 1872 Professor of German Literature at Harvard, which place he held many years. In 1853 he and Dr. F. D. Huntington (who later became a bishop in the Episcopal Church) prepared a volume titled *Hymns for the Church of Christ*, for use in Unitarian Churches. Dr. Hedge was for some years one of the editors of the *Christian Examiner*. His *Prose Writers of Germany*, 1848, is a standard work. He did much to introduce and popularize German scholarship and literature in this country. Dr. Hedge died at Cambridge August 21, 1890. Of some eight or more hymns and translations by him, we have but one in our Hymnal—a translation—but it is one of the best in the entire collection.

A mighty fortress is our God..... 101

Herbert, George, a noted English poet and devotedly pious clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593; was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; was a pastor at Layton Ecclesia in 1626, and at Bemerton from 1630 to his death, in 1632. He occupied his moments of leisure in the cultivation of sacred music. The following hymn is in keeping with the spirit of consecration and the heavenly-mindedness that marked his Christian life:

Teach me, my God and King. 417

Herbert, Petrus, a Moravian minister, was ordained in 1562. The date of his birth is not known. He died in 1571. He was one of the editors of the Brethren's German hymn book, published in 1566, to which he contributed many hymns.

Faith is a living power from. 286

Now God be with us, for the night. . . 58

Holden, Oliver, author of "Coronation" and other popular tunes, was born at Shirley, Mass., in 1765. He was originally a carpenter by trade, but became a teacher, composer, and publisher of music at Charlestown, Mass. He published between 1792 and 1802 some eight or ten music books. He wrote also several original hymns. He died at Charlestown, Mass., in 1844. See "Biographical Index of Composers" for further information.

They who seek the throne of grace. . . 515

Holland, Josiah Gilbert, an eminent American editor and author, was born in Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819. He was a farmer's son, and his early educational advantages were poor. He succeeded in attending a high school at Northampton for a time. At the age of twenty-one he began the study of medicine, and graduated with the degree of M.D. at Berkshire Medical College, Pittsfield, Mass., in 1844. A short practice of his profession developed a dislike for it, and he turned to literature. About 1850 he became connected with the *Springfield Republican*, a position which he held fifteen years. He was a voluminous author. Among his works we find: *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*, 1858; *Gold Foil*, 1859; *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, 1865; *Bitter Sweet*, a dramatic poem, 1858; *Katharina*, 1867; *Arthur Bonnicastle*, 1873. In connection with the Scribners in 1870 he founded *Scribner's Monthly*, of which periodical he became the editor, and continued in this relation until his death, in New York City, October 12, 1881.

There's a song in the air. 112

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, the eminent American poet and man of letters, was the son of Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., a Congregational minister, and was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He was graduated at Harvard in 1829, then made a thorough study of medicine at home and abroad, was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth in 1838, and in 1847 was elected to the same chair at Harvard, which position he filled until 1882, when he became emeritus professor. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-five and continued to do literary work almost to the end. He died October 7, 1894. He published many volumes during his life, and is one of the most widely known of American authors. His writings abound in pathos and humor. He was a Unitarian in faith. Dr. Holmes wrote only a few hymns, some half a dozen of which are found in modern hymnals, the three here found being perhaps his best.

Lord of all being, throned afar. 82

O Love divine, that stooped to share. 457

Thou gracious God whose mercy . . . 669

Hopper, Edward, a Presbyterian minister, born in the city of New York in 1818. He graduated at New York University in 1839, and studied theology at Union Seminary. For many years he was the popular pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land, in New York. Dr. Hopper died in 1888.

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me. 482

Kopps, John Payne, an English Unitarian minister, was born in London November 6, 1834; and died at Shepperton-on-Thames April 6, 1911. He was educated at the Baptist College at Leicester, and began his public service as a Baptist minister in 1856 in Leicestershire, and was for a time a colleague of George Dawson in Birmingham. From 1860 to 1876 he served Unitarian congregations at Sheffield, Dukinfield, and Glasgow. His work in Leicester began in 1876. As preacher, as editor of the *Truth-seeker* (1863-87) and of the *Coming Day*, (1891-1911), and as author of some fifteen or more volumes he exercised an extended influence among English Unitarians. Among his publications are no less than eight volumes of hymns which he compiled, and to which he made original contributions of his own.

We praise thee, Lord, for hours of. . . 550

Kosmer, Frederick Lucian, was born in Framingham, Mass., in 1840; graduated at Harvard College in 1862, and at the Di-

vinity School, Cambridge, in 1869. He has been pastor of Unitarian Churches at Quincy, Ill., 1872-77; Cleveland, Ohio, 1878-92; St. Louis, 1894-99; and later at Berkeley, Cal., where he now resides. He was one of the editors of the *Unity Hymns*, 1880. In 1908 Dr. Hosmer delivered a course of lectures at Harvard University on "Church Hymnody." Among his published volumes are: *The Way of Life*, 1877; *The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems* (first series, 1885; second series, 1894).

I little see, I little know..... 450
 Not always on the mount may we.. 477
 O thou in all thy might so far..... 484

Hoss, Elijah Embree, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was born in Washington County, Tenn., April 14, 1849, being the son of Henry and Anna M. (Sevier) Hoss. He was educated at Ohio Wesleyan University and Emory and Henry College (Virginia). Ordained to the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1870, he was a pastor at Knoxville, Tenn., 1870-72, San Francisco, 1872-74, Asheville, N. C., 1875; professor and President Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Va., 1876-81; Vice President and later President of Emory and Henry College, 1881-85; Professor of Church History in Vanderbilt University, 1885-90; editor *Nashville Christian Advocate*, 1890-1902; elected bishop at Dallas, Tex., in May, 1902. Residence at Nashville, Tenn.

O God, great Father, Lord, and King. 231

How, William Walsham, a bishop of the Church of England, was born at Shrewsbury, England, December 13, 1823; was graduated Bachelor of Arts at Wadham College, Oxford, in 1845. He was ordained to the ministry in 1846, and held various positions in the Church of England before he became bishop, in 1888. He died August 10, 1897. In connection with Rev. T. B. Morrell, he compiled a book of *Psalms and Hymns*, 1854. He also contributed several hymns to *Church Hymns*, 1871. His sacred and secular pieces were collected and published in 1886 as *Poems and Hymns*. Bishop How's hymns are characterized by a simplicity of manner and a warmth of feeling that have made some of them very popular. Six of them are found in this collection:

For all the saints who from their.... 430
 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar..... 145
 O Jesus, crucified for man..... 326
 O Jesus, thou art standing..... 282

O Word of God incarnate..... 200
 We give thee but thine own..... 688

Hunter, William, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in Ireland May 26, 1811, and came to America when but a youth. He was graduated at Madison College in 1833. Dr. Hunter was for a number of years Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Alleghany College. He was editor of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* from 1844 to 1852, and again from 1872 to 1876. He was the author of a large number of hymns, which he published in his *Select Melodies* (1838-51), *Minstrel of Zion* (1845), and *Songs of Devotion* (1860). He was one of the committee of twelve appointed by the General Conference of 1876 to revise the Church hymnal. He died October 18, 1877. His brother, Rev. Andrew Hunter, D.D., was a highly honored and most useful minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and at the time of his death the greatly beloved patriarch of his Church.

My heavenly home is bright and fair. 628

Hutton, Frances A., is the English lady who altered two stanzas of James Montgomery's great hymn beginning: "In the hour of trial." Mrs. Hutton's altered edition of Montgomery's hymn was published in the 1867 *Supplement to Hymns for the Church Service*, 1862, edited by Prebendary H. W. Hutton, of Lincoln. We have no other facts concerning her life. We hope that we can obtain these facts for a later edition of this volume.

In the hour of trial..... 431

Ingemann, Bernhardt Severin, a Danish teacher, poet, and novelist, was born on the island of Falster, Denmark, May 28, 1789. He was a Professor of the Danish Language and Literature at the Academy of Sorø, Zealand, Denmark, from 1822 till his death, in 1862. The only hymn by him in common use is that found in this volume; but it possesses more than ordinary merit, and is widely known in its English dress. It brings out very forcibly the brotherhood of man and the expectation of the Christian believer. Seven of his hymns have been translated into English. His collected works were published in thirty-four volumes in 1851.

Through the night of doubt and..... 567

Irons, William Josiah, a Church of England clergyman, was born at Hoddesdon September 12, 1812; was graduated at Queen's College, Oxford, Bachelor of Arts, in 1833,

and took orders in 1835. Dr. Irons died June 18, 1883. His most valuable prose work was his Bampton Lectures, 1870, on "Christianity as Taught by St. Paul." He was also the editor or author of several books of hymns. Dr. Julian says of him: "Amongst modern hymn writers Dr. Irons ranks with the first. His hymns have not been largely used outside of his own congregation, but their high excellence, variety of subjects and meters, intense earnestness, powerful grasp of the subject, and almost faultless rhythm must commend them to the notice of hymn book compilers."

Day of wrath! O day of mourning.. 747
Sing with all the sons of glory..... 160

Jacobi, John Christian, a native of Germany, was born in 1670. He was keeper of the Royal German Chapel, St. James's Palace, London, from 1708 till his death, December 14, 1750. He published in 1720 a volume titled *A Collection of Hymns, Translated from the High Dutch*. It contained fifteen hymns. Two years later it was republished in enlarged form under the title *Psalmodia Germanica; or, A Specimen of Divine Hymns*. Translated from the High Dutch. This edition contained sixty-two hymns. The hymn here given is a translation of one of Paul Gerhardt's hymns.

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness..... 192

Jacopone da Todì, also known as Jacobus de Benedictis, an Italian monk and poet, was born at Todì, in Umbria, early in the thirteenth century. "He was descended from a noble family," says Julian, "and for some time led a secular life. Some remarkable circumstances which attended the violent death of his wife led him to withdraw himself from the world and to enter the order of St. Francis, in which he remained as a lay brother till his death, at an advanced age, in 1306. His zeal led him to attack the religious abuses of the day. This brought him into conflict with Pope Boniface VIII., the result being his imprisonment for long periods." His oddities, eccentricities, and extravagances were such as to leave neighbors in doubt as to whether he was of a sound mind. Tradition at Todì, his birthplace, credits him with the authorship of the famous Latin hymn, "*Stabat mater dolorosa*," but it is by no means certain that he wrote it.

Near the cross was Mary weeping.. 154

John of Damascus was the greatest theologian and poet of the Greek Church. His

active life belonged to the eighth century, but the exact dates of his birth and death are unknown. His work on theology, *Doctrines of the Orthodox Church*, is still a standard textbook in the Eastern Church. He was famous as a philosopher and as an opponent of the Iconoclasts of his time. Late in life he was ordained priest of the Church at Jerusalem.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.. 163
The day of resurrection..... 164

Johnson, E., is known only as the author of the hymn here attributed to him. We shall welcome any information concerning him or his hymn that may be in the possession of any one who may read these lines. The popular tune to which this hymn is sung was composed by William G. Fischer, who found the words in a newspaper. It is to be hoped that some facts concerning Mr. Johnson and his hymn may come to light in time to be incorporated in later editions of this volume. The hymn reads as if it had been called forth by an experience of suffering or sorrow, as if the author had learned in suffering what he teaches in song. It is, as a rule, only when storms and floods come that one flees for refuge to "the Rock that is higher than I."

O sometimes the shadows are deep.. 434

Johnson, Samuel, an Independent preacher, was born in Salem, Mass., October 10, 1822; was graduated at Harvard College in 1842, and at Cambridge Divinity School in 1846. In 1853 he established an Independent Church at Lynn, Mass., and continued as its pastor until 1870. Although independent in Church relations, he was associated in the public mind with the Unitarians. He was a man of strong intellect, a voluminous writer, and published many pamphlets and books. In connection with Rev. Samuel Longfellow, he compiled a *Book of Hymns*, 1846, and *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864. He died in 1882. "His contributions to these collections," says Prof. F. M. Bird, "were less numerous but not less meritorious than those by Mr. Longfellow."

City of God, how broad and far... 209

Jones, Edmund, an English Baptist minister, son of Rev. Philip Jones, was born in 1722 in Gloucestershire; educated at the Baptist College at Bristol; was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church at Exeter, Devonshire, in 1743; died April 15, 1765. The Church at Exeter, like many Baptist

Churches at that day, was opposed to "the service of song" in public worship, but it is not a matter of surprise that the author of so excellent a hymn as the following should have wrought a complete revolution in their sentiments regarding this feature of divine worship. In 1760 he published a volume titled *Sacred Poems*.

Come, humble sinner, in whose. . . . 260

Julian, John, an eminent English clergyman, was born at St. Agnes, in Cornwall, January 27, 1839; was educated privately; took orders in the Church of England in 1866; was vicar of Wincobanck, 1876-1905; since 1905, vicar of Topcliff. He received M.A. from Durham University, 1887; D.D. from Lambeth, 1894; LL.D. from Howard University, Washington, 1894. Dr. Julian was editor in chief of the *Dictionary of Hymnology*, published in London and New York in 1892. A second edition of this great and invaluable work, with a new supplement, was published in 1907. This *Dictionary* is the most important work ever published in English hymnology. It is a truly monumental work, and to it all who now study or write in the department of hymnology must go for information not to be found in any other volume. Dr. Julian has also published volumes titled: *Concerning Hymns*, 1874; *History of the Use of Hymns in Public Worship, and Their Proper Characteristics*, 1894; *Carols, Ancient and Modern*, 1900. He is the author of several hymns and translations found in English hymnals. A few years ago he presented his large collection of hymnological books and manuscripts to the Church House, Dean's Yard, London, where it forms the hymnological department of the library.

O God of God! O Light of Light. . . . 15

Keble, John, author of *The Christian Year*, was the son of a clergyman of the same name belonging to the Church of England, and was born April 25, 1792. He was graduated at Oxford in 1810, and was ordained in 1815. In 1827 he published his well-known volume, *The Christian Year*, ninety-six editions of which appeared before his death. In 1831 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. A sermon preached by him on "National Apostasy" has been regarded as the real origin of the "tractarian movement of 1833." He wrote eight of the "Tracts for the Times." He was a pronounced High-Churchman. He was a contributor to the *Lyra Apostolica*,

and in 1834 he united with Drs. Newman and Pusey in editing the *Library of the Fathers*. He was the author of several volumes, among them *A Metrical Version of the Psalms*, 1839, and *Lyra Innocentium*, 1846. He died March 29, 1866.

Blest are the pure in heart. 360

New every morning is the love. 42

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear. . . 47

Keen, E., was a leader of music in the Baptist Church in London, of which Dr. John Rippon (1751-1836) was pastor, and in whose volume titled *A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors*, 1787, the hymn beginning "How firm a foundation" was first published. The tune accompanying this hymn was composed by R. Keen (also spelled "Keene" in some collections), and the letter "K" is signed to the hymn. In a Baptist *Collection of Hymns* published by Dr. A. Fletcher in 1822 the signature at the end of the hymn is "Kn," and in the 1835 edition of Fletcher's *Collection* it is given as "Keen." Dr. Fletcher was assisted in the preparation of his hymn book by Thomas Walker, who was the compiler of the *Tune Book* accompanying Dr. Rippon's *Selection*, and who therefore not only knew Keen, but also knew, we may safely infer, what the "K" stood for at the end of this now famous hymn. Dr. Rippon was also living in 1835, when Fletcher and Walker assigned this hymn to Keen. Putting all these facts together, it is not strange that Dr. Julian and other hymnologists have reached the conclusion that this hymn should be assigned to Keen and not to Kirkham (as in modern editions of Rippon's *Selection*, published since Dr. Rippon's death) or to George Keith, as was done by Daniel Sedgwick and others, acting wholly in doing so on the questionable testimony of an old woman in an almshouse. In view of these facts, we feel justified in giving Keen a place among the hymn writers of the Church. We await the discovery of information concerning him.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of. 461

Kelly, Thomas, the son of Right Hon. Baron Kelly, was born in Dublin, Ireland, July 13, 1769; was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin University; studied law, but abandoned it in 1793 to enter the ministry of the Established Church. His evangelical and heart-searching preaching proved too strong for the Established Church, and he was forbidden by Archbishop Fowler to preach in the city. For some time he preached in two "unconsecrated"

erated places" in Dublin, and then he left the Established Church and became an Independent. He was very wealthy, and as liberal as he was wealthy. He was a most pious, consecrated, and useful preacher. He labored in Dublin for more than sixty years, and lived to be eighty-five years old. He died May 14, 1854. His *Scripture Hymns* grew from a volume of ninety-six hymns as first published in 1804 to a collection of 765 in 1853, all original.

Hark, ten thousand harps and voices. 177
 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious. 169
 On the mountain's top appearing... 647
 The head that once was crowned... 173
 The Lord is risen indeed... 157
 Zion stands with hills surrounded... 212

Ken, Thomas, a bishop of the Church of England, one of the gentlest, truest, and grandest men of his age, was born in Berkhamstead, England, in July, 1637; was educated at Winchester School and Oxford University, graduating B.A. in 1661. He held several livings in different parts of England. In 1680 he returned to Winchester. In 1685 he was appointed by Charles II, Bishop of Bath and Wells. In connection with six other bishops, he refused to publish the "Declaration of Indulgence" issued by James II in 1688, and was imprisoned in the Tower of London. After the revolution he became a nonjuror for conscience' sake, was superseded in office, and spent the rest of his life in retirement. He died March 19, 1711, at the residence of his friend, Lord Weymouth. In 1695 he published *A Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College and All Other Devout Christians, to Which Is Added Three Hymns for Morning, Evening, and Midnight*.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun.. 44
 Glory to thee, my God, this night.. 49
 Praise God, from whom all blessings. 718

Kethe, William, was a Scotch divine of the sixteenth century. The exact dates of his birth and death are unknown. He is the author of the English versions of twenty-seven Psalms found in the *Anglo-Genevan Psalter*, 1561. The hundredth Psalm was one of these. He lived in the days that tried men's souls, being one of that heroic number of Protestants that were driven in exile to Frankfurt and Geneva about the middle of the sixteenth century. There is no more unique, quaint, and interesting hymn in our Hymnal than the version of the one

hundredth Psalm which we owe to William Kethe.

All people that on earth do dwell... 16

Kimball, Harriet McEwen, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in November, 1834. She is a member of the Roman Catholic Church and the author of both sacred and secular verse. Among her publications are: *Hymns*, 1866; *Swallow Flights of Song*, 1874; *Poems* (complete edition), 1889. Miss Kimball is the chief founder of the Cottage Hospital at Portsmouth, where she still resides.

Pour thy blessing, Lord, like showers. 693

Kipling, Rudyard, the well-known English poet, was born at Bombay, India, December 30, 1865. His father, John Lockwood Kipling (a retired officer of the British Indian Educational Service, now living at Salisbury, England), is a son of the late Rev. Joseph Kipling and Alice Macdonald Kipling (a daughter of Rev. G. B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan minister). It thus appears that the grandfather of the poet, both on his father's and his mother's side, was a clergyman. There is no more familiar and honored name in contemporaneous English literature than that of Rudyard Kipling. His writings are so numerous, so well known, and so widely read as not to need mention here. He is a Christian patriot in the highest sense, his poems making for international peace and universal brotherhood among men. Most notable among the poems that promote this larger patriotism and international Christian altruism among men may be mentioned "The White Man's Burden" and "The Recessional," which is rapidly finding its place in all the great hymnals of the modern Church. What Kipling has done as a poet is so marked by poetic genius and moral strength as to make the English people hope for and expect yet greater contributions in the future perhaps than anything he has yet written. He resides at Burwash, Sussex, England.

God of our fathers, known of old... 710

Lanier, Sidney, an American poet, was born at Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842. He was educated at Oglethorpe College, Ga., where he was graduated in 1860. He was a private in the Confederate army during the Civil War (1861-65); was captured in 1863, spending several months in a Federal prison, and his first published volume, titled *Tiger Lilies*, 1867, was founded on his experiences in prison. After the close of the

war he was a clerk, a teacher, and a lawyer; but being by nature a musician and a poet, he found any calling but that of literature and music irksome to him. He was noted as a flute player, and many of his best poems are enriched by his rare knowledge of music. In 1877 he was appointed lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University, and two of his most scholarly volumes contain lectures delivered there—viz., *The Science of English Verse*, 1880, and *The English Novel*, 1883. His *Poems* were first published in 1876, and a complete edition after his death. After a hard struggle against the inroads of consumption, he died September 7, 1881, in Western North Carolina, where he had gone in search of health. Many of his finest poems were written when he was almost too weak to guide his pen. He is regarded as the greatest of Southern poets. The latest and best life of Lanier is that by Prof. Edwin Mims, and the best study of his poems for the distinctly Christian teaching they contain is found in a volume by President H. N. Snyder. Both Dr. Mims and Dr. Snyder were members of the Commission that prepared this Hymnal. Lanier was a lover of nature scarcely less than Wordsworth, and much of what he taught in song he learned in suffering. His love of nature and his deep devotion to Christ, the great sufferer, are beautifully brought out in the little gem here selected from his poems.

Into the woods my Master went.... 745

Lathbury, Mary Artemisia, the daughter of Rev. John Lathbury, a Methodist minister, was born in Manchester, N. Y., August 10, 1841. Two of her brothers, Albert Augustus and Clarence Lathbury, are ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her present address is East Orange, N. J. After leaving school she became an art teacher, and later engaged in editorial work. For many years her work has been in general literature and illustration, being editor of a picture lesson paper. Miss Lathbury is the author of some eight or ten small volumes, but she is most widely and favorably known through her songs and hymns, which were composed especially for use in the religious exercises at Chautauqua. Among the new hymns added by the compilers to the Methodist Hymnal none are more universally admired than the two short hymns from her pen found in this collection. In both cases the tunes are beautifully suited to the sentiment of the

hymns. It could be wished that we had a dozen or more hymns from her pen in our Hymnal if all of them could be as poetic and devotional as these two beautiful lyrics.

Break thou the bread of life..... 325
Day is dying in the West..... 57

Leeson, Jane Elizabeth, an English lady hymn writer, born in 1807, and author of the following volumes: *Hymns and Scenes of Childhood*, 1842; *Songs of Christian Chivalry*, 1848; *The Child's Book of Ballads*, 1849; *Paraphrases and Hymns for Congregational Singing*, 1853. Miss Leeson had rare gifts in writing for children. She died in 1882. It is hoped that we may obtain additional facts concerning her life to add to this meager sketch, which embodies all that is at present known of her.

Saviour, teach me day by day..... 676

Lloyd, William Freeman, an English layman and Sunday school worker, was born at Uley, in Gloucestershire, England, December 22, 1791. In 1810 he became one of the secretaries of the Sunday School Union, and became connected with the Religious Tract Society in 1816. He prepared a large number of small books for the use of children, writing, editing, or compiling them. He began the *Sunday School Teacher's Magazine*. His *Thoughts in Rhyme*, a book of one hundred and six pages, was published in London in 1851. Mr. Lloyd died April 22, 1853.

My times are in thy hand..... 449

Longfellow, Samuel, a Unitarian minister, brother of the poet Henry W. Longfellow, was born in Portland, Me., June 18, 1819. He was graduated at Harvard in 1839, and at the Divinity School, Cambridge, in 1846. His first Church was at Fall River, Mass. In 1853 he was installed pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he remained until 1860. After that he did not serve as a regular pastor. He preached occasionally and engaged in a variety of literary labor. He died at Portland, Me., October 3, 1892. In connection with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, he compiled *A Book of Hymns*, 1846, and *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864. Three of his hymns appear in this book. They are of far more than average merit.

Again as evening's shadow falls.... 48

I look to thee in every need..... 473

O still in accents sweet and strong.. 395

Luke, Jemima Thompson, the wife of Rev. Samuel Luke, an Independent minister of England, was the daughter of Thomas

Thompson, a philanthropist, and was born at Colebrook Terrace, Islington, August 19, 1813. When only thirteen years of age she began writing for the *Juvenile Magazine*. She published a volume titled *The Female Jesuit* in 1851 and *A Memoir of Eliza Ann Harris, of Clifton*, in 1859, but her name is known to the Christian world almost wholly through the one hymn found in this volume. Mrs. Luke died February 2, 1906.

I think when I read that sweet..... 682

Luther, Martin, the hero of the Reformation, was born in the village of Eisleben November 10, 1483; entered the University at Erfurt in 1501, and was graduated with honor, receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1505 he entered an Augustinian monastery at Erfurt, was consecrated to the priesthood in 1507, and was very faithful to all the regulations of the order. He afterwards said: "If ever a monk got to heaven by monkey, I was determined to get there." He was a diligent scholar, and in 1508 was called to the chair of Philosophy in the University of Wittenberg. In 1512 he received the degree of Doctor of Theology. In the meantime he made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he saw much corruption among the clergy; but still his faith was strong in the Roman Church. It was the shameless sale of indulgences by Tetzel, authorized by Leo X., that first opened his eyes and determined him to make public opposition. On October 31, 1517, at midday, Luther posted his ninety-five *Theses against the Merits of Indulgences* on the church door at Wittenberg. That day was the birthday of the Reformation. The burning of the pope's bull of excommunication in 1520, the Diet of Worms in 1521, Luther's concealment in the castle at Wartburg, and his marriage in 1525 are matters of interest upon which we cannot dwell. It was during his Wartburg captivity that he translated the New Testament, published in 1522, into the mother tongue of the German people. After giving them the Scriptures he felt the need of psalms and hymns in the German language, and employed others to supply them. He himself translated psalms and wrote hymns, to some of which he adapted tunes. Luther wove the gospel into these hymns. They were gladly received and widely circulated. A Romanist of the time wrote: "The whole people is slinging itself into this Lutheran doctrine." The first collection of Luther's hymns was published in

1524. He died February 18, 1546. Few things can stir Protestants like the singing of "Luther's hymn" (No. 101).

A mighty fortress is our God..... 101
Flung to the heedless winds..... 641

Lynch, Thomas Toke, an English Congregational minister, was born at Dunmow, Essex, July 5, 1818, and was educated at Islington and at Highbury Independent College. He was pastor of a small Church at Highgate in 1847 to 1849, and from 1849 to 1852 of a congregation on Mortimer Street, London, that later moved to Fitzroy Square. He was an invalid for three years (1856-59), but resumed pastoral relations in 1860 with his former parishioners, who completed a new place of worship (Mornington Church) on Hampstead Road, London, in 1862, where he continued to preach until his death, May 9, 1871. His hymns were published in a volume titled *The Rivulet, a Contribution to Sacred Song*, which appeared in several editions, 1855-68. W. G. Horder gives the following discriminating estimate of Lynch's merits and influence as a hymn writer:

The influence of Lynch's ministry was great, and reached far beyond his own congregation, since it included many students from the theological colleges of London and thoughtful men from other Churches, who were attracted to him by the freshness and spirituality of his preaching. His prose works were numerous. His hymns are marked by intense individuality, gracefulness and felicity of diction, picturesqueness, spiritual freshness, and the sadness of a powerful soul struggling with a weak and emaciated body.

The publication of his *Rivulet* caused one of the most bitter hymnological controversies known in the annals of modern Congregationalism. Time, however, and a criticism broader and more just have declared emphatically in favor of his hymns as valuable contributions to cultured sacred song.

It is to be regretted that only one of his twenty-five hymns is found in our Hymnal.

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me..... 195

Lyte, Henry Francis, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Ednam, near Kelso, Scotland, June 1, 1793. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1814. During his college course he won the prize for the best English poem on three occasions. He took orders in the Church of England in 1815. In 1818, at Marazion, in Cornwall, he experienced a great spiritual change which influenced all his after life. This was occasioned by visits to a brother clergyman who was sick, and who died happy, trust-

ing alone in the atonement and power of his Saviour. Lyte wrote concerning himself: "I was greatly affected by the whole matter, and brought to look at life and its issue with a different eye than before; and I began to study my Bible and preach in another manner than I had previously done." In 1823 he was appointed curate at Lower Brixham, which living he held until his death, November 20, 1847. His hymns are spiritual and tender. They are found mostly in two books: *Poems, Chiefly Religious*, 1833 (second edition, 1845), and *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834 (enlarged edition, 1836). He died of consumption under pathetic circumstances while on a visit to Nice, a winter health resort in Southern France, where he lies buried. His swan song, "Abide with me," is used by all Christendom.

Abide with me! Fast falls the.... 50
As pants the hart for cooling..... 316
Jesus, I my cross have taken..... 458

Macduff, John Ross, a Presbyterian minister, was born at Bonhard, near Perth, Scotland, May 23, 1818, and educated at the high school of Edinburgh and in the university of the same city. He became a minister of the Church of Scotland in 1842. Among his pastorates was one of fifteen years in the city of Glasgow. In 1871 Dr. Macduff gave up the pastoral relation. He is the author of a number of volumes in prose and poetry, some of which have great practical and devotional value and have a wide circulation. Most of his hymns appeared in his *Altar Stones*, 1853, and in *The Gates of Praise*, 1876. He died April 30, 1895. The Universities of Glasgow and of New York each conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Christ is coming! let creation..... 602
Jesus wept! those tears are over.... 132

Mackay, Margaret, the daughter of Capt. Robert Mackay, was born at Inverness, Scotland, in 1802. In 1820 she was married to Col. William Mackay, a distinguished officer in the English army. She died January 5, 1887. Her *Thoughts Redeemed; or, Lays of Leisure Hours*, 1854, contained seventy-two of her hymns and poems. Among her prose works, *The Family at Heatherdale* was most widely read. Of all modern funeral hymns, none is oftener sung than her soothing and tender lyric, "Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep..... 583

Macleod, Norman, a distinguished Scotch divine, was the son of Dr. Norman Mac-

leod, and was born at Campbeltown, Argyllshire, Scotland, June 3, 1812. He was educated at the Universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Germany. In 1838 he became the parish minister of Loudon, Ayrshire; in 1843, of Dalketh; and in 1851, of the Barony, Glasgow. In 1841 he was appointed as one of the queen's chaplains, and in 1860 he became the editor of *Good Words*, which he continued to edit until his death, at Glasgow on June 16, 1872. He is the author of numerous published volumes, several of which have attained great popularity. He was one of the most widely known and influential ministers of the Established Church of Scotland. He has but one hymn that has come into common use:

Courage, brother! do not stumble.... 513

Madan, Martin, was born in 1726, and designed to become a member of the English bar; but through the influence of a sermon by John Wesley on the text, "Prepare to meet thy God," he was converted, and at length became a clergyman in the Church of England. He died in 1790. He was the editor of a small but famous hymn book: *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns Extracted from Various Authors*, London, 1760. Several editions of this book were published, and its influence was important in English hymnody. Madan was a popular preacher and a composer of several psalm tunes used in his day. His name appears in this book only in connection with one of the hymns of Isaac Watts.

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies.. 165

Malan, Henri Abraham Cossar, was born in Geneva in 1787. He was a precocious child and a man of genius. In 1810 he was consecrated to the ministry, and was appointed to preach in the cathedral at Geneva that Calvin had formerly occupied. This influential Presbytery had become rationalistic and Socinian. Malan was led to see its errors, became orthodox in faith and experience, and in 1818 was in consequence dismissed from the Established Church. He continued to preach, write, and labor with great zeal and success until his death, in 1864. Dr. Malan was a composer of music as well as a hymn writer. Three of his tunes are found in the Hymnal.

It is not death to die..... 585

March, Daniel, an American Congregational minister, was born at Millbury, Mass., in 1816. He graduated at Yale in 1840, was ordained in the Presbyterian ministry in 1845, and joined the Congregational Church

later. He was a pastor in Philadelphia in 1868 at the time he wrote the hymn found in this volume. He is the author of a widely circulated volume titled *Night Scenes in the Bible*, 1869, and of other popular prose works. He died at Woburn, Mass., March 2, 1909.

Hark, the voice of Jesus calling.... 402
Marcy, Elizabeth Eunice, was born at Eastham, Conn., December 22, 1821. She was the wife of Oliver Marcy, LL.D., Professor of Natural History in the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., where he died in 1899, and where Mrs. Marcy also died January 26, 1911.

Out of the depths to thee I cry..... 427
Marriott, John, a clergyman of the Church of England, was the son of a clergyman, and was born in 1780; was educated at Rugby and Oxford; took holy orders in 1803; served various parishes; and died at his home, near Exeter, March 31, 1825. He was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated the second canto of his *Marmion* to him. His *Sermons* were published in 1838. Two other hymns by him have been published, but the only one that is in common use is that here given, which is a Christian lyric of great value.

Thou, whose almighty word..... 629
Marsden, Joshua, a Wesleyan minister, was born in 1777, and died in 1837. His early educational advantages were very limited, and he did not, it seems, make the most of such as he had. He was a wild, thoughtless, and wicked boy. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the British navy and grew more reckless than ever. But at length, he says, "the grace of God that bringeth salvation turned my feet into the way of peace." He became a missionary to Nova Scotia, and afterwards to the Bermuda Islands. He was the author of several books. His poems were entitled *The Amusements of a Mission*, 1812.

Go, ye messengers of God..... 640
Mason, John, an earnest and pious clergyman of the English Church, was the son of a Dissenting minister; lived in the seventeenth century; was graduated at Cambridge in 1664; and died at the rectory of Water-Stratford, Buckinghamshire, in 1694. His *Spiritual Songs* were published in 1683. He was the best English hymn writer preceding Watts, and many think they can detect his influence upon Watts and Wesley. Richard Baxter styled him "the glory of the Church of England," and said that "the frame of his spirit was so heavenly, his de-

portment so humble and obliging, his discourse of spiritual things so weighty, with such apt words and delightful air, that it charmed all that had any spiritual relish." This character well befits the author of a hymn so deeply devotional and truly spiritual as the one here given.

Now from the altar of our hearts.... 46
Massie, Richard, an Englishman, was born at Chester June 18, 1800, the son of Rev. R. Massie. He translated *Martin Luther's Spiritual Songs*, 1854. His *Lyra Domestica*, London, 1860, was translated from Spitta's *Psalter and Harp*. In 1864 he published a second volume containing more of Spitta's hymns and other translations from the German. He died March 11, 1887. He belonged to the Church of England.

I know no life divided..... 467
Matheson, George, an able and greatly honored minister of the Church of Scotland, was born March 27, 1842. He entered Glasgow University in 1857, when he was but fifteen years of age. He spent nine years at the university—five years in the arts and four years in the study of divinity. He was licensed to preach in 1866. Dr. Matheson, as is well known, was entirely blind during the greater portion of his life. He was probably born with defective sight—at least his mother discovered this fact when he was eighteen months old. In his early boyhood, by using strong glasses and a strong light, he managed to read; but his sight continued to fail, and when he entered the university, at the age of fifteen and one-half years, he was almost blind and had to depend upon the sight of others. He died August 28, 1906. He was never married. His life was full of literary activity. His contributions to the literature of theology are among the ablest and most widely read volumes that have appeared from the English press since 1874, when he published his first volume. Considering the limitations under which he had to do his work, his industry and productiveness were marvelous; and the strength and quality of his work were as notable as the number and frequency of his publications. Among his twenty-five published volumes one was titled *Sacred Songs*, 1890 (third edition, 1904). About a dozen of Dr. Matheson's songs have found a place in Church hymnals, but only one has gained universal popularity. This song of resignation, love, and trust is one that only a great sufferer could write.

O Love that wilt not let me go..... 481

McDonald, William, a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born at Belmont, Me., in 1820. He joined the Miami Conference in 1843; served various pastoral charges in the North and West. Dr. McDonald was a prominent member of the National Holiness Association. For several years he was the editor of the *Christian Witness*, published in Boston. From 1870 till his death he did much evangelistic work. He was an able and worthy man, interested in Church music, and the publisher of several small volumes of hymns for social worship. He died in 1901.

I am coming to the cross. 351

Medley, Samuel, a Baptist minister, was born in Hertfordshire, England, June 23, 1738; was surrounded by pious influences in early life, but became a careless and wicked youth; joined the navy, and was severely wounded. Some one about this time chanced to read to him a sermon by Dr. Isaac Watts, which led to his conversion. After his recovery he entered the ministry. For the last twenty-seven years of his life he was the popular and influential pastor of a large Baptist Church in Liverpool. He died July 17, 1799. His hymns, two hundred and thirty in number, were collected and published the following year under the title of *Medley's Hymns*. "The charm of Medley's hymns consists less in their poetry than in the warmth and occasional pathos with which they give expression to Christian experience."

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays. 539

I know that my Redeemer lives. 168

O could I speak the matchless worth. 540

O what amazing words of grace. 292

Messenger, John Alexander, is the name that appears in D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation* as the translator of a stanza of one of Luther's hymns. The translation was made about 1840. We have no information concerning this writer, but it is hoped that some facts may be learned that may be inserted in a later edition of this volume.

Flung to the heedless winds. 641

Midlane, Albert, an active and earnest English layman, was born in Newport, Isle of Wight, January 23, 1826, and was engaged in business in that town for many years. He has written over eight hundred hymns since 1842, when he published his first hymn. His hymns have been found most useful in Sunday school, revival, and mission services. He attributes his interest in

and contributions to hymnology to the suggestion and encouragement of a favorite Sunday school teacher, who did much to shape his religious life. He is known as "the poet-preacher of the Strict Brethren." He has published, in addition to several small volumes of prose, some half dozen volumes of poetry and sacred songs. Speaking of his habits of composition, he says:

Most of my hymns have been written during walks around the ancient and historic ruins of Carisbrooke Castle. The twilight hour, so dear to thought, and the hushed serenity then pervading nature have often allured my soul to deep and uninterrupted meditation, which, in its turn, has given birth to lines which, had not these walks been taken, would never probably have been penned.

Dr. Julian quotes from and approves Miller's estimate of Mr. Midlane's hymns:

They are full of spiritual thought, careful in their wording, and often very pleasing without reaching the highest form of poetical excellence. A marked feature of these hymns is the constant and happy use of Scripture phraseology.

A few years ago a popular subscription was taken up among the parents, teachers, and children of England to relieve Mr. Midlane's necessities. The most popular of all his hymns is the one found in this collection:

There's a Friend for little children. . 680

Miller, Emily Huntington, was born in Brooklyn, Conn., October 22, 1833, the daughter of Rev. Thomas Huntington, D.D., a Methodist minister; was educated at Oberlin College, A.B. 1857. In 1860 she was married to Mr. John E. Miller, who died in 1882. She has written much for various periodicals, both in prose and verse. From 1867 to 1875 she edited the children's magazine called the *Little Corporal*, which was later merged with *St. Nicholas*. From 1891 to 1898 she was dean of women in Northwestern University, from which institution she received in 1909 the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature (L.H.D.). She is the author of some fifteen or twenty volumes of prose and poetry, her books being written mostly for young people. Mrs. Miller is a Methodist. Her present address is St. Paul, Minn.

Kingdom of light! whose morning. . . 651

Tell the blessed tidings. 652

Mills, Henry, a Presbyterian preacher and professor of theology, was born at Morristown, N. J., March 12, 1786. He was educated at Princeton, graduating in 1802.

After teaching a number of years, he was ordained pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Woodbridge, N. J., in 1816. When the Auburn Theological Seminary was opened in 1821, he was chosen Professor of Biblical Criticism and Oriental Languages, a position that he held until 1854. A volume of his translations of German hymns was published in 1845 under the title *Horæ Germanicæ*. He died June 10, 1867.

Near the cross was Mary weeping... 154

Milman, Henry Hart, an eminent dean of the Church of England and well known as a Church historian, was the son of Sir Francis Milman, a court physician of note, and was born in London February 10, 1791. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where as a student he took well-nigh all the honors open to a student. His prize poem on "Apollo Belvidere," written in 1812, Dean Stanley pronounced "the most perfect of all Oxford prize poems." He entered the ministry in 1816; was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1821 to 1831; became Canon of Westminster in 1835, and Dean of St. Paul's in 1849. He died September 24, 1868. His career as a man of letters, theologian, and Churchman was brilliant. His poetic and theological writings are numerous. His *History of the Jews* (1829), *History of Christianity* (1840), *Latin Christianity* (1854), and other volumes are among the ablest and most valuable of nineteenth century contributions to English theological literature. Milman's thirteen hymns were first published in Bishop Heber's posthumous volume of *Hymns*, 1827, and later republished in his own *Psalms and Hymns*, 1837. They are all in use among modern Church hymnals.

Ride on, ride on in majesty..... 150

Milton, John, one of the greatest of English poets, is known to hymnologists as the author of nineteen versions of various Psalms, which appeared in his *Poems in English and Latin*, second edition, 1673. Two or three of them have been extensively used. Milton was born in London December 9, 1608; and died in the same city November 8, 1674. He was educated at Cambridge. After graduating he traveled extensively for those days. He was a Puritan in religion and a Republican in politics; was in public service under Cromwell, and narrowly escaped death or banishment at the Restoration. In 1652 he became totally blind; but his poetic vision seemed to be only quickened thereby, and he wrote

in *Paradise Lost* "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

The Lord will come and not be slow. 642

Mohr, Joseph, a Roman Catholic priest, was born at Salzburg, Austria, December 11, 1792. He was ordained in 1815, and served as assistant and vicar in several churches until his death in Wagerin December 4, 1848.

Silent night! Holy night..... 123

Monod, Theodore, pastor of the French Reformed Church in Paris, son of Rev. F. Monod, was born in Paris November 6, 1836. He was educated for the ministry partly in America, being a student for some years at Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa. In 1860 he entered upon his work in Paris, where his influence as an evangelical preacher has extended beyond the French Reformed Church, in which he has been a leading pastor during the past half century. Only a man with an evangelical religious experience could write a hymn like this:

O the bitter shame and sorrow.... 380

Monsell, John Samuel Bewley, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Londonderry, Ireland, March 2, 1811, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, receiving the B.A. degree in 1832. Taking holy orders in 1834, he served in several offices of the Church of England. His death, April 9, 1875, was caused by his falling from the roof of his church, which was at the time in process of erection. He wrote a large number of hymns, some three hundred in all being published in the six different volumes which he issued between 1837 and 1873. About eighty of his hymns are said to be in common use in England. "While only a few of his hymns," says Dr. Julian, "are of enduring excellence, they are, as a whole, bright, joyous, and musical." The three here given are of a high order of excellence.

Fight the good fight with all thy.... 409

Lord of the living harvest..... 219

To thee, O dear, dear Saviour..... 324

Montgomery, James, the poet, holds an enviable place among English hymnists. He was the son of a Moravian minister; was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4, 1771; was religiously instructed at home, and while attending a Moravian school at Fulneck, England, made a public profession of religion by uniting with the Moravian Church. As he grew up, however,

the pleasures of the world led him astray. The influence of early education preserved him from gross sins, but he was not at peace with God. After many years of doubt and dissatisfaction, he was led to look to the Saviour of his youth, and found rest. At his own request he was readmitted into the Moravian congregation at Fulneck when forty-three years of age. He expressed his feelings at the time in the following lines:

People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

Montgomery was an editor by profession, and for publishing what were then called libelous articles was twice fined and imprisoned in the Castle of York—once in 1795 for three months, and once in the following year for six months. While imprisoned he wrote his first book of poems, entitled *Prison Amusements*. In addition to several poetical works, he published three volumes of hymns: *Songs of Zion: Being Imitations of Psalms*, 1822; *The Christian Psalmist*, 1825; *Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion*, 1853. From 1833 till his death he received a royal pension of two hundred pounds a year. He died quietly in his sleep on April 30, 1854, at his home, in Sheffield. Nineteen of Montgomery's hymns appear in this book:

| | |
|--|-----|
| According to thy gracious word..... | 234 |
| Angels from the realms of glory.... | 113 |
| Behold the Christian warrior stand.. | 397 |
| Forever with the Lord..... | 625 |
| Friend after friend departs..... | 537 |
| God is my strong salvation..... | 448 |
| God is our refuge and defense..... | 97 |
| Hail to the Lord's anointed..... | 650 |
| Hark the song of jubilee..... | 646 |
| Hosanna be the children's song..... | 679 |
| In the hour of trial..... | 431 |
| O Spirit of the living God..... | 188 |
| O where shall rest be found..... | 250 |
| Prayer is the soul's sincere desire... | 497 |
| Servant of God, well done..... | 597 |
| Sow in the morn thy seed..... | 389 |
| The Lord is my Shepherd, no want.. | 104 |
| We bid thee welcome in the name... | 226 |
| What is the thing of greatest price. | 243 |

Moore, Thomas, the noted Irish poet, was born in Dublin May 28, 1779; began to write poetry at quite an early age; graduated at Trinity College, in his native city,

in 1798, and the following year moved to London and began the study of law. From 1800 until his death, February 26, 1852, he published works in prose and poetry too numerous to mention. His *Sacred Songs* was published in 1816. It contained thirty-two lyrics, twelve of which have found a place in various hymn books, and these more largely in America than in England. "Of all the song writers that ever warbled or chanted or sung," says Professor Wilson, "the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore." He was a musician as well as a poet, and often sung his own songs to the delight of the social circles among the great and noble, where he was ever a welcome and favored visitor. His religious life was anything else but that of a Christian; but his songs are nevertheless among the sweetest, tenderest, and most admired in the hymn book.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye... 526

O Thou who driest the mourner's... 522

Mote, Edward, an English Baptist minister, was born in London January 21, 1797. He went astray, he tells us, from his youth, but was happily converted in 1813 under the preaching of the Rev. J. Hyatt, one of Lady Huntingdon's preachers, and joined the Church of which Rev. Alexander Fletcher was pastor, but two years later united with the Baptist Church. He engaged in business as a cabinetmaker for some years, but employed part of his time writing for the press, and at length entered the ministry. From 1852 until his death, November 13, 1874, he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Horsham, Essex. Mr. Mote was the editor of *Hymns of Praise*, London, 1836, to which he contributed nearly one hundred of his own compositions.

My hope is built on nothing less... 330

Moultrie, Gerard, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born September 16, 1829, in the Rugby rectory, of which his father, Rev. John Moultrie (also a hymn writer of note), was incumbent. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford, whence he received both the B.A. (1851) and M.A. (1856) degrees. He filled various clerical offices in the Church of England. He died April 25, 1885. Among his published volumes are the following: *Hymns and Lyrics for the Seasons and Saints' Days of the Church*, 1867, and *Cantica Sanctorum; or, Hymns for the Black Letter Saints' Days in the English and Scottish Calendars*, 1880. His hymns include translations from

the Latin, Greek, and German. About fifty of his hymns are found in different Church hymnals.

We march, we march to victory.... 418

Muhlenberg, William Augustus, an eminent Episcopal minister, was born in Philadelphia September 16, 1796, being the son of Rev. Frederick Muhlenberg, D.D., who was at first a Lutheran clergyman, but entered Congress and became Speaker of the House of Representatives in the first Congress; and was the grandson of Rev. Henry M. Muhlenberg, D.D., who was the revered patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1814, and was ordained priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1820. Subsequently he established St. Paul's College at Flushing, Long Island. From 1846 to 1859 he was rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, in New York City. In 1855 he founded St. Luke's Hospital in New York City, and was its pastor and superintendent until his death. He also founded in 1865 St. Johnland, a home for the needy. Dr. Muhlenberg was one of the committee that edited *Hymns Suited to the Feasts and Fasts of the Church*, 1826. He died April 6, 1877.

I would not live away..... 584

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly... 119

Neale, John Mason, an eminent English clergyman and author, the son of Rev. Cornelius Neale, was born in London January 24, 1818; was graduated at Cambridge in 1840, and the following year entered the ministry; was appointed warden of Sackville College, Sussex, an institution for aged women, in 1846, which office he continued to fill until his death, in 1866. He was the author of numerous published volumes, many of them evincing his antiquarian and ritualistic tastes. Among his works are fifteen volumes of hymns and translations. He is perhaps the most successful of all modern translators of hymns from the Latin and Greek. In translating the hymns of the Greek Church into English Dr. Neale's work is not only more extensive than, but incomparably superior to, that of any other translator. Indeed, this field is one which he occupies almost alone. The two original hymns and seven translations by Dr. Neale in this volume are scarcely surpassed for poetic merit by any hymns in the entire collection.

All glory, laud, and honor..... 31

Art thou weary, art thou languid... 293

Christian! dost thou see them..... 616

Christ is made the sure Foundation.. 662

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.. 163

For thee, O dear, dear country..... 614

Jerusalem the golden..... 612

O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills... 658

The day of resurrection..... 164

Needham, John, was an English Baptist minister of the eighteenth century, the exact dates of whose birth and death are not known. In 1768 he published a hymn book with the following lengthy title: *Hymns Devotional and Moral, on Various Subjects Collected Chiefly from the Holy Scriptures, and Suited to the Christian State and Worship*. From this book compilers have selected a few good hymns.

Rise, O my soul, pursue the path... 404

Newmark, Georg, a German poet, was born in Thuringia March 16, 1621. After graduating at a gymnasium, he was for a time a family tutor. In 1643 he was matriculated at the university at Königsberg, where he remained five years. In 1652 he was appointed court poet at Weimar, where he wrote many secular poems. He was also a hymn writer and musician. Only a few of his thirty-four hymns survive, the one given here being considered his best. He died at Weimar July 18, 1681.

Leave God to order all thy ways... 476

Newman, John Henry, a distinguished cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, was born in London February 21, 1801; was graduated at Oxford in 1820, and for several years was a tutor in the college. He was a leader of the High-Church party in the Church of England from the first, and had great influence among the young men at Oxford. He was ordained to the ministry in the Church of England in 1824, but in 1845 left that communion and united with the Roman Catholic. He was made a cardinal in 1879. He died in London August 11, 1890. He was the most prominent and influential English Roman Catholic of the nineteenth century. His collected works include many well-known volumes on doctrinal and ecclesiastical subjects. His translations of Latin hymns and his original hymns are found in *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, and in *Verses on Various Occasions*, 1868. Only a few are in common use.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the..... 460

Newton, John, the child of many prayers, the profligate youth, the wicked sailor boy, the contrite penitent, the happy Christian, the consecrated minister, the eminent divine, the sweet singer, was born in London

July 24, 1725. His mother, a devotedly pious woman, died when he was only seven years of age. His only "schooling" was from his eighth to his tenth year. He was engaged in the African slave trade for several years, and was even himself held as a slave at one time in Sierra Leone. He became an infidel, but was converted in a storm at sea while returning from Africa. He married a noble and pious woman in 1750. He became a minister in the Established Church in 1758, but was not ordained until 1764, when he obtained the curacy of Olney, near Cambridge. He remained here for nearly sixteen years, being intimately associated with the poet Cowper, who was joint author with him of the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. Soon after the appearance of this volume he moved to London, where he did faithful and successful work for many years as rector of St. Mary Woolnoth. He attained an honored old age, dying December 21, 1807. Newton wrote his own epitaph, which he requested might be put upon a plain marble tablet near the vestry door of his church in London:

JOHN NEWTON, Clerk,
Once an Infidel and Libertine,
A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and
Saviour

JESUS CHRIST,
Preserved, restored, and pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long labored to destroy.
Near 16 years at Olney in Bucks
And years in this church
On Feb. 1, 1750, he married

MARY,
Daughter of the late George Catlett
Of Catham, Kent.
He resigned her to the Lord who gave her
On 15th of December, 1790.

The following thirteen hymns are among the best in our Hymnal:

| | |
|--|-----|
| Amazing grace! how sweet the | 309 |
| Approach, my soul, the mercy seat. | 285 |
| Come, my soul, thy suit prepare. | 507 |
| Glorious things of thee are spoken. | 210 |
| How sweet the name of Jesus. | 137 |
| How tedious and tasteless the hours. | 538 |
| Joy is a fruit that will not grow. | 546 |
| Lord, I cannot let thee go. | 514 |
| May the grace of Christ our Saviour. | 40 |
| One there is, above all others. | 174 |
| Safely through another week. | 69 |
| Though troubles assail, and dangers. | 92 |
| While with ceaseless course the sun. | 574 |

Noel, Gerard Thomas, a clergyman in the Church of England, was born December 2, 1782. He was educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge. He was successively curate of

Radwell, vicar of Romsey, and canon of Winchester Cathedral. He died at Romsey February 24, 1851. He was a brother of the noted divine, Rev. Baptist W. Noel. He published two volumes of sermons and compiled a hymn book, *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1810. Only two or three of his hymns are in common use.

If human kindness meets return. 236

When musing sorrow weeps the. 455

North, Frank Mason, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in New York, December 3, 1850. He was graduated at Wesleyan University in 1872, and entered the ministry the same year. After filling important stations in the Methodist Episcopal Church for twenty years, he became in 1892 Corresponding Secretary of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, since which date he has also been editor of the *Christian City*, published in New York City. Dr. North's home mission hymn found here (No. 423) is one of the best in the entire Hymnal.

Jesus, the calm that fills my breast. 549

Where cross the crowded ways of. 423

Olivers, Thomas, one of Mr. Wesley's itinerant ministers, was born in Tregoman, Wales, in 1725. Early in life he was left an orphan. Distant relatives brought him up in an indifferent manner. He was sent to school for a time, and his religious education was not altogether neglected. As he grew older he became very profane, and at length ran away from his master, a shoemaker, to whom he was apprenticed. The drinking vagabond—for such he was—in his wicked career arrived at Bristol, where Whitefield had an appointment to preach. He went to hear him, and was converted. "When the sermon began," he says, "I was one of the most abandoned and profligate young men living; before it was ended I was a new creature." From that time onward he lived a new life, joined the Methodists, and in 1753 became one of Wesley's itinerant preachers. Clear, strong, and sometimes fiery, he was the man for the times, and for forty-six years made full proof of his ministry. Most of his prose writings relate to the Calvinistic controversies of that day. Wesley said he was fully a "match" for Toplady. For some years he aided Wesley in editing the *Arminian Magazine*. He wrote only four or five hymns, but they are all of high order. He died March 7, 1799.

O thou God of my salvation. 25

The God of Abraham praise. 4

Palmer, Ray, an eminent Congregational minister, son of Judge Thomas Palmer, was born at Little Compton, R. I., November 12, 1808. At thirteen years of age he became a clerk in a dry goods store in Boston, where he identified himself with the Park Street Congregational Church, whose pastor, Dr. S. E. Dwight, discerning the promise of great usefulness in the boy, took a deep interest in him, inducing him to go to Phillips Academy, Andover, where he prepared for Yale College, from which institution he was graduated in 1830. The next year he lived in New York City, taking up the study of theology privately and supporting himself by teaching in a woman's college. He taught in a young ladies' institute at New Haven during 1832-34, continuing his theological studies and entering the ministry at the close of this period. From 1835 to 1850 he was pastor of the Congregational Church at Bath, Me., and from 1850 to 1865 he was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Albany, N. Y. For thirteen years (1865-78) he lived in New York City and filled the office of Corresponding Secretary of the American Congregational Union. He resigned this office in 1878 and retired to private life, making his home in Newark, N. J., until his death, March 29, 1887. Between 1829 and 1881 he published eleven volumes, among them *Hymns and Sacred Pieces*, 1865, and *Hymns of My Holy Hours and Other Pieces*, 1868. About forty of Dr. Palmer's hymns have found a place in the various Church hymnals. He is regarded by many as the greatest hymn writer that America has produced, and his hymn beginning "My faith looks up to thee" as the greatest hymn of American origin. "He has written more and better hymns than any other American," says Dr. Duffield, author of *English Hymns*. "In their tender spirit of reverential worship, the beauty of their poetical conceptions, the choiceness of their diction, and the gracefulness of their expression the hymns of Ray Palmer are unsurpassed by any similar compositions in the language," says W. H. Parker in his *Psalmody of the Church*. "The best of his hymns, by their combination of thought, poetry, and devotion, are superior to almost all others of American origin." So writes Prof. F. M. Bird in *Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology*.

Come, Holy Ghost, in love..... 184
 My faith looks up to thee..... 334
 Jesus, these eyes have never seen... 537
 Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts.... 536

Park, Roswell, an Episcopal clergyman and educator, was born at Lebanon, Conn., October 1, 1807. He received a military education, graduating at West Point in 1831, and served several years in the United States Engineer Corps. In 1842 he began to study theology, and soon after entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In 1852 he became President of Racine College (Wisconsin). In 1863 he founded a school in Chicago, where he died July 16, 1869. He was the author of a volume entitled *Selections of Juvenile and Miscellaneous Poems. Written or Translated*. Philadelphia, 1836.

Jesus spreads his banner o'er us.... 235

Perronet, Edward, an Independent English clergyman, was born in 1726. He was the son of Rev. Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, who was a friend and supporter of the Wesleys, and lived to be ninety-one years old; and John Wesley makes frequent and affectionate allusions in his Journal to his visits to the white-haired patriarch and saint. Edward Perronet was educated in the Church of England, but became a Wesleyan preacher when quite a young man, and continued such until 1756, when the question arose among the Methodists concerning separation from the Church of England, which the Wesleys strenuously opposed and Perronet as strongly favored and urged. He went so far as to administer the Lord's Supper to the "societies," and wrote a scathing satire on the Church of England titled *The Miter, a Satyrical Poem*. The Wesleys were much irritated by this production, and succeeded in suppressing and destroying all but about thirty copies. Perronet then joined the Lady Huntingdon Connection, and later became a Dissenter. His home was at Canterbury for several years previous to his death, which occurred January 2, 1792. He was too independent in spirit to call any man master, but he was always loyal and true to Christ.

All hail the power of Jesus' name.. 180

Phelps, Sylvanus Dryden, a Baptist minister, was born in Suffield, Conn., May 15, 1816; a graduate of Brown University, class of 1844. In 1846 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church at New Haven, Conn. He died November 23, 1895. Three volumes of poetry came from his pen. Five of Dr. Phelps's hymns are found in Church hymnals.

Saviour, thy dying love..... 349

Pierpoint, Polliott Sanford, a native of England, was born at Bath October 7, 1835; educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, graduating in 1871. He published a volume of poems in 1878. He has contributed a few hymns to the *Churchman's Companion*, *Lyra Eucharistica*, and other publications. He is a member of the Church of England. His most popular hymn is the one given in this book:

For the beauty of the earth..... 28

Pierpont, John, a Unitarian preacher, was born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785; graduated at Yale College in 1804. After spending some years as a teacher, lawyer, and merchant, he became a minister when about thirty-three years old, and in 1819 was installed as pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, in Boston, where he remained twenty-one years. His strong anti-slavery and temperance utterances brought him under fire. From 1845 to 1849 he was pastor of the Unitarian Church at Troy, N. Y., and from 1849 to 1859, of the Unitarian Church at Medford, Mass. He was for a while a chaplain in the army during the Civil War, but was later in the government employ at Washington. He died August 27, 1866. His *Poems and Hymns* was published in 1840; second edition, 1854. About twenty of his hymns are found in Church hymnals.

O thou to whom in ancient time.... 12
On this stone, now laid with prayer... 657

Plumptree, Edward Hayes, an eminent English clergyman, author, and professor of theology, was born in London August 6, 1821. He was educated at King's College, London, and at University College, Oxford, graduating in 1844. He entered the ministry in 1846, and speedily rose to a position of influence in the Church. He was a noted scholar, the author of numerous works in both prose and poetry. He was a member of the Commission on the revision of the Old Testament. His hymns are few in number but elegant in style, fervent in spirit, and popular with hymnists. Dr. Plumptree became Dean of Wells in 1881. He died February 1, 1891.

Rejoice, ye pure in heart..... 421

Pott, Francis, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born December 29, 1832. He was a graduate of Brasenose College, Oxford (A.B. 1854, A.M. 1857). He wrote a number of original hymns, and is the translator of hymns from the Latin and Syriac. He edited *Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer*, 1861. His hymns and

translations are widely used and enjoy great popularity in England. Dr. Pott is still living.

Angel voices ever singing..... 27

Potter, Thomas Joseph, an English Roman Catholic priest and professor, was born at Scarborough, England, in 1827. He became a Roman Catholic in 1847, and later took orders in that Church. He was for a number of years the Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and English Literature in a college at Dublin, where he died in 1873. He was the author of several books in prose, contributed poems to *Holy Family Hymns*, 1860, and published *Legends, Lyrics, and Hymns*, 1862. His most popular hymn is the one given in this book:

Brightly beams our banner..... 681

Prentiss, Elizabeth Payson, the author of *Stepping Heavenward*, was the daughter of that saintly man, Rev. Edward Payson, of Portland, Me., where she was born October 26, 1818. She became a contributor of both prose and poetry to the *Youth's Companion* as early as her sixteenth year. She was a devotedly pious woman. She taught school in Portland, in Ipswich, Mass., and in Richmond, Va. She was married in 1845 to Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D., an eminent Presbyterian divine and professor in Union Theological Seminary, of New York City. She was never in robust health, but did much literary work, publishing several volumes. Her *Stepping Heavenward* (1869) is one of the most popular books ever published in the English language. Her *Religious Poems* appeared in 1873, and her *Golden Hours; or, Hymns and Songs of the Christian Life*, in 1874. She died August 13, 1878. Soon after her death her husband published her *Life and Letters*.

More love to thee, O Christ..... 317

Procter, Adelaide Anne, the daughter of Bryan Walla Procter, better known as "Barry Cornwall," was born in London October 30, 1825; and died there February 2, 1864. Her hymns are sweet and pathetic. They are found in her *Legends and Lyrics*, 1858 (enlarged edition, 1862). In 1851 she became a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church. Possessed of more than ordinary intellectual powers, she was especially skilled in music and languages. Three of her hymns are given in this collection:

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may... 542

My God, I thank thee who hast... 29

The shadows of the evening hours... 62

Frynne, George Bundle, an English clergyman of the Established Church, was born in Cornwall, England, August 23, 1818. He was educated at Cambridge (A.B. 1839) and was ordained to the ministry in 1841. He became vicar of St. Peter's, in Plymouth, in 1848. Among his publications were three volumes of sermons, a *Hymnal Suited for the Services of the Church*, 1858, and a volume of *Poems and Hymns* in 1881. He died March 25, 1903.

Jesus, meek and gentle..... 685

Babanus Maurus, Bishop of Mayence, was born at Mayence about 776, and died there in 856. He was educated at the cloister school at Fulda, to the headship of which he was soon afterwards appointed. He was made a bishop in 847. He is the author of several works, among them two volumes of hymns. It is by no means certain that he is the author of the famous Latin hymn, "*Veni, Creator, Spiritus*," here attributed to him.

Creator, Spirit! by whose aid..... 194

Rankin, Jeremiah Eames, a Congregational minister and educator, the son of Rev. Andrew Rankin, was born at Thornton, N. H., January 2, 1828; was graduated from Middlebury College, Vt., in 1848; a pastor of Congregational Churches successively in Potsdam, N. Y., St. Albans, Vt., Lowell and Boston, Mass., Washington and Orange, N. J. From 1889 to 1903 he was President of Howard University, Washington City. He was the author of about a dozen volumes of prose and poetry. In 1878 he edited and issued the *Gospel Temperance Hymnal*. He died June 15, 1904. Of all modern "good-by" hymns used in religious services, this one by Dr. Rankin is the most popular:

God be with you till we meet again.. 564

Rawson, George, an English Congregational layman, was born June 5, 1807, in Leeds, where he practiced many years as a solicitor. He contributed to various books. His knowledge of music and his gifts as a hymn writer led the Congregational ministers of Leeds to call on him for assistance in compiling the *Leeds Hymn Book*, 1853. In 1858 he assisted Dr. Green and other Baptist ministers in the preparation of *Psalms and Hymns for the Use of the Baptist Denomination*. His *Hymns, Verses, and Chants*, published in London in 1876, contained eighty original pieces. His *Songs of Spiritual Thought* appeared in 1885. He died March 25, 1889.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ..... 239

Reed, Andrew, an English Independent minister, was born in London November 27, 1787; was graduated from Hackney College, and soon afterwards became pastor of a Church in East London, where he remained for fifty years, devoting much of his time to philanthropic work. In 1834, on a visit to America, he received from Yale College the degree of D.D. He published a *Supplement to Watts* in 1817, a revised and enlarged edition of which appeared in 1841, containing twenty-seven hymns by himself and nineteen by his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes Reed. He died at Hackney, London, February 25, 1862. Dr. Reed is best known in England as the founder of the London Orphan Asylum, the Asylum for Fatherless Children, The Asylum for Idiots, the Infant Orphan Asylum, and the Hospital for Incurables. If the value of every song is to be determined by the intrinsic merits of the hymn, plus the life and character of the man who wrote it, it must follow that the hymns of the man who founded and worked for all these philanthropic and beneficent institutions are among the most valuable hymns in the entire collection. Mrs. Reed's hymn beginning "O do not let the word depart" is quite as popular and useful as anything her husband wrote.

Holy Ghost, with light divine..... 185

Spirit Divine, attend our prayer..... 190

Rice, Caroline Laura, was the wife of the Rev. William Rice, D.D., a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church. After Dr. Rice retired from the active ministry he resided at Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Rice was born in 1819, and died August 29, 1899.

Wilt thou hear the voice of praise.. 675

Richter, Christian Frederic, was born at So-rau, in Silesia, October 5, 1676; was graduated from the University of Halle, and became identified with the celebrated orphanage there. He was a student of medicine, as well as of theology. A Christian physician and scientist, he took his religion into everything that he did. "He made many chemical experiments, for which he prepared himself by special prayer, and invented many compounds which came into extensive use under the name of the 'Halle medicines.'" Among the holy men and gifted writers of hymns and other forms of devotional literature who made famous the earlier school of German Pietists at Halle Richter was one of the most noted. Many of the thirty-three hymns that he wrote are not only deeply spiritual, but are pos-

sessed of genuine poetic merit. Richter died October 5, 1711.

My soul before thee prostrate lies... 273

Rinkart, Martin, a German minister, musician, and poet, was born at Ellenburg, Saxony, April 23, 1586. He was educated at the Latin school of Ellenburg and at the University of Leipzig, which he entered in 1602. He was the beloved pastor of a Church in his native town for many years, and died there December 8, 1649. "The greater part of Rinkart's professional life was passed amid the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. Ellenburg, being a small walled town, became a refuge for fugitives from all around, and, being so overcrowded, not unnaturally suffered from pestilence and famine." His duties as a clergyman at that time were very arduous. His memory is cherished in his native land, and his most famous hymn, "Nun Danket," is widely used.

Now thank we all our God..... 30

Robert II., King of France (972-1031), is the reputed author of the hymn to which his name is here attached, but his claim to the authorship of it is very slender. There are at least four men for whom the authorship of the famous Latin hymn, "*Veni Sancte Spiritus*," is claimed, and no conclusive evidence exists that any one of them wrote it. The other three alleged authors are: Hermannus Contractus, 1013-1054; Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, consecrated in 1207; and Pope Innocent III. This hymn, therefore, will be most properly designated as of unknown authorship. One of the best of the many excellent translations of it is that here given by Dr. Ray Palmer.

Come, Holy Ghost, in love..... 184

Roberts, Daniel C., a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born at Bridge Hampton, Long Island, November 5, 1841. He graduated at Gambier College in 1857, and was ordained in 1866. In 1905 he became rector at Concord, N. H., where he now resides. The patriotic hymn by Dr. Roberts, found in this volume, is likely to find a place in many American hymnals.

God of our fathers, whose almighty.. 704

Robinson, George, is an English hymn writer of whom little is known. In 1842 the Rev. J. Leifchild published in London a volume of *Original Hymns* by various authors. In a list of contributors "G. Robinson" is credited with the authorship of five

hymns, among them the hymn accredited to him in this book. Nothing more seems to be known of this author. It is to be hoped that other information may be obtained that may appear in later editions of this volume. Suffice it in the meantime that we know two most important facts about him, gathered from this short hymn—viz., that his views of the atonement are evangelical and sound, and his Christian catholicity quite in accord with the growing spirit of fraternity and brotherhood that characterizes the best type of modern Christianity.

One sole baptismal sign..... 559

Robinson, Richard Hayes, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in London in 1842; educated at King's College, London; became curate of St. Paul's, Penge, in 1866; later was in charge of Octagon Chapel, Bath, and St. Germans, Blackheath; died November 5, 1892.

Holy Father, cheer our way..... 56

Robinson, Robert, the author of "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," an English Baptist minister, was born in Swaffham, Norfolk, England, September 27, 1735. He received a good grammar school education. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a London hairdresser, but the Lord was preparing him for a higher calling. He was converted among the Methodists in his twentieth year, and became a lay preacher among them, but soon left them and became an Independent. In less than a year, however, he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Cambridge, where he remained as an "open communion" Baptist until the year of his death. He died June 9, 1790, being succeeded in the pastorate of the Church by Rev. Robert Hall. He was a very popular preacher and author of several able works, among them *A Plea for the Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ*, 1776, a volume which "dignitaries and divines of the Church of England united with Non-conformists in lauding as an exceptionally able, scholarly, and pungently written book." His *History of Baptism and the Baptists* appeared in 1790. A few months before he died he retired to Birmingham, where he seems to have had friendly fellowship with Dr. Priestley, the noted Unitarian divine. This led some Unitarians to infer and to declare that before his death he came into sympathy with their views. But this inference is unwarranted.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing. 19

Mighty God, while angels bless thee. 85

Rodigast, Samuel, a German minister and educator, was born near Jena October 19, 1649; educated at the University of Jena, taking the degree of Master of Arts in 1671. For several years he was engaged in educational work. In 1698 he became rector of Greyfriars Gymnasium, Berlin, which position he held until his death, in 1708.

Whate'er my God ordains is right... 487

Roscoe, William, an English lawyer, banker, author, a member of the Unitarian Church, was born in Liverpool March 8, 1753; and died June 30, 1831. He was educated as a lawyer, and practiced until 1796, when he gave up the profession of law for that of literature. His *Life of Lorenzo de Medici* was published in 1796, and the *Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth* in 1805. He was one of the compilers of a hymn book titled *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Worship*, 1818. To this book he contributed nine hymns. Three of Mr. Roscoe's children were hymn writers. A son (William Stanley) and two daughters (Mary Ann and Jane) have written valuable hymns.

Great God, beneath whose piercing.. 708

Rothe, Johann Andreas, a German clergyman, the son of Rev. Ægidius Rothe, was born at Lissa May 12, 1688; educated at the University of Leipzig, taking the degree of M.A. in 1712. Soon after this he was licensed to preach. In 1722 Count Zinzen-dorf gave him the pastorate at Berthelsdorf, where he remained many years. Herrnhut was a part of his parish. In 1737 he resigned this pastorate and became a Lutheran minister. He died July 6, 1758.

Now I have found the ground..... 302

Scheffler, Johann Angelus, an eminent mystic of the seventeenth century, better known as "Angelus Silesius," was the son of Stanislaus Scheffler, a Polish nobleman, who was compelled to leave his fatherland because of his adherence to Lutheranism. He was born in 1624 at Breslau, Silesia. He was early enamored of the writings of the mystics, and became a disciple of Jacob Boehme. He entered the medical profession, and in 1649 received the appointment of private physician to the Duke of Wurtemberg-Oels. The Lutheran clergy regarded Scheffler as a heretic, and, finding no sympathy in them, he went to the Roman Catholic Church. He now became private physician to the Emperor Ferdinand III., but soon abandoned his profession and entered the priesthood, returning to Breslau,

where he died July 9, 1677. Most of his hymns were written before he became a Roman Catholic. Of twenty-five hymns by him in common use, we have here only one, a translation by John Wesley.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun..... 367

Schmolke, Benjamin, a Lutheran pastor, hymn writer, and poet, was born December 21, 1672. He was educated at the Gymnasium of Lauban and the University of Leipzig. He was married in 1702, and the same year became one of the pastors of the Lutheran Church at Schweidnitz, where he remained until the time of his death. "Schmolke was well known in his own district as a popular and useful preacher, a diligent pastor, and a man of wonderful tact and discretion." He was also a great poet. His original hymns greatly widened his influence and increased his popularity. His poetic writings were numerous and manifested a deep, genuine, and warm-hearted piety, and have been used extensively in Germany. He died February 12, 1737.

My Jesus, as thou wilt..... 524

Scott, Thomas, an English Presbyterian clergyman, son of Rev. Thomas Scott, an Independent minister, and brother of Elizabeth Scott, also well known as a hymn writer, was born at Norwich in 1705, and succeeded Mr. Baxter as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Ipswich in 1737. He died in 1775. He was the author of a translation in verse of the book of Job (1771) and of a volume of *Lyric Poems* (1773). "Doctrinally," says Julian, "Scott may be described as an evangelical Arian."

Hasten, sinner, to be wise..... 248

Scott, Sir Walter, the "Wizard of the North," was born in Edinburgh August 15, 1771, and educated in the high school and university of his native city. The leading events of his career as a poet and novelist are so well known that they do not need to be repeated here. Two of his hymns appear in this Hymnal, and are every way worthy of the genius of the author. Scott died at Abbotsford September 21, 1832.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day. 603

When Israel of the Lord beloved... 95

Scriven, Joseph, the author of "What a Friend we have in Jesus," was born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1820; was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin; moved to Canada in 1845, where he led a humble but useful life till his death at Port Hope, October 10, 1886. Mr. Ira D. Sankey, in his *Story of the Gospel Hymns*, says that the young

lady to whom he was to be married was accidentally drowned on the eve of their wedding day, which sad event led him to consecrate his life and property to the service of Christ. It is said that no service was too lowly for him to render if it could be done without compensation and without observation for one of the least of Christ's disciples. His hymn is one of the most popular of all modern hymns.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.... 551

Seagrave, Robert, the son of Rev. Robert Seagrave, was an English clergyman who was born November 22, 1693. He was educated at Cambridge, taking the degree of M.A. in 1718. He fraternized with and defended the Calvinistic Methodists, and wrote and published pamphlets and sermons designed to reform the clergy and Church of England. While preaching at Lorimer's Hall, London, he published a hymn book for the use of his congregation: *Hymns for Christian Worship*, 1742 (fourth edition, 1748). To this book he contributed fifty original hymns, one of which is found here. The year of his death is not known; it was probably about 1756.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings. 623

Sears, Edward Hamilton, a Unitarian clergyman, author, editor, and poet, was born in Berkshire, Mass., April 6, 1810. He served as pastor of Unitarian Churches in Massachusetts for nearly forty years, and in the meantime was active and useful as an author. He was a graduate of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., class of 1834, and also of the Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., 1837. Among his poetic writings are two fine Christmas songs, one of which appears in this book. Dr. Sears died January 14, 1876. "Although a member of the Unitarian body," says Prof. F. M. Bird in *Jullian's Dictionary*, "his views were rather Swedenborgian than Unitarian. He held always to the absolute divinity of Christ."

It came upon the midnight clear.... 110

Seymour, Aaron Crossley Hobart, the son of an English clergyman, was born in County Limerick December 19, 1789. His parents were intellectual people, and he enjoyed the advantages of a thorough education. While yet a youth he heard a plain gospel sermon at one of Lady Huntingdon's chapels, and became an earnest Christian. He was the author of several valuable books, among them *The Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon*, in two vol-

umes (octavo), 1839. This is the standard life of Lady Huntingdon, a very valuable work. He died in October, 1870.

Jesus, immortal King, arise..... 632

Shepherd, Thomas, an English Congregational clergyman, son of Rev. William Shepherd (who was first a minister in the Established Church, but later became an Independent), was born in 1665. After his graduation at the university he took orders in the Established Church, but in 1694 he became a Congregationalist. From 1694 to 1700 he was pastor of the Independent Church in Nottingham, of which Dr. Philip Doddridge was later the more famous pastor. From 1700 till his death, January 29, 1739, he was pastor of a Church in Braintree, Essex.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone.... 428

Shurtleff, Ernest Warburton, a Congregational minister, was born in Boston April 4, 1862; educated at Boston Latin School, Harvard University, and Andover Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1887; entered the ministry in 1889. He was a pastor in Buena Ventura, Cal., 1889-90; Plymouth, Mass., 1891-98; Minneapolis, Minn., 1898-1905. In 1895-96 he organized the American Church at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany; and since 1906 he has had charge of the Students' Ateller Reunions, Academy Vitli, Paris, France.

Lead on, O King eternal..... 408

Slade, Mary B. C., was the wife of a clergyman of Fall River, Mass. She was born in 1826, and died in 1882. She was a teacher and at one time assistant editor of the *New England Journal of Education*, which position she resigned to start *Wide Awake*, a well-known publication, which she continued to edit until her death. She was a warm-hearted Christian woman. Most of her hymns were written for Prof. R. M. McIntosh.

From all the dark places..... 633

Singleton, Robert Corbet, a clergyman of the Established Church of England, was born October 9, 1810; educated at Trinity College, Dublin (B.A. 1830, M.A. 1833). He was for several years warden of St. Columba College, near Dublin, and was first warden of St. Peter's College, Radley, from 1847 to 1851, when he removed to Monkstown, near Dublin, and then to York, in which city he died in 1881. In 1868 he and Dr. E. G. Monk published *The Anglican Hymn Book*, to which volume he contributed twenty-eight original hymns and a

number of translations from the Latin and a few from the German.

To God on high be thanks and..... 93

Smith, Samuel Francis, an eminent Baptist minister and widely known as the author of "My country, 'tis of thee," was born in Boston October 21, 1808; attended the Boston Latin School and entered Harvard College in 1825. After leaving Harvard in 1829 he entered Andover Theological Seminary, and was graduated in 1832. His first pastorate was at Waterville, Me., where he remained eight years (1834-42), serving also as Professor of Modern Languages at Waterville College. In 1842 he became the pastor of the First Baptist Church at Newton, Mass. He resigned this charge in 1854 and became the editor of the publications of the Baptist Missionary Union, but continued to reside in Newton. He and Baron Stow prepared the Baptist collection of hymns titled *The Psalmist* (1843), which Julian's *Dictionary* (1908) pronounces "the most creditable and influential of the American Baptist collections to the present day." He published *Lyric Gems* in 1854 and *Rock of Ages* in 1870. Prof. F. M. Bird names thirty-two of his original hymns that are in common use in America. Dr. Smith's long and useful life came to a close in Newton, Mass., November 16, 1895.

Lord of our life, God whom we fear. 503

My country, 'tis of thee..... 702

Softly fades the twilight ray..... 74

The morning light is breaking..... 653

Spangenberg, Augustus Gottlieb, a Moravian bishop, son of Rev. George Spangenberg, a Lutheran pastor, was born at Klettenberg, near Nordhausen, Germany, July 15, 1704; graduated at the University of Jena; joined Count Zinzendorf in his work, beginning his ministry at Herrnhut in 1735; visited the Churches of the Brethren in England and America; was ordained bishop at Herrnhut in 1744; died September 18, 1792. He wrote a life of Zinzendorf in eight volumes. He was one of the ablest, most useful, influential, and honored of the Moravian bishops.

High on his everlasting throne..... 221

Spitta, Carl Johann Philipp, a German theologian and poet, was born at Hanover August 1, 1801. His early years were without special promise, and he was apprenticed to a watchmaker. While learning this trade he began the study of languages, and in 1821 entered the University of Göttingen to study theology. After graduating he was

engaged as tutor in a private family for some time; but from 1828 till his death he was a popular and successful pastor of several Lutheran Churches. He died September 28, 1859. His reputation rests principally upon his hymns, which are deeply spiritual and very popular in his native land. His *Psalter and Harfe*, Leipzig (first edition, 1833), was translated by Richard Massie in 1860.

I know no life divided..... 467

O happy home, where thou art loved. 671

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, Dean of Westminster, one of the most distinguished English Churchmen of the nineteenth century, was the son of Rev. Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, and was born at Alderly, in Cheshire, December 13, 1815. At the age of fourteen he became a pupil of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, in whose famous school he displayed a strength of moral character which was a prophecy of the frank and courageous man that was to be. He took well-nigh all the honors at Oxford, where he graduated in 1837. Entering the ministry of the Church of England, he filled successively various positions of honor and responsibility until in 1855 he was appointed Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. In 1864 he became Dean of Westminster. His marriage that same year to Lady Augusta Bruce, a personal friend and attendant of Queen Victoria, increased the freedom and intimacy of his already cordial relations with the royal family. He died July 18, 1881. He was a Churchman of broad and liberal views. His catholicity of spirit was one of his most notable characteristics. His contributions to theological literature are numerous and well known. His *Life of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby*, 1844, is one of the most successful volumes of biography in the English language. Among his historical writings his lectures on the *Eastern Church*, 1861, *Jewish Church* (two volumes), 1863-65, and the *Church of Scotland*, 1868, are accounted as of highest value. He is the author of about a dozen hymns, and of several translations. These, although of a high order of excellence, do not take rank with his prose writings, which for choice English diction, scholarly erudition, and Christian catholicity are not surpassed, perhaps, by anything in the religious literature of England in the nineteenth century.

Day of wrath, O dreadful day..... 599

He is gone; a cloud of light..... 170

O Master, it is good to be..... 131

Steele, Anne, the daughter of the Rev. William Steele, a Baptist minister in Hampshire, England, was born in 1717, and died in 1778. She was a very talented lady. Although an invalid for many years and a great sufferer, her life was useful and happy. Her published hymns are found in nearly all collections, and have been a blessing to many people. Many of them are good, and a few deserve the highest praise. The following appropriate lines are inscribed upon her tomb:

Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,

That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise;

But now in heaven she joins the angelic song,

In more harmonious, more exalted lays.

Her poetical writings were published in two volumes under the name "Theodosia:" *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, London, 1760. A third volume, titled *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose*, was published two years after her death. Julian's *Dictionary* names seventy-five of her hymns as being in common use.

Come ye that love the Saviour's.... 34

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.... 523

Stennett, Joseph, an English Baptist minister, the son of Rev. Edward Stennett, was born at Abingdon, Berkshire, in 1663; received a good education, and spent five years teaching in London; entered the ministry, and in 1690 became pastor of a Seventh-Day Baptist Church in Devonshire Square, London, and continued to labor here until his death, July 4, 1713. He is the author of eight or ten hymns found in modern Church hymnals. He is the earliest English Baptist hymn writer whose hymns are still in common use.

Another six days' work is done.... 70

Stennett, Samuel, an English Baptist minister, was born at Exeter in 1727, and was a man of ability and scholarship. In 1758 he succeeded his father as pastor of the Wild Street Church, in London, where he remained for thirty-seven years. The noted philanthropist and social reformer, John Howard, was a member of his congregation and an intimate friend and adviser. He died August 24, 1795. Dr. Stennett was the author of some prose writings and of thirty-eight hymns, which may be found at the end of volume three of his *Works*, London, 1824.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned... 135

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand... 617

"Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried. 149

Stockton, John Hart, a Methodist minister, was born in 1813, and died in 1877. He was a member of the New Jersey Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the successive pastoral charges that he filled as a member of that Conference are found in the Conference Journal. He was not only a preacher, but a musician and composer of tunes, as well as hymn writer. He published two gospel song books: *Salvation Melodies*, 1874, and *Precious Songs*, 1875.

Come, every soul by sin oppressed.. 261

Stone, Samuel John, a clergyman of the Church of England, the son of Rev. William Stone, was born at Whitmore, Staffordshire, April 25, 1839. He was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was graduated B.A. in 1862. Later he took orders and served various Churches. He succeeded his father at St. Paul's, Haggerstown, in 1874. He was the author of many original hymns and translations, which were collected and published in 1886. His hymns are hopeful in spirit and skillfully constructed. He published several poetic volumes. He died November 19, 1900.

The Church's one foundation..... 207

Weary of earth, and laden with my.. 284

Stowe, Harriet Beecher, the daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher and sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812. Her father became President of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1832; and in 1833 she was married to Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, a professor in the seminary. Mrs. Stowe's volume titled *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which was first published in 1852 as a serial in the *National Era* and later in book form, is one of the most widely known and historic volumes in the entire range of American literature. It is a work of fiction which, by means of the pathetic picture which it draws of the ills of slave life and the cruelties, either actual or possible, involved in slave ownership, did much to precipitate the American Civil War (1861-65). Mrs. Stowe published more than forty volumes in all, many of them being works of fiction. Her *Religious Poems* appeared in 1867. Three of her hymns, including the one here given, were first published in the *Plymouth Collection* (1855), a volume of hymns edited by her brother, Henry Ward Beecher. She died July 1, 1896, at Hartford, in which city she had lived since 1864.

Still, still with thee, when purple.... 43

Stowell, Hugh, an able and popular minister of the Church of England, was born at Douglas, Isle of Man, December 3, 1799. He graduated at Oxford in 1822, and took holy orders the following year. He held various offices in his Church; became rector at Salford in 1831; was appointed honorary Canon of Chester Cathedral in 1845, and later Rural Dean of Eccles. He published several volumes. He also edited a book of hymns: *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns Suited to the Services of the Church of England*, 1831. To the several editions of this book most of his hymns were contributed. He died at Salford October 8, 1865.

From every stormy wind that blows. 495
Lord of all power and might. 206

Stratton, Lovie Eicker, was the wife of the Rev. Frank K. Stratton, D.D., a member of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was born in Somersworth, N. H., October 31, 1841. She was a graduate of the high school of her native town and a teacher in the public schools of Dover, N. H., for eleven years. She was married to Dr. Stratton June 19, 1872, while he was pastor of the Dorchester Street Methodist Episcopal Church, South Boston. She died at Melrose, Mass., September 6, 1910, where her husband, a diligent and successful pastor, still resides. Mrs. Stratton's poems were published from time to time in *Zion's Herald*, the *Christian Witness*, and other periodicals.

O Lord, our God, almighty King. . . 664

Strong, Nathan, a Congregational minister of great influence in his day, was born at Coventry, Conn., October 16, 1748. He graduated at Yale College in 1769. In 1773 he was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church, Hartford, and remained there until his death, December 25, 1816. He received the degree of D.D. from Princeton University. Dr. Strong was the editor of the *Hartford Selection*, 1799, a book that had considerable influence upon American hymnody.

Swell the anthem, raise the song. . . . 711

Stryker, Melancthon Woolsey, a Presbyterian minister, son of Rev. Isaac P. Stryker, was born at Vernon, N. Y., January 7, 1851; educated at Hamilton College (1872) and Auburn Theological Seminary (1876); entered ministry in 1876, and has been pastor of Presbyterian Churches in Auburn, N. Y., Ithaca, N. Y., Holyoke, Mass., and Chicago, Ill. Dr. Stryker has been Presi-

dent of Hamilton College since 1892. He is a student of hymnology, and has published several volumes of hymns, among them *The Church Praise Book*, 1882; *Hymns and Verses*, 1883; *Christian Chorals*, 1885; *the Song of Miriam and Other Hymns and Verses*, 1888; *Church Song*, 1889. He lives at Clinton, N. Y.

Almighty Lord, with one accord. . . . 687

Swain, Joseph, a successful English Baptist minister, was born at Birmingham in 1761. By trade he was an engraver. After his conversion he held meetings, and in 1792 was ordained pastor of a Church in Walworth, where he remained till his early and lamented death, April 14, 1796. He was the author of *Walworth Hymns*, London, 1792.

How sweet, how heavenly is the. . . 554

O thou, in whose presence my soul. . 530

Tappan, William Brigham, an influential leader in Sunday school work in the Congregational Church, was born at Beverly, Mass., October 29, 1794. In early manhood he taught school in Philadelphia. From 1826 until his death he was in the employ of the American Sunday School Union as manager and superintendent at Philadelphia (1826-29), at Cincinnati (1829-34), at Philadelphia (1834-38), and at Boston (1838-49). In 1841 he obtained license to preach as a Congregational minister; but not having any pastoral charge, he was never ordained. From 1819 to 1849 he continued to write and publish poetry, amounting in all to eight or ten volumes. He died at West Needham, Mass., June 18, 1849.

There is an hour of peaceful rest. . . 609

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow. . 147

Tate, Nahum, the English poet, was the son of an Irish clergyman, and was born at Dublin in 1652. After his graduation at the University of Dublin he settled in London and entered upon a literary career. He soon won reputation as a poet, publishing successive volumes from time to time. In 1692 he became Poet Laureate. In 1696 he published, in connection with Rev. Nicholas Brady (1659-1726), Chaplain in Ordinary, a *New Version of the Psalms of David Fitted to the Tunes Used in the Church*. This version supplanted, by royal and episcopal authority, the "old version" by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others, and is to this day the authorized version of the Church of England found in the Prayer Book. It is not known which of the Psalms were translated by Brady and which by Tate; but as Tate was Poet Laureate, he is supposed

to have done the greater part of the work. In addition to this joint work, he published several volumes of poetry. He died August 12, 1715.

As pants the hart for cooling..... 316
O Lord, our fathers oft have told... 700
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.... 720
While shepherds watched their flocks. 115

Taylor, Thomas Rawson, an English Congregational minister, was born at Ossett, near Wakefield, May 9, 1807. In September, 1826, he entered the Alreedale Independent College to prepare for the Congregational ministry, and graduated therefrom in 1830. Soon after he became pastor of an Independent Church in Sheffield, but in less time than a year he was obliged to give up the work on account of ill health. Subsequently he accepted a position as tutor in his *Alma Mater*; but his career was again interrupted, and he died of consumption March 7, 1835, being only twenty-eight years of age. His best-known hymn is that beginning: "I'm but a stranger here; heaven is my home."

There was a time when children sang. 684

Tennyson, Alfred, the English poet, was the son of a clergyman. He was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poetry appeared while he was an undergraduate. Upon the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, he was appointed Poet Laureate. Many regard him as the greatest Poet Laureate England has ever had. He was raised to the peerage in 1884, with the title, Baron Tennyson d' Eyncourt. He died October 6, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Lord Tennyson was not a hymn writer, yet three of his poems are so used in this book. Biographies of this great poet are so numerous and so accessible to all, and the important facts of his life and of his contributions to modern English literature are so well known as to render it unnecessary to write of him at length here.

Late, late, so late! and dark the.... 743
Strong Son of God, Immortal Love. 139
Sunset and evening star..... 744

Tersteegen, Gerhard, a pious and useful mystic of the eighteenth century, was born at Mörs, Germany, November 25, 1697. He was carefully educated in his childhood, and then apprenticed (1715) to his older brother, a shopkeeper. He was religiously inclined from his youth, and upon coming of age he secured a humble cottage near Mühl-

helm, where he led a life of seclusion and self-denial for many years. At about thirty years of age he began to exhort and preach in private and public gatherings. His influence became very great, such was his reputation for piety and his success in talking, preaching, and writing concerning spiritual religion. He wrote one hundred and eleven hymns, most of which appeared in his *Spiritual Flower Garden* (1731). He died April 3, 1769.

God calling yet! shall I not hear... 252
Thou hidden love of God, whose..... 345

Theodulph is said to have been a native of Italy. The exact date of his birth is not known. He came to France in the time of Charlemagne, about 781, and was made Bishop of Orleans in 785. He was imprisoned by Louis I. at Angers in 818. There are differing traditions concerning him after this period.

All glory, laud, and honor..... 31

Thomas of Celano is so called from Celano, a town on the borders of Lake Fucino, Italy. He was born the latter part of the twelfth century. He joined the order of Friars founded by St. Francis of Assisi soon after its organization in 1208. He had charge successively of the Franciscan convents of Worms, Metz, and Cologne. At the death of St. Francis, in 1226, he returned to Assisi, and by appointment of Pope Gregory IX. wrote the life of St. Francis. The year of his death is not known. His *Dies Irae*, the greatest of all the Latin hymns, has been attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux, Gregory the Great, and others. The preponderance of evidence, however, seems to be in favor of the authorship of Thomas of Celano. His celebrated hymn has had various renderings into English, among the best of which are the following:

Day of wrath! O day of (*Irons*).... 747
Day of wrath, O dreadful (*Stanley*).. 599
The day of wrath, that (*W. Scott*). 603

Thomson, Mary Ann, wife of Mr. John Thompson, Librarian of the Free Library, Philadelphia, was born in London, England, December 5, 1834. She has written about forty hymns, which have appeared mostly in the *Churchman*, New York, and in the *Living Church*, Chicago. Four of her hymns are found in the *Protestant Episcopal Hymnal*, 1892. Of the origin of the missionary hymn by Mrs. Thomson which is found in our Hymnal she writes as follows:

I wrote the greater part of the hymn, "O Zion, haste," in the year 1863. I had written many hymns before, and one night,

while I was sitting up with one of my children who was ill of typhoid fever, I thought I should like to write a missionary hymn to the tune of the hymn beginning, "Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling," as I was fond of that tune; but as I could not then get a refrain I liked, I left the hymn unfinished, and about three years later I finished it by writing the refrain which now forms part of it. By some mistake 1891 is given instead of 1871 as the date of the hymn in the (Episcopal) Hymnal. I do not think it is ever sung to the tune for which I wrote it. Rev. John Anketell told me, and I am sure he is right, that it is better for a hymn to have a tune of its own, and I feel much indebted to the composer of the tune "Tidings" for writing so inspiring a tune to my words.

O Zion, haste, thy mission high. . . . 654

Thring, Godfrey, an English clergyman, Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, son of Rev. J. G. D. Thring, was born at Alford March 25, 1823; graduated at Oxford, 1845; served different charges as curate and rector, 1846-67; Rural Dean, 1867-76; Prebendary of Wells Cathedral from 1876 till his death, September 13, 1903. He has written many hymns, about twenty-five of which are found in different Church hymnals in England and America. He published *Hymns Congregational and Others*, 1866; *Hymns and Verses*, 1866; *Hymns and Sacred Lyrics*, 1874; *Church of England Hymn Book*, 1880 (second edition, 1882). "His hymns," says Dr. Julian, "are mainly objective, and are all of them of a strong and decided character. In some of his finer hymns his tone is high and his structure massive; in several others his plaintiveness is very tender, whilst very varied, and his rhythm is almost always perfect. The prominent features throughout are a clear vision, a firm faith, a positive reality, and an exulting hopefulness."

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the. . . 485

I saw the holy city. 626

Saviour, blessed Saviour. 344

Toplady, Augustus Montague, the author of "Rock of Ages," was born at Farnham, Surrey, November 4, 1740. His father was an officer in the British army. His mother was a woman of remarkable piety. He prepared for the university at Westminster School, and subsequently was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. While on a visit in Ireland in his sixteenth year he was awakened and converted at a service held in a barn in Codrimal. The text was Ephesians II. 13: "But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." The preacher was an illiterate but warm-hearted layman named Morris. Concerning this

experience Toplady wrote: "Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous." In 1758, through the influence of sermons preached by Dr. Manton on the seventeenth chapter of John, he became an extreme Calvinist in his theology, which brought him later into conflict with Mr. Wesley and the Methodists. He was ordained to the ministry in the Church of England in 1762, and in 1768 he became vicar of Broadhembury, a small living in Devonshire, which he held until his death. The last two or three years of his life he passed in London, where he preached in a chapel on Orange Street. His last sickness was of such a character that he was able to make a repeated and emphatic dying testimony. A short time before his death he asked his physician what he thought. The reply was that his pulse showed that his heart was beating weaker every day. Toplady replied with a smile: "Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching; and, blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats stronger and stronger every day for glory." To another friend he said: "O, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. . . . My prayers are all converted into praise." He died of consumption August 11, 1778. His volume of *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Worship* was published in 1776. Of the four hundred and nineteen hymns which it contained, several were his own productions.

If on a quiet sea. 446

Rock of ages, cleft for me. 279

Tuttiett, Lawrence, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Colyton, Devonshire, in 1825; educated at King's College, London; entered the ministry in 1848; vicar of Lea Marston, Warwickshire, 1854-60; incumbent of Episcopal Church of St. Andrews, Scotland, 1870-80; became prebendary in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, 1880. He died May 21, 1897. Among his published volumes are *Hymns for Churchmen*, 1854, and *Hymns for the Children of the Church*, 1862. "Mr. Tuttiett's hymns," says Dr. Julian, "are characterized by smoothness of rhythm, directness of aim, simplicity of language, and deep earnestness."

Go forward, Christian soldier. 387

Twells, Henry, a clergyman in the Church of England, was born at Birmingham March 13, 1823. He was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, taking the degree of B.A. in 1848. He took orders in 1849, and occupied various positions of service and honor in the ministry. He was subvicar at Stratford-on-Avon in 1851-54, and in 1884 he became honorary canon of Peterborough Cathedral. A few of his hymns were contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. He died January 19, 1900. His biographer says of him:

He was a preacher of power, a bulwark of churches, a helper of parochial missions, a defender of country parsons, and an altogether friendly and wholesome sort of man. He died as he lived, in quietness and peace. Shortly before his death he asked for the gathering of his household and the singing of "Now thank we all our God" and "When all thy mercies, O my God."

At even, e'er the sun was set. 54

Unknown. Some of our finest hymns are of unknown origin. The authors had such humble opinion of their work as to feel that it was not worth while to attach their names to their own productions. True worth and greatness are often unconscious of themselves. Of many of our greatest hymns of known authorship it is recorded that when their authors wrote them they had no thought whatever of writing anything of interest or value to others, and least of all anything that would be used in public worship; but, on the contrary, they were simply writing to give expression to their own religious experiences, feelings, and aspirations. (See notes under Nos. 272, 334, 460, 498, and 702.) A hymn of unknown authorship stands absolutely upon its merits, and it is therefore an even higher tribute to the merits of a hymn to admit it to a hymnal if its authorship be unknown than is the case where the authorship is known. After all, the song, and not the singer, is the precious thing to remember. As Mrs. Ellen H. Gates has said:

Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

That song alone can hope to live forever that has its real and true elements of immortality not in its author but in itself, in its own power to awaken the spirit of devotion and inspire adoration and praise. In the following list of hymns we place not only those whose authorship is absolutely unknown, but also those hymns which, although accredited on circumstantial evidence to the hymn-writers whose names are given, are nevertheless of uncer-

tain authorship. Some of the hymns in this list are translations by well-known writers from the Latin or other languages, the authorship of the originals alone being unknown.

Cast thy burden on the Lord. 468
Christ is made the sure foundation. . . 662
Come, Holy Ghost, in love. 184
Come, thou almighty King. 2
Creator, Spirit, by whose aid. 194
Dies Iræ (Day of Wrath). . . 599, 603, 747
Fairest Lord Jesus. 118
Fear not, O little flock. 445
How firm a foundation. 461
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of. . . . 335
Jerusalem, my happy home. 608
Lord, for to-morrow and its needs. . 510
My God, I love thee, not because. . . 483
Near the cross was Mary weeping. . . 154
O come, all ye faithful. 125
O for a heart of calm repose. 376
O mother dear, Jerusalem. 610
Our highest joys succeed our griefs. . 474
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us. . . 677
Soon may the last glad song arise. . 630
To God on high be thanks and praise. 93
Why should our tears in sorrow. . . 591

Van Alstyne, Mrs. Fanny Crosby. See Crosby, Fanny.

Vokes, Mrs., is a hymn writer concerning whom very little is known. Some of her hymns are found in a *Selection of Missionary and Devotional Hymns*, published in 1797 by Rev. J. Griffin, an English Congregational minister, and several of these are reproduced in J. Dobell's *New Selection of Seven Hundred Evangelical Hymns*, 1806. In W. B. Collyer's *Collection*, 1812, there are seven hymns signed "Mrs. Vokes." While the hymn beginning "Soon may the last glad song arise" is generally accredited to Mrs. Vokes, Dr. Julian, our greatest authority in hymnology, says he has been unable to find any definite and satisfactory evidence that she wrote it. We find the name of this writer spelled "Voke" in some volumes.

Soon may the last glad song arise. . 630

Walford, William W., a blind preacher of England, is the author of the hymn beginning "Sweet hour of prayer." This hymn first appeared in print in the *New York Observer* September 13, 1845. The contributor who furnished the hymn says:

During my residence at Coleshill, Warwickshire, England, I became acquainted with W. W. Walford, the blind preacher, a man of obscure birth and connections and no education, but of strong mind and most

retentive memory. In the pulpit he never failed to select a lesson well adapted to his subject, giving chapter and verse with unerring precision, and scarcely ever misplacing a word in his repetition of the Psalms, every part of the New Testament, the prophets, and some of the histories, so as to have the reputation of knowing the whole Bible by heart."

Rev. Thomas Salmon, who was settled as the pastor of the Congregational Church at Coleshill in 1838, remained until 1842, and then removed to the United States, is believed to have been the contributor who says of the hymn: "I rapidly copied the lines with my pencil as he uttered them, and send them for insertion in the *Observer* if you think them worthy of preservation."

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour... 516

Ware, Henry, a Unitarian minister and professor of theology, was born at Hingham, Mass., April 21, 1794; graduated at Harvard College in 1812, and taught school for two or three years in Exeter Academy; was licensed to preach in the Unitarian Church in 1815; became pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston in 1817, and in 1829, his health being impaired, Ralph Waldo Emerson was called in to be his assistant pastor. In 1830 he became Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in the Cambridge Theological School, continuing there until 1842, when he resigned. He died at Framingham September 25, 1843. Four years after his death his works were collected and published in four volumes. He wrote a large number of hymns, about a dozen or more of which are possessed of more than ordinary excellence and are in common use, particularly among Unitarians.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on. 159

We rear not a temple like Judah's... 666

Waring, Anna Leetitia, the daughter of Elijah Waring and niece of Samuel Miller Waring, the hymn writer, was born at Neath, in Southern Wales, in 1820. As late as 1893 she was living at Clifton, near Bristol, England. Her *Hymns and Meditations* were published in London in 1853. This book was republished in Philadelphia in 1859 by "The Association of Friends for the Diffusion of Religious and Useful Knowledge," and again in Boston in 1863. The volume contains only thirty-two pieces, and three of these are in this Hymnal. "The tone of spiritual thought and feeling in most of the pieces is very lofty and very pure. The ideas of a Christian life which are wrought into the poetry are always both strong and tender, vigorous and gen-

tle, brave and trustful." We hope to obtain additional facts concerning Miss Waring for insertion in later editions of this volume.

Father, I know that all my life..... 465

In heavenly love abiding..... 452

My Saviour, on thy word of truth... 364

Warner, Anna Bartlett, daughter of Henry W. Warner and sister of Susan Warner (1819-85), the authoress, was born in 1820 at Martlaer, West Point, New York. She is the author of some fifteen or twenty volumes. She edited *Hymns of the Church Militant*, 1858. Her first volume, *Say and Seal*, 1859, prepared in association with her sister, contained one of the most popular hymns for young people ever written in America, beginning:

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.

In 1869 she published *Wayfaring Hymns, Original and Translated*. The titles of her successive volumes (most of which have been published under the pen name of "Amy Lothrop") may be found in any bibliography of American authors. She resides at Martlaer's Rock, West Point, N. Y.

One more day's work for Jesus.... 419

We would see Jesus, for the shadows. 323

Warren, William Fairfield, is the Dean Emeritus of the Theological School of Boston University. He was born at Williamsburg, Mass., March 13, 1833; is a graduate of Wesleyan University. After a few years spent in teaching and preaching, he became a professor at Bremen, Germany, 1861-66. Returning to America, he was elected acting President of Boston Theological School, which place he held until 1873, when he was elected President of Boston University, a position which he held with distinction for thirty years. He is the author of numerous published volumes. Dr. Warren resides at Brookline, Mass.

I worship thee, O Holy Ghost..... 186

Waterbury, Jared Bell, a Congregational minister, was born in New York City August 11, 1799. He was graduated at Yale College in 1822, and subsequently studied theology at Princeton. He was a pastor in Hudson, N. Y., in Boston, and elsewhere. His active and useful life closed in Brooklyn December 31, 1876. He contributed several hymns to *The Christian Lyre*, New York, 1830, which was compiled by the Rev. Joshua Leavitt.

Soldiers of the cross, arise..... 385

Watts, Isaac, may be considered the father of English hymnody. The beginning of the eighteenth century marks a distinct period in the history of hymnology. The apostle of the new departure was Dr. Isaac Watts. He was the first to see the real need, and in large measure he succeeded in supplying it. (See note under No. 167.) He was born at Southampton July 17, 1674. He was a precocious child; learned to read almost as soon as he could articulate, and wrote verses when a little boy. He was firmly attached to the principles of the Nonconformists, for which his father had suffered imprisonment, and was therefore compelled to decline the advantages of the great English universities, which at that time received only Church of England students. He availed himself, however, of the privilege of attending a Dissenting academy in London, taught by Mr. Thomas Rowe, where he applied himself to study with uncommon diligence and success. During his school days it was his habit frequently to attempt poetry both in English and in Latin, according to the custom of the time. In this manner he was unconsciously preparing himself for a long, brilliant, and useful career. In 1705 he published his first volume of poems, *Horæ Lyricæ*, which was received with approbation in Great Britain and America, and gave the author, in the opinion of the learned Dr. Johnson, an honorable place among English poets. His *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* appeared in 1707; *Psalms*, in 1719; and *Divine Songs for Children*, in 1720. One characteristic of Watts's hymns is majesty. He is bold, massive, tremendous. This was not his only style of writing; some of his hymns are very pathetic. For example, "When I survey the wondrous cross" and "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed." Grandeur was his forte, but he could be as simple as a child and as tender as a mother. The same hand that wrote

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
also wrote the familiar little cradle song,
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed.

He became pastor of an Independent Church in London in 1702. He was so feeble that much of the time the work of the parish was done by an assistant, but he held the place nominally until his death. Dr. Watts never married. In 1713 he was invited to the elegant and hospitable home of Sir Thomas Abney. Years later he wrote to Lady Huntingdon: "This day thirty

years I came hither to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof; and I have extended my visit to exactly the length of thirty years." He issued many works in prose as well as in poetry, amounting altogether to fifty-two publications. He lived to be seventy-five years of age, and was for many years before his death recognized as a patriarch among the Dissenting clergy. He died November 25, 1748. Westminster Abbey, that vast mausoleum of England's heroes, statesmen, poets, and saints, has been honored with a memorial of this great, good man. Underneath a bust of the poet the artist has sculptured, Watts sitting at a table writing, while behind and above him an angel is whispering heavenly thoughts. The design is artistic and very appropriate. This Hymnal contains fifty-three hymns by Dr. Watts.

| | |
|---|-----|
| A broken heart, my God, my King.. | 266 |
| Alas! and did my Saviour bleed..... | 146 |
| Am I a soldier of the cross..... | 393 |
| Awake, our souls! away our fears.. | 405 |
| Before Jehovah's awful throne..... | 6 |
| Begin, my tongue, some heavenly... 89 | |
| Behold the glories of the Lamb..... | 167 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove... 183 | |
| Come, let us join our cheerful songs. 24 | |
| Come, sound his praise abroad..... | 3 |
| Come, ye that love the Lord..... | 22 |
| Eternal Power, whose high abode... 17 | |
| Father, how wide thy glory shines.. 79 | |
| From all that dwell below the skies. 5 | |
| Give me the wings of faith to rise.. 606 | |
| God is the name my soul adores.... 80 | |
| God is the refuge of his saints..... 218 | |
| Great God! attend, while Zion sings. 213 | |
| Hear what the voice from heaven... 588 | |
| He dies, the Friend of sinners dies.. 165 | |
| How pleasant, how divinely fair... 215 | |
| How sad our state by nature is.... 268 | |
| How shall the young secure their... 204 | |
| I'll praise my Maker while I've..... 534 | |
| I'm not ashamed to own my Lord... 441 | |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.. 631 | |
| Jesus, thou everlasting King..... | 7 |
| Joy to the world! the Lord is come.. 107 | |
| Let all on earth their voices raise.. 9 | |
| Long have I sat beneath the sound.. 281 | |
| Lord, how secure and blest are they. 439 | |
| Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear. 41 | |
| My dear Redeemer and my Lord... 140 | |
| My God, the spring of all my joys.. 535 | |
| My soul, repeat his praise..... | 94 |
| Now let the Father and the Son... 719 | |
| O God, our help in ages past..... 577 | |
| Plunged in a gulf of dark despair... 242 | |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Salvation! O the joyful sound..... | 287 |
| Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive.... | 270 |
| Sweet is the work, my God, my King. | 71 |
| The God of mercy be adored..... | 721 |
| The heavens declare thy glory, Lord. | 202 |
| The Lord Jehovah reigns | 81 |
| There is a land of pure delight.... | 604 |
| Thus far the Lord hath led me on... | 51 |
| Unveilt thy bosom, faithful tomb.... | 586 |
| Welcome, sweet day of rest..... | 64 |
| When I can read my title clear.... | 440 |
| When I survey the wondrous cross.. | 141 |
| Why do we mourn departing friends. | 595 |
| Why should the children of a King. | 299 |
| Why should we start and fear to die. | 581 |

Wells, Marcus Morris, is the author of one of our most popular modern hymns on the Holy Spirit and also the composer of the tune to which it is universally sung. Beyond the published date of his birth (1815) and his death (1895) and the statement that he was a lawyer living in the State of New York, we have no facts concerning him. It is hoped that some facts may be learned about him which may be incorporated in later editions of this volume. The date assigned to the hymn by Mr. Ira D. Sankey is 1858. It is to be regretted that we have not other hymns and tunes from one who can write devotional poetry and music such as that represented by the single hymn and tune which we have here from his pen.

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide..... 193

Wesley, Charles, has been called "the poet of Methodism," but this designation is too narrow for him. He might more properly be called the poet of Christendom, for the entire Christian world is indebted to him for many of its most valuable hymns. For the first place among English hymn writers he has never had but one competitor. Hymnologists have sometimes instituted a comparison between the hymns of Wesley and those of Watts. Some have given the preference to one, and some to the other. We must remember that these men were not rivals. They were too good, too great, and too unlike to be antagonists. They were both princes—aye, kings—of song, but each in his own realm. Watts's great theme was divine majesty, and no one approaches him in excellence upon this subject. Wesley's grandest theme was love—the love of God—and here he had no rival. Charles Wesley was born in Epworth, England, December 18, 1707. He was educated at Westminster School and Oxford

University, where he took his degree in 1728. It was while a student at Christ Church College that Wesley and a few associates, by strict attention to duty and exemplary conduct, won for themselves the derisive epithet of "Methodists." He was ordained a priest in the Church of England in 1735, and that same year he sailed with his brother John as a missionary to Georgia, but soon returned to England. He was not converted, according to his own statement, until Whitsunday, May 21, 1738. (See note under No. 1.) On that day he received a conscious knowledge of sins forgiven, and this event was the real beginning of his mission as the singer of Methodism. He tells his own experience beautifully in the hymn beginning:

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?

Charles Wesley's hymns may be generally classified as follows: Hymns of Christian experience ("O for a thousand tongues to sing" is an example); invitation hymns (of which "Come, sinners, to the gospel feast" is a good specimen); sanctification hymns ("O for a heart to praise my God" is one of them); funeral hymns ("Rejoice for a brother deceased"); and hymns on the love of God, a subject on which he never became weary. "Wrestling Jacob" represents the last class. But it is preëminently in portraying the various phases of experimental religion—conviction of sin, penitence, saving faith, pardon, assurance, entire sanctification—that Charles Wesley is quite without a peer among hymn writers. His songs have been one of the most potent forces in Methodism since its organization. Nor was he a singer alone, but as an itinerant preacher he was a busy and earnest collaborator with his brother John. After his marriage, in 1749, his itinerant labors were largely restricted to London and Bristol. He died March 29, 1788. "After all," says Dr. John Julian, the greatest authority in English hymnology, "it was Charles Wesley who was the great hymn writer of the Wesley family, and perhaps, taking quantity and quality into consideration, the great hymn writer of all ages." Of the six thousand and five hundred hymns by Charles Wesley (all of which were written after his conversion), this collection contains one hundred and twenty-one. (See page 451 for a complete list of the poetical publications of John and Charles Wesley.)

A charge to keep I have..... 388
A thousand oracles divine..... 75

| | | | |
|--|-----|---|-----|
| Ah! whither should I go..... | 283 | Jesus, the name high over all..... | 222 |
| All praise to our redeeming Lord.... | 553 | Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee... | 271 |
| And am I born to die..... | 590 | Jesus, the Truth and Power divine.. | 220 |
| And are we yet alive..... | 560 | Jesus, thine all-victorious love..... | 375 |
| And can I yet delay..... | 275 | Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord..... | 263 |
| And can it be that I should gain.... | 310 | Jesus, united by thy grace..... | 557 |
| And let our bodies part..... | 227 | Join, all ye ransomed sons of grace.. | 576 |
| And let this feeble body fall..... | 607 | Leader of faithful souls, and Guide.. | 459 |
| And must I be to judgment brought. | 600 | Let earth and heaven agree..... | 565 |
| Arise, my soul, arise..... | 301 | Let Him to whom we now belong.... | 373 |
| Arm of the Lord, awake, awake.... | 216 | Let not the wise their wisdom boast. | 308 |
| Author of faith, eternal Word..... | 298 | Lift up your hearts to things above.. | 558 |
| Awake, Jerusalem, awake..... | 217 | Light of those whose dreary..... | 638 |
| Blest be the dear unlifting love..... | 228 | Lo! He comes, with clouds..... | 601 |
| Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... | 294 | Lo! on a narrow neck of and..... | 579 |
| Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.... | 156 | Lord, I believe a rest remains..... | 356 |
| Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. | 229 | Lord, if at thy command..... | 648 |
| Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire. | 181 | Lord, in the strength of grace..... | 352 |
| Come, let us anew our journey..... | 568 | Lord, whom winds and seas obey.... | 103 |
| Come, let us join our friends above.. | 611 | Love Divine, all loves excelling.... | 355 |
| Come, let us join with one accord... 63 | | Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb..... | 374 |
| Come, let us use the grace divine.... | 569 | O come and dwell in me..... | 362 |
| Come, let us who in Christ believe... 36 | | O for a heart to praise my God.... | 354 |
| Come, O thou all-victorious Lord.... | 241 | O for a thousand tongues to sing.... | 1 |
| Come, O thou Traveler unknown.... | 511 | O for that tenderness of heart..... | 278 |
| Come on, my partners in distress.... | 432 | O glorious hope of perfect love..... | 355 |
| Come, sinners, to the gospel feast.... | 256 | O God, most merciful and true..... | 401 |
| Come, thou almighty King..... | 2 | O how happy are they..... | 311 |
| Come, thou long-expected Jesus.... | 116 | O joyful sound of gospel grace..... | 371 |
| Depth of mercy, can there be..... | 267 | O love divine, how sweet thou art.. | 368 |
| Father, I stretch my hands to thee.. | 277 | O love divine, what hast thou done.. | 153 |
| Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord.... | 297 | O that I could repent! O that..... | 264 |
| Father, Son, and Holy Ghost..... | 726 | O that I could repent! With all.... | 265 |
| Forever here my rest shall be..... | 357 | O that my load of sin were gone.... | 381 |
| Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go.... | 400 | O thou who camest from above..... | 313 |
| Give me a new, a perfect heart.... | 366 | O thou whom all thy saints adore... 13 | |
| Giver of concord, Prince of peace.... | 563 | Our Lord is risen from the dead.... | 158 |
| God of all power and truth and.... | 378 | Rejoice, the Lord is King..... | 178 |
| God of love, that hearest prayer.... | 562 | See how great a flame aspires..... | 643 |
| Hail the day that sees him rise..... | 162 | Servant of God, well done! Thy.... | 593 |
| Happy the man that finds the..... | 372 | Sing to the great Jehovah's praise.. | 575 |
| Hark! the herald angels sing..... | 111 | Sing we to our God above..... | 725 |
| Ho! every one that thirsts, draw... 258 | | Sinners, turn, why will ye die..... | 247 |
| Holy and true and righteous Lord.. | 377 | Soldiers of Christ, arise..... | 382 |
| How can a sinner know..... | 303 | Spirit of faith, come down..... | 191 |
| How happy every child of grace.... | 605 | Stand the omnipotent decree..... | 598 |
| I know that my Redeemer lives.... | 370 | Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay.... | 269 |
| I the good fight have fought..... | 391 | Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal... 499 | |
| I want a principle within..... | 320 | Thou great mysterious God unknown. | 318 |
| In age and feebleness ex reme.... | 746 | Thou hidden source of calm repose.. | 466 |
| Infinite God, to thee we raise..... | 10 | Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes. | 745 |
| Jesus, from whom all blessings flow. | 561 | To God your every want..... | 512 |
| Jesus, let all thy lovers shine..... | 321 | Try us, O God, and search the.... | 555 |
| Jesus, let thy pitying eye..... | 491 | Wearry souls that wander wide..... | 262 |
| Jesus, Lover of my soul..... | 463 | Weep not for a brother deceased.... | 594 |
| Jesus, my strength, my hope..... | 340 | What is our calling's glorious hope.. | 358 |
| Jesus, my Truth, my Way..... | 471 | Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw... 244 | |
| Jesus, the all-restoring word..... | 331 | Who are these arrayed in white.... | 619 |
| Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns..... | 172 | With glorious clouds encompassed.. | 327 |
| | | Ye servants of God, your Master.... | 11 |

Wesley, John, is so well known as the founder of Methodism that we need give here only the leading dates and events in his life. He was born at the Epworth rectory June 28, 1703; went to Oxford University in 1720; was ordained deacon in 1725; was made Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726; was his father's curate, 1727-29; returned to Oxford in 1729, and became leader of the holy club, sneeringly called "Methodists," which had been organized during his absence by his brother Charles; went to Georgia as a missionary in 1735, and while here published his first hymn book (1736-37) at Charleston, S. C. He returned to England at the end of two years, saying: "I went to America to convert the Indians, but O who shall convert me? Who is he that will deliver me from this evil heart of unbelief?" He had been impressed by the piety and faith of the Moravians in a storm while crossing the ocean, and they now became his spiritual guides. While attending one of their prayer meetings on May 24, 1738, he obtained the conscious knowledge of sins forgiven and of his acceptance with God. From this time until his death, March 2, 1791, he was unremitting in his labors as a preacher of that religion which he had experienced and as an organizer of converted men for the work of evangelization. As a revivalist and Christian reformer his work is known and read of all men. Nearly all of the Wesleyan hymns, even those found in volumes issued jointly by the two brothers, are commonly accredited to Charles Wesley. As, however, John Wesley states that he and his brother agreed among themselves not to distinguish their hymns, it cannot be definitely known that John Wesley is not himself the author of some of the hymns accredited to Charles Wesley. He is known to be the author of numerous translations from the German, and these are among the most successful translations and finest hymns in the entire range of English hymnology, being marked by deep spirituality and lofty devotional thought. His translations were the result in part of a visit to the Moravian settlement at Herrnhut, in Germany. (See page 451 for a complete list of the poetical publications of John and Charles Wesley.) Of the following seventeen hymns, all but three are translations:

Come, Saviour, Jesus... *Bourignon*... 379
 Commit thou all thy... *Gerhardt*... 435
 Give to the winds thy... *Gerhardt*... 437

High on his everlast... *Spangenberg*... 221
 How happy is the... *Original*... 624
 I thank thee, uncreat... *Scheffler*... 367
 I thirst, thou wounded... *Zinzendorf*... 335
 Into thy gracious... *Dessler*... 305
 Jesus, thy blood and... *Zinzendorf*... 148
 Jesus, thy boundless... *Gerhardt*... 333
 My soul before thee... *Richter*... 273
 Now I have found thee... *Rothe*... 302
 O thou, to whose... *Zinzendorf*... 359
 Shall I, for fear of... *Winkler*... 225
 Thou hidden love of... *Tersteegen*... 345
 To God, the Father... *Original*... 722
 We lift our hearts to... *Original*... 45

Wesley, Samuel, the son of Rev. John Wesley and the father of John and Charles Wesley, was born in 1662. While an academy student Wesley expected to enter the ministry of the Dissenters. The change in his opinions was a little remarkable. Some one had written severely against the Dissenters, and Mr. Samuel Wesley was appointed to reply. This led him to a course of reading which in the end resulted differently from what was expected. He left the Dissenters and attached himself to the Established Church. Entering Exeter College, Oxford, as a servitor, he was graduated in 1688. Ordained soon after, he served as curate in several places. In 1696 he dedicated his *Life of Christ, an Heroic Poem*, to Queen Mary, who presented him with the living at Epworth, where he remained until his death, April 22, 1735. In 1689 he married Susanna Annesley, whose fame has gone wherever Christian motherhood is honored. They had nineteen children, nine of whom died in infancy. He published *The Old and New Testaments Attempted in Verse* in 1716, and had just finished at the time of his death a volume of learned *Dissertations on the Book of Job*. His oldest son, Samuel Wesley, Jr., was also a hymn writer of some note. On December 1, 1730, he wrote the following: "I hear my son John has the honor of being styled 'the father of the holy club.' If it be so, I must be the grandfather of it; and I need not say that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished than to have the title of 'His Holiness.'"

Behold the Saviour of mankind... 142

West, Robert Athow, an English-American Methodist layman, editor, and author, was born at Thetford, England, in 1809; came to this country in 1843; was the official reporter of the important and historic ses-

sion of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844. Mr. West was a member of a committee of seven appointed by the General Conference of 1848 to prepare a standard edition of the hymn book which appeared later as *Hymns for the Use of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, 1849. To this volume he contributed two hymns, one of which is that found in this collection. From 1846 to 1849 he edited the *Columbia Magazine* (New York). In 1858 he became editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. He also published *Sketches of Wesleyan Preachers*, 1848, and *A Father's Letters to His Daughter*, 1865. He died at Georgetown, D. C., February 1, 1865.

Come, let us tune our loftiest song.. 21

White, Henry Kirke, a gifted English poet who died early in life, was born in Nottingham, England, March 21, 1785. Very early he manifested a remarkable love for books and a decided talent for composition. But his parents were poor, and he was apprenticed in early boyhood to a stocking weaver, from which uncongenial servitude he escaped as soon as he could and began the study of law; but later he was converted and felt called to the ministry. The story of his conversion from deism to Christianity is briefly but beautifully told in the poem titled "The Star of Bethlehem." He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1805 as a servitor; but died October 19, 1806, in the second year of his college course, when only twenty-one years of age. In 1803 he published a small volume of poems. Some of them are very fine, but no doubt he would have produced others far better if he had lived to the ordinary age of man. His rare poetic genius, his victory over skepticism and subsequent faith and piety, his hard struggle with poverty and early death invest the story of his life with more than ordinary pathos. His hymns, ten in number, appeared in *Collver's Collection*, 1812.

Of't in danger, oft in woe..... 412

The Lord our God is clothed with... 99

When marshaled on the mighty... 124

Whittier, John Greenleaf, commonly known as the "Quaker Poet," was born at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807; and died at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892. Beginning life as a farmer boy and village shoemaker, and with only a limited education, he entered the profession of journalism in 1828, becoming that year editor of the *American Manufacturer*, pub-

lished in Boston, and in 1830 editor of the *New England Review*. In 1836 he became Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society and editor of its official organ, the *Freeman*. In Boston, Hartford, Haverhill, Philadelphia, and Washington he pursued his profession successfully for about twenty years, after which, beginning with 1847, he became the corresponding editor of the *National Era* in Washington, D. C. He was a strong advocate for the freedom of the slaves, and his pen both as journalist and poet was ever at the call of the cause that was so near to his heart. The Quaker poet was as much opposed to war as he was to slavery. With the rigid and narrow type of Calvinistic theology that so long dominated New England he had no sympathy, but felt that a part of his mission as a poet was to rebuke and refute a theology which he felt to be a caricature upon the heart and character of God. Many of his poems are described as "rhetoric on fire with emotion." In his religious poems he always magnified the goodness and love of God for man and man's love for and service of his fellow-man as that which proves far better than creeds and ceremonies could that one possesses the Christian character. Whittier's poems are pervaded by the ethical and religious element more largely, perhaps, than is true of the writings of any other great English poet of modern times. From 1824 to the year of his death (1892) he wrote and published poems singly in periodicals and collectively in book form. From these poems about seventy-five hymns have been made by selecting verses of religious and devotional sentiments. Our Hymnal contains seven of his hymns:

Dear Lord and Father of mankind.. 543

I bow my forehead in the dust..... 472

It may not be our lot to wield..... 398

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight. 479

Our thought of thee is glad with.... 712

We may not climb the heavenly..... 128

When on my day of life the night.. 589

Williams, Helen Maria, was born in the North of England in 1762. She published a volume of poems when only twenty-one years old, and in 1786 her *Poems* appeared in two small volumes. She visited Paris in 1788, and lived there for some years with a sister who had married a French Protestant. This was during the period of the Revolution and the Reign of Terror. She was an outspoken republican in her sym-

pathies, and was imprisoned by Robespierre because of some of her utterances in advocacy of the Girondist cause, being released from prison only after his death, in 1794. Her *Letters from France* (1790 and 1795) were published in England, America, and France. They dealt with political, religious, and literary questions, and showed her to be a woman of more than ordinary intellectual strength. She published many volumes between 1786 and 1823, when her last volume appeared, titled *Poems on Various Occasions*, being a collection of all her previously published poems. She lived partly in England, but mostly in France, though the closing years of her life were spent in Holland in the home of a nephew who lived at Amsterdam and was pastor of the reformed Church there. Her death occurred at Paris December 14, 1827.

While thee I seek, protecting Power. 517

Williams, William, has been called "the Watts of Wales." He was born in 1717. His "awakening" was due to an open-air sermon by the famous Welsh preacher, Howell Harris. Williams received deacon's orders in the Established Church, but subsequently became a preacher in the Calvinistic Methodist connection. As an evangelistic preacher he was popular and successful, abounding in labors and exercising a wide influence among the Welsh. He died January 11, 1791.

Gulde me, O thou great Jehovah.... 91

Willis, Nathaniel Parker, the well-known American poet and man of letters, was born at Portland, Me., January 20, 1807; graduated at Yale in 1827; followed a literary life with great success, publishing many volumes, one of poems; died at his beautiful home, "Idlewild," near Newburgh-on-the-Hudson, January 29, 1867. He published a volume of *Sacred Poems* in 1843. His sister, Mrs. Parson, was a writer widely known under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Fern."

The perfect world, by Adam trod.... 660

Winchester, Caleb Thomas, an educator and author, the son of Rev. George F. Winchester, was born at Montville, Conn., January 18, 1847; graduated at Wesleyan University with the A.B. degree in 1869, in which institution he has been Professor of English Literature since 1873. He has delivered courses of lectures at Amherst, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, and other universities. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of

Literature from Dickinson College in 1892. He is the author of several scholarly volumes, among them *Some Principles of Literary Criticism*, 1899; *Life of John Wesley*, 1906; *A Group of English Essayists*, 1910. He was a member of the Joint Commission that prepared this Hymnal. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He resides at Middletown, Conn., the seat of Wesleyan University.

The Lord our God alone is strong.... 686

Winckler, John Joseph, a German Pietist, was born at Luckau, in Saxony, December 23, 1670. He was at first a pastor at Magdeburg, then a chaplain in the Protestant army, accompanying the troops to Holland and Italy, and at length returned to Magdeburg and became chief minister of the cathedral. He was no less eminent for his mental culture than for his piety. He was a preacher and writer who had the courage of his convictions, and this quality is notably manifest in the hymn by him found in this collection. He died August 11, 1722.

Shall I, for fear of feeble man..... 225

Winkworth, Catherine, an English poetess unusually gifted as a translator of hymns, was a member of the Church of England. She was born in London September 13, 1829. Much of her early life was spent near Manchester, the family moving later to Clifton, near Bristol. She made a specialty of translations from the German. She was the author of the following books: *Lyra Germanica* (first series, 1855; second series, 1858); *The Chorale Book for England*, 1863; *Christian Singers of Germany*, 1869. She died suddenly of heart disease at Monnetier, Savoy, July, 1878. Dr. James Martineau said: "Her translations contained in these volumes are invariably faithful and, for the most part, both terse and delicate; and an admirable art is applied to the management of complex and difficult versification." "Miss Winkworth," says Dr. Julian, "although not the earliest of modern translators of German into English, is certainly the foremost in rank and popularity." She possessed great intellectual and social gifts, and was deeply interested in the higher education of women. Six of her translations have a place in this volume.

Faith is a living power from heaven. 286

Fear not, O little flock, the foe..... 445

Leave God to order all thy ways.... 476

Now God be with us, for the night.. 58

Now thank we all our God..... 30
 What'er my God ordains is right... 487

Wolcott, Samuel, a Congregational clergyman, was born at South Windsor, Conn., July 2, 1813; graduated at Yale in 1833, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1837; was missionary in Syria in 1840-42, after which time he served as pastor in various towns and cities, including Providence, R. I., Chicago, Ill., and Cleveland, Ohio, and later served for some time as Secretary of the Ohio Home Missionary Society. He then retired from active work, and died February 24, 1886. Although he did not begin writing hymns until late in life, he wrote altogether some two hundred hymns, about a dozen of which are found in modern Church hymnals.

Christ for the world we sing..... 635

Woodhull, Alfred Alexander, a physician, the son of Rev. George S. Woodhull, a Presbyterian minister, was born at Cranbury, N. J., March 25, 1810; graduated at Princeton in 1828, and soon after began the study of medicine. He received the degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. After a year as a resident physician in a hospital in Philadelphia, he began the practice of his profession at Marietta, Pa., removing in 1835 to Princeton, where within a year he contracted a fever which occasioned his death October 5, 1836. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. Although but twenty-six years of age, he had so secured the confidence of his fellows, both as a Christian man and a skilled physician, that his death was greatly lamented.

Great God of nations, now to thee... 706

Wordsworth, Christopher, a bishop of the Church of England, was born October 30, 1807, at Lambeth, England, his father, Christopher Wordsworth, being rector of the parish. He distinguished himself in athletics as well as in scholarship at Winchester. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1826, he won numerous university honors, graduating in 1830, after which he served as fellow, lecturer, and public orator in the college. In 1836 he became Headmaster of Harrow School, working in the school during his incumbency a moral reform which filled many students in the school with enthusiastic admiration. He was appointed a canon of Westminster in 1844, which office he continued to fill during the nineteen years of his residence in Berkshire as the rector of a quiet country par-

ish, living four months of each year in London, as was made necessary by his canonry. He was appointed Bishop of Lincoln in 1869, which office he held for fifteen years, resigning only a few months before his death, March 20, 1885. He was a nephew of the poet William Wordsworth, with whom his relations were most intimate. He was a voluminous author, among his works being a *Commentary on the Whole Bible* (1856-70), a *Church History* (1831-83), and a volume of hymns titled *The Holy Year*, 1862. "This last-named volume," says Prebendary Overton, in *Julian's Dictionary*, "contains hymns not only for every season of the Church's year, but for every phase of that season, as indicated in the *Book of Common Prayer*. Like the Wesleys, he looked upon hymns as a valuable means of stamping permanently upon the memory the great doctrines of the Christian Church. He held it to be the first duty of a hymn writer to teach sound doctrine, and thus to save souls." Of Bishop Wordsworth's one hundred and twenty-seven hymns, about fifty are in common use.

Father of all, from land and sea.... 566

Hark! the sound of holy voices.... 613

Holy, holy, holy, Lord..... 77

O day of rest and gladness..... 68

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea. 692

The day is gently sinking to a close. 61

Wreford, John Beynell, an English Unitarian minister, was born December 12, 1800, at Barnstaple; educated at Manchester College, and in 1826 became pastor of a Church in Birmingham. In 1831, on account of the failure of his voice, he withdrew from the active work of the ministry and, in conjunction with Rev. Hugh Hutton, established a school at Edgbaston. He wrote a *History of Presbyterian Nonconformity in Birmingham*, 1832, and *Lays of Loyalty*, 1837. He contributed fifty-five hymns to Rev. J. R. Beard's *Collection*, 1837. His most popular and valuable hymn is the one given in this book. The last years of his life were spent in retirement at Bristol, where he died in 1881.

Lord, while for all mankind we pray. 701

Xavier, Francis, a noted Jesuitic missionary of the Roman Catholic Church, was born of a noble family at the Castle of Xavier, near Pampeluna, in Spain, April 7, 1506. While at the University of Paris he came under the influence of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits. He was of an ardent and earnest religious temperament,

full of zeal and courage. He was one of the greatest missionary spirits that ever lived, visiting India, Travancore, Ceylon, Malacca, Japan, and dying on his way to China December 22, 1552. He was in due time canonized by the Roman Catholic Church. While it is not certain that Xavier wrote the hymn here accredited to him, it must be said that the tradition that he wrote it is of long standing. Not only does Edward Caswall, the translator, accredit it to him, but both the editor and the assistant editor of Julian's *Dictionary* also decide in favor of his probable authorship. "The Latin form," says Mearns, "is probably by Xavier or by some German Jesuit." "This hymn," says Julian, "breathes Xavier's abnegation of self in every word, his spirit in every line."

My God, I love thee not because.... 483

Zinzendorf, Count Nicolaus Ludwig, the founder of the religious community of Herrnhut and the apostle of the United Brethren, was born at Dresden May 26,

1700. It is not often that noble blood and worldly wealth are allied with true piety and missionary zeal. Such, however, was the case with Count Zinzendorf. Spener, the father of Pietism, was his godfather; and Franke, the founder of the famous Orphan House, in Halle, was for several years his tutor. In 1731 Zinzendorf resigned all public duties and devoted himself to missionary work. He traveled extensively on the Continent, in Great Britain, and in America, preaching "Christ, and him crucified," and organizing societies of Moravian brethren. John Wesley is said to have been under obligation to Zinzendorf for some ideas on singing, organization of classes, and Church government. Zinzendorf was the author of some two thousand hymns. Many of them are of little worth, but a few are very valuable, full of gospel sweetness and holy fervor. He died at Herrnhut May 6, 1760.

I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God. 335

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.. 148

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight. 359

POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

The following is a complete list, in chronological order, of the poetical publications of John and Charles Wesley. They have been collected, and are now published in thirteen volumes, by the Wesleyan Conference Publishing House, of London. We give here the title, the name of the author and the year of publication if these are given on title-page, and the number of hymns contained in each volume. Those marked by an asterisk (*) contain some hymns not written by the Wesleys. We make no note of the numerous republications. Many hymns by Charles Wesley are still in manuscript.

| TITLE. | Date of First Publication. | Number of Hymns. | TITLE. | Date of First Publication. | Number of Hymns. |
|--|----------------------------|------------------|---|----------------------------|------------------|
| Collection of Psalms and Hymns (Charleston, S. C.)* | 1737 | 70 | Hymns for New Year's Day, 1750 (re-published for New Year, 1751)..... | 1750 | 7 |
| Collection of Psalms and Hymns* | 1738 | 70 | Hymns Occasioned by the Earthquake, March 8 (in two parts)..... | 1750 | 19 |
| Hymns and Sacred Poems, by John and Charles Wesley—three editions same year..... | 1739 | 139 | Hymns and Spiritual Songs Intended for the Use of Real Christians of All Denominations*..... | 1753 | 116 |
| Hymns and Sacred Poems, by John and Charles Wesley..... | 1740 | 96 | An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, by Charles Wesley..... | 1755 | 1 |
| Collection of Psalms and Hymns, by John Wesley* (Charles Wesley's name is added in the second edition, 1743)..... | 1741 | 165 | An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, by Charles Wesley (written in 1755, but not published till 1771, after Whitefield's death)..... | 1755 | 1 |
| Hymns on God's Everlasting Love (two parts)..... | 1741 | 38 | Hymns for the year 1756; Particularly for Fast Day, February 6..... | 1756 | 17 |
| Hymns and Sacred Poems, by John and Charles Wesley..... | 1742 | 155 | Hymns of Intercession for All Mankind..... | 1758 | 40 |
| Collection of Hymns, by John and Charles Wesley..... | 1742 | 24 | Funeral Hymns..... | 1759 | 43 |
| A Collection of Thirty-six Tunes, set to music, as they are sung at the Foundry. Elegy on R. Jones, Esq., by Charles Wesley. Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution..... | 1742 | 1 | Hymns on the Expected Invasion..... | 1759 | 8 |
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| Hymns for Children..... | 1745 | 9 | Preparation for Death, in Several Hymns. A Hymn Praying for His Brother's Long Life, by Charles Wesley..... | 1772 | 40 |
| Gloria Patri, Etc.—Hymns to the Trinity..... | 1746 | 24 | Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People Called Methodists*..... | 1780 | 525 |
| Hymns on the Great Festivals and Other Occasions..... | 1746 | 24 | Hymns Written in the Time of the Tumults, June, 1780..... | 1780 | 13 |
| Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving for the Promise of the Father (Whitsunday), by John and Charles Wesley..... | 1746 | 32 | Protestant Association, written in the Midst of the Tumults, June, 1780..... | 1781 | 7 |
| Hymns for Our Lord's Resurrection..... | 1746 | 16 | Sacred Harmony; or, A Choice Collection of Psalms and Hymns. Set to music in two and three parts for the Voice, Harpsichord, and Organ..... | 1782 | 128 |
| Hymns for Ascension Day..... | 1746 | 7 | Hymns for the Nation, in 1782..... | 1782 | 9 |
| Graces before Meat..... | 1746 | 26 | Hymns for the National Fast, February 8, 1782..... | 1782 | 15 |
| Hymns for the Public Thanksgiving, October 9, 1746..... | 1746 | 7 | A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for the Lord's Day, by John and Charles Wesley..... | 1784 | 118 |
| Hymns for the Watch-night..... | 1746 | 11 | Prayers for Condemned Malefactors (Charles Wesley's last publication)..... | 1785 | 10 |
| Funeral Hymns..... | 1746 | 16 | A Pocket Hymn Book for the Use of Christians of All Denominations*..... | 1785 | 200 |
| Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ, by Charles Wesley..... | 1747 | 52 | Pocket Hymn Book for the Use of Christians of All Denominations*..... | 1787 | 250 |
| Hymns and Sacred Poems, by John and Charles Wesley (selected largely from the 1739 volume bearing same title)..... | 1747 | 37 | Hymns for Children..... | 1790 | 44 |
| Hymns and Sacred Poems (two volumes), by Charles Wesley..... | 1749 | 455 | | | |
| Hymns Composed for the Use of the Brethren, by C. Z. (reprinted for criticism)..... | 1749 | 20 | | | |

A BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF THE COMPOSERS OF TUNES.

ABBEY, ALONZO JUDSON (1825-1887). An American composer.

Tune.—Cooling, 186.

AHLE, JOHANN RUDOLPH (1625-1673), a German organist and composer, who greatly improved the Church music of his day, was elected to the Senate in 1655 and Burgomaster in 1661. He originated the "Sacred Aria." His son, Johann Georg Ahle, was a composer of hymns and poet laureate to Emperor Leopold I.

Tune.—Nuremberg, 103, 657.

ALDRICH, HENRY, D.D. (1647-1710). An English divine and composer of music, who graduated at Oxford (M.A. 1669), and in 1689 was installed as Dean of Christ Church at Oxford. "As dean of a college and a cathedral, he regarded it as a duty, as it undoubtedly was in his case a pleasure, to advance the study and progress of Church music."

Tunes.—Jubilate Deo, 730; Deus Misereatur, 732.

ALLEN, GEORGE NELSON (1812-1877). A native of Mansfield, Mass.; lived at Oberlin, Ohio, where he composed "Maltland" in 1849. He was the compiler of the *Social and Sabbath Hymn Book*.

Tune.—Maltland, 428, 557.

ARNE, THOMAS AUGUSTUS (1710-1778). A resident of London, composer of sacred and secular music; received the degree of Doctor of Music from Oxford in 1759. His "Arlington" is one of the most popular tunes in our Hymnal.

Tunes.—Arlington, 354, 393, 440; Falkirk, 598.

ASHFORD, EMMA LOUISE (1850-). The wife of Mr. John Ashford, one of the officers of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.; is a gifted musician, composer of Church music, and editor of musical publications. She has composed about forty pieces for the piano and about fifty tunes for songs and hymns and about a dozen cantatas. Sev-
(452)

eral of her musical compositions have attained widespread popularity. The two hymn tunes found here were composed especially for this Hymnal.

Tunes.—Sutherland, 377; Evelyn, 515.

ATTWOOD, THOMAS (1767-1838). An English composer; became organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in 1795, and organist and composer at the Royal Chapel in 1796.

Tune.—Deus Misereatur, 732.

AVISON, CHARLES (1710-1770). An English composer of sonatas and concertos; was a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was organist for many years of a Church in his native town. His tune called "Avison" was a chorus in a longer composition which became popular in England and America as the music to Thomas Moore's poem, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea."

Tune.—Avison, 119.

BACH, CARL PHILIPP EMANUEL (1714-1788).

A German musician, the son of the great Sebastian Bach; was a composer of piano music.

Tune.—Miller, 17, 663.

BAKER, REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS (1821-1877), is the author of three hymns and two tunes found in this Hymnal. See "Biographical Index of Authors of Hymns" for facts concerning his life.

Tunes.—Stephanos, 293; Hesperus, 372, 691.

BARNBY, JOSEPH (1838-1896). One of the greatest of modern English Church musicians and composers. He served as organist and chorister in several Churches. In 1875 he was made Director of Music in Eaton College. In 1892 he became the Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, and retained this place until his death. He composed about two hundred and fifty hymn tunes, and was musical editor of five hymnals. He published a collection of hymn tunes in 1869, and another in 1883. His style is unique, moderate, subdued, but

very sweet. His name is connected with thirty-two hymn tunes and three chants in this book. Some of these tunes are very popular.

Tunes.—St. Chrysostom, 10, 302, 345; Laudes Domini, 32; Westcott, 37, 149, 536; Eaton, 39, 259; Nightfall, 58; Merrial, 59; St. Anselm, 72, 716; Carlton, 85, 176, 613; Barnby, 87; Good Shepherd, 104; Bethlehem, 121; Jordan, 158; Stanley, 170; Eaton College, 212, 602; Dunstan, 272; Monsell, 276, 288, 449; Soho, 285, 499; St. Boniface, 290, 644; Holy Trinity, 299, 327, 480; The Good Fight, 418; Sarum, 430; St. Fablan, 463; Burlleigh, 475; Diadema, 486, 589; Sinal, 600; Irae, 603; Paradise, 622; O Perfect Love, 668; Alverstroke, 671; Children's Praise, 675; Chiselhurst, 688; Venite Exultemus Domino, 728; Nunc Dimittis, 733; Offertory Sentence, 739; Crossing the Bar, 744.

BARTHÉLÉMON, FRANÇOIS HIPPOLITE (1741-1808). A talented French-English violinist and composer of operas; was born in Bordeaux, came to England in 1765, and died in London.

Tunes.—Morning Hymn, 44; Autumn, 171, 235.

BARTLETT, MARO LUMMIS, Doctor of Music (1847-). An American composer, born in Brownhelm, Ohio; a conductor of choruses and composer of many popular tunes, and author of several books on music. He is at present the Director of the Des Moines (Iowa) College of Music.

Tune.—Temple, 665.

BAUME, JOHN WESLEY (1862-). A violinist, composer of tunes, and publisher of music in Chicago. He was born in Halifax, England; comes of Wesleyan stock; is a nephew of the late Rev. James Baume, D.D., of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is the author of the popular song "If I but Knew," which is said to have reached a sale of two hundred thousand copies.

Tune.—Emille, 197.

BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN (1770-1827). Eminent German composer belonging to a famous family of musicians. He was a native of Bonn, but in 1792 removed to Vienna, where he resided the rest of his life. His work consisted of symphonies, sonatas, and concertos for the piano. He wrote no hymn tunes, but selections from his compositions have been adapted to hymns by others.

Tunes.—Sardis, 40, 319; Dulcetta, 88; Hayes, 131; Hymn of Joy, 160; Salome, 204; Germany, 339, 423, 433; Alsace, 518, 658, 695; Deus Misereatur, 732.

BLACKITH, H. DE LA HAYE. We have no facts concerning this composer, but hope to secure information that may be used in later editions of this volume.

Tune.—Palgrave, 195.

BLISS, MRS. J. WORTHINGTON. An English musician and composer; was Miss Lindsey when she wrote the tune contained in this volume.

Tune.—Too Late, 743.

BLUMENTHAL, JACOB (1829-). A German pianist and composer, born at Hamburg; studied under Herz at Paris; was pianist to Queen Victoria in 1848.

Tune.—Blumenthal, 500.

BOOTH, JOSIAH (1852-). An English organist and composer concerning whose life we have no information at present, but hope to secure facts for use in later editions.

Tune.—Bracondale, 209.

BORTNIANSKY, DIMITRI STEPHNOVITCH (1751-1825). A Russian composer of operas; was chapelmaster to Empress Catherine, for whom he composed about three dozen sacred concertos.

Tune.—St. Petersburg, 134.

BOST, REV. PAUL AMI ISAAC DAVID (1790-1874). A native of Geneva, Switzerland; composer of psalmody and Church music.

Tune.—Gratitude, 410.

BOYCE, WILLIAM, Doctor of Music (1710-1779). An English organist and composer; played the organ in English churches; composed symphonies, vocal and instrumental music, and "cathedral music," London, 1760-78.

Tune.—Venite, Exultemus Domino, 728.

BOYD, REV. WILLIAM (1840-). A native of Jamaica. We have no additional facts concerning this composer.

Tune.—Pentecost, 409, 581.

BRADBURY, WILLIAM BATCHELDER (1816-1868). An American composer of popular Church and Sunday school music; also widely known as a manufacturer of pianos and other musical instruments.

Tunes.—Aletta, 144, 337; Olive's Brow, 147; Woodworth, 255, 272; The Solid Rock, 330; Even Me, 346; Zephyr, 457, 582; He

- Leadeth Me, 489; Sweet Hour of Prayer, 516; Rest, 583; Bradbury, 677.
- BRIDGE, SIR JOHN FREDERICK (1844-)**. An English composer.
Tune.—Olney, 696.
- BULLINGER, REV. ETHELBERG WILLIAM, D.D.** An Englishman of the nineteenth century.
Tune.—Bullinger, 293.
- BURDER, REV. GEORGE (1752-1832)**. An English divine, the pastor of a Congregational Church in Lancaster.
Tune.—Luton, 217, 308.
- BURGMULLER, FREDERICH (1804-1824)**. A German musician who died very young. The tune "Rhine" (Emmons) is from one of his marches, but it is just as good for a revival.
Tune.—Emmons, 532.
- BURNAP, UZZIAH CHRISTOPHER (1834-1900)**. An American organist in Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tune.—Cochran, 505.
- BURNEY, CHARLES, Doctor of Music (1726-1814)**. An English composer and organist of Chelsea College.
Tune.—Truro, 7, 168, 220.
- BURROWES, JOHN FRECKLETON (1787-1852)**. An English composer.
Tune.—Burlington, 198, 201, 243.
- C. T. W. (1847-)**. These are the initials of Caleb Thomas Winchester, Professor of English Literature at Wesleyan University and a member of the Hymnal Commission. (See "Biographical Index of Authors.")
Tune.—Middletown, 451.
- CALDBECK, G. T.** An English amateur musician.
Tune.—Pax Tecum, 528.
- CALDICOTT, ALFRED JAMES, MUS.B. (1842-1897)**. An English composer.
Tune.—Pastor Bonus, 300.
- CALDWELL, WILLIAM**. An American, said to have been a resident of Tennessee. The tune here accredited to him appeared without name in Joshua Leavitt's *Christian Lyre*, New York, 1830.
Tune.—Loving Kindness, 539.
- CALKIN, JOHN BAPTISTE (1827-1905)**. An English organist and professor in Guildhall School of Music, London.
Tunes.—Doane, 12, 405, 639; Baptiste, 166; Purlough, 196; Non Præcessit, 246, 426; Savoy Chapel, 295, 324; Sefton, 326; Munns, 438.
- CALLCOTT, WILLIAM HUTCHINS (1807-1882)**. An English composer, son of John Wall Callcott; organist of St. Barnabas Church, Kensington.
Tune.—Intercession New, 509.
- CAMP, JOHN SPENCER (1858-)**. An American organist and composer, born at Middletown, Conn., 1858; graduated at Wesleyan University, 1878.
Tunes.—Abiding Grace, 504; Sylvester, 571.
- CAREY, HENRY (1685-1743)**. An English musician and poet.
Tune.—America, 702.
- CARTER, REV. EDMUND SARDINSON (1845-)**. An English divine and composer.
Tune.—Ascham, 88, 709.
- CHETHAM, REV. JOHN (1701-1760)**. An English clergyman, vicar of Skipton.
Tune.—Marlow, 8.
- CHOPE, REV. RICHARD ROBERT (1830-)**. An English clergyman, educated at Exeter College, Oxford; became vicar of St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate, London, in 1865; composer of carols and other Church music.
Tune.—Chope, 117.
- CHURCH HYMNAL**. From it we have derived one tune.
Tune.—Ferniehurst, 250.
- CLARK, THOMAS (1775-1859)**. A resident of Canterbury, England; for many years leader of the Wesleyan Choir.
Tunes.—Warsaw, 67; Essex, 162.
- COLES, REV. GEORGE (1792-1858)**. Born in England, he died in New York City. His tune "Duane Street" was composed in 1835. For several years he was editor of the *Christian Advocate*, New York.
Tune.—Duane Street, 306.
- CONKEY, ITHAMAR (1815-1867)**. A native of Shutesbury, Mass.; for many years connected with the choir of Calvary Church, New York City. "Rathbun" was composed in 1847 and published in Greatorex's *Collection* in 1851.
Tune.—Rathbun, 143.
- CONVERSE, CHARLES CROZAT (1832-)**. He was born in Warren, Mass. In 1855 he went to Germany, where he studied law, philosophy, and music. A lawyer by profession, his avocation is music. His compositions include a large number of sacred and secular pieces. The tune set to "What

- a Friend we have in Jesus" has been multiplied into the millions and sung by all Christendom.
Tune.—Converse, 551.
- COOKE, BENJAMIN, Doctor of Music (1734-1793). An English musician and composer; organist at Westminster Abbey and at St. Martin-in-the-Fields; received the doctorate from both Cambridge and Oxford.
Tune.—Jubilate Deo, 730.
- COOKE, ROBERT (1768-1814). An English musician, the son of Dr. Benjamin Cooke. He succeeded his father as organist at St. Martin-in-the-Fields in 1793.
Tune.—Te Deum Laudamus, 729.
- COOKE, REV. WILLIAM HENRY (1838-1898). We have no information concerning him except these dates.
Tunes.—Bath, 587; Chant, 731.
- CORNELL, JOHN HENRY (1828-1894). An American organist, compiler of the *Congregational Tune Book*, 1872.
Tunes.—Bethel, 184, 334; Cornell, 223, 552.
- COTTMAN, ARTHUR (1842-1879). An English solicitor and musician.
Tune.—Dalchurst, 278, 442, 690.
- CROFT, WILLIAM, Doctor of Music (1677-1727). An Englishman, composer to Chapel Royal and organist at Westminster Abbey.
Tunes.—Hanover, 11; St. Anne, 214, 577.
- CROSS, MOSES SMITH (1854-1911). A son of the Rev. Aaron Cross, of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; died at his home, Esparto, Cal., April 20, 1911. He was a linguist, musician, and composer.
Tunes.—Resignation, 328; Waratah, 549.
- CROTCH, WILLIAM (1775-1847). An Englishman, professor of music at Oxford.
Tune.—Venite, Exultemus Domino, 728.
- CRUGER, JOHANN (1598-1662). A German choir leader and editor of hymn and tune books.
Tune.—Nun Danket, 30.
- CUTHBERT, ELIZABETH HOWARD (1800-1857). A native of Dublin, Ireland; composer of hymn tunes.
Tune.—Howard, 338.
- CUTLER, HENRY STEPHEN, Doctor of Music (1824-1902). Organist of Trinity Church, New York, for many years.
Tune.—Cutler, 416.
- DARWALL, REV. JOHN (1731-1789). An English clergyman, vicar of Walsall.
Tune.—Darwall, 26.
- DAVIS, GABRIEL (1760-1822). Resident of Portsea, England, where he was for a time leader of the choir in a Baptist Church. In 1800 he published *Sacred Music*, containing forty-two pieces, among them the one given in this book.
Tune.—Monmouth, 534.
- DEARLE, EDWARD (1806-1891). English organist; composer of vocal music, sacred and secular.
Tune.—Penitentia, 237.
- DECIUS, REV. NICOLAUS (-1541). A German Protestant, author of hymn No. 93. (See "Biographical Index of Authors.")
Tunes.—Decius, 93; St. Peter, 97.
- DOANE, WILLIAM HOWARD (1832-1909). A wealthy American manufacturer, composer of "gospel songs" and tunes; musical editor of many collections; an earnest Christian worker; member of the Baptist Church. He resided at Cincinnati.
Tunes.—More Love to Thee, 317; Pass Me Not, 329; Every Day and Hour, 490; Precious Name, 508; Rescue the Perishing, 697.
- DOWNES, LEWIS THOMPSON (1827-). A resident of Providence, R. I.; organist and composer.
Tunes.—Solitude, 307; Chant, 735.
- DRESSLER, WILLIAM (1826-). At one time a leading musician in New York City.
Tunes.—Elven, 273.
- DUNHAM, HENRY MORTON (1853-). A native of Brockton, Mass.; a graduate of the New England Conservatory, and later a teacher in the same institution.
Tune.—Puritan, 713.
- D'URHAN, CRETIEN (1788-1845). A native of Montjoie, France. He was a noted violin player and composer of vocal and instrumental music.
Tune.—Rutherford, 614.
- DUTTON, REV. DEODATUS, JR. (1808-1832). An American clergyman; educated at Brown University; studied theology, but died suddenly in his early ministry.
Tune.—Woodstock, 498.
- DYKES, REV. JOHN BACCHUS (1823-1876). A Church of England clergyman and a noted musician and composer of Church music. While attending Cambridge University he

- took a prominent part in the musical life of the city and conducted the musical society of the University. He became vicar of St. Oswald, Durham. Many of his compositions appeared in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. His influence upon Church music in England and America has been far-reaching and beneficent, and still continues. Some of his tunes are very popular and widely used.
- Tunes.*—St. Agnes, 33, 394, 470; Laud, 34, 173, 371; Vesperl Lux, 56; Nicea, 78; Beatitude, 79, 455, 555, 617; Koble, 82, 188, 226, 400; Judea, 104; St. Oswald, 109; Dominus Regit Me, 136; St. Drostan, 150; St. Cross, 152, 254, 270; Sanctuary, 174; St. Cuthbert, 189; Fiat Lux, 206, 635; Blairgowrie, 219; Faith, 228, 343; Rivaulx, 244, 252; Hollingside, 247, 463, 693; St. Bees, 257, 468, 637; Vox Dilecti, 304; Visio Domini, 323; Lux Benigna, 460; St. Aelred, 485; Almsgiving, 501, 692; St. Andrew of Crete, 616; Alford, 618; Angels' Song, 621; Paradise, 622; Dies Irae, 747.
- EDSON, LEWIS** (1748-1820). An American composer. The date of his "Lenox" is 1782. It is an old favorite and widely used.
- Tune.*—Lenox, 294, 301.
- ELLIOTT, JAMES WILLIAM** (1833-). An English composer, a resident of London; organist and choirmaster of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace.
- Tunes.*—Church Triumphant, 90; Day of Rest, 452.
- ELVEY, SIR GEORGE JOB**, Doctor of Music (1816-1893). Born in Canterbury, England; received the degree of Doctor of Music from Oxford in 1840; organist of St. George Royal Chapel, Windsor, from 1835 to 1883; was knighted in 1871.
- Tunes.*—Diademata, 179, 332; St. Crispin, 258; St. George's, Windsor, 636, 646, 717.
- EMERSON, LUTHER ORLANDO** (1820-). An American composer and editor of music. His tune called "Sessions," which has been described as "the tune with a slur," was written at Salem, Mass., in 1847.
- Tune.*—Sessions, 342.
- ESCH, LOUIS VON**. This name appears in the index in error. "Autumn" should be credited to Barthélémon.
- Tune.*—Autumn, 235.
- ESTABROOK, MRS. LIZZIE TOURJÉE** (1858-). The daughter of Dr. Eben Tourjee; since writing the tune here given Miss Tourjee has become Mrs. Estabrook.
- Tune.*—Wellesley, 98.
- EVERETT, ASA BROOKS**: We have no information concerning this composer.
- Tune.*—Richmond, 340.
- EVERETT, L. C.** An American musician and composer of Church music, who lived in the South.
- Tunes.*—Bealoth, 191; Spring, 331.
- EWING, ALEXANDER** (1830-1895). An Englishman; educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen; was a paymaster in the army.
- Tune.*—Ewing, 612.
- FILBY, WILLIAM CHARLES** (1836-). An English organist and voluminous composer.
- Tune.*—Epiphany, 159.
- FISCHER, WILLIAM GUSTAVUS** (1835-). A native of Baltimore, Md.; member of the firm of Gould and Fischer, dealers in pianos; his residence is Philadelphia, Pa.; has written some of the most popular of modern tunes for Sunday school, social, and evangelistic services.
- Tunes.*—I Am Coming to the Cross, 351; The Rock of Refuge, 434; Hankey, 544.
- FLEMMING, FRIEDRICH FERDINAND** (1778-1813). He was a doctor of medicine, and practiced in Berlin; but he took a keen interest in all musical matters.
- Tune.*—Flemming, 478.
- GARBLING, W.** We have no facts concerning this composer.
- Tune.*—Belmont, 36, 531.
- GARRETT, GEORGE MURSELL**, Doctor of Music (1834-). A well-known English organist at Cambridge University, from which institution he received the degree of Doctor of Music.
- Tune.*—Tetworth, 330.
- GAUNTLETT, HENRY JOHN**, Doctor of Music (1806-1876). A London organist, the musical editor of several tune books.
- Tunes.*—Cobern, 92; St. George, 390, 437; St. Mark, 699.
- GENEVAN PSALTER**. A Psalm book published at Geneva in French about 1551. This is the book that first gave the tune now called "Old Hundredth" or "Old Hundred." It was set to the one hundred and thirty-fourth Psalm.

- GIARDINI, FELICE (1716-1796). A famous Italian musician, violinist, and composer. He traveled extensively, dying in Russia.
Tune.—Italian Hymn, 2, 661.
- GILBERT, WALTER BOND, Doctor of Music (1829-). Born in Exeter, England; organist of Trinity Chapel, New York, 1869-99; received his degree from Oxford in 1888.
Tunes.—Maldstone, 469; Rodigast, 487; Chant, 738.
- GILL, BENJAMIN, D.D. (1843-). For many years Dr. Gill was Professor of Greek at Wilbraham Academy, Mass., and later Professor of Classics in the State College of Pennsylvania.
Tune.—Holmfirth, 611.
- GLASER, CARL GOTTHELF (1784-1829). A German composer; only one of his tunes is in this book, but it is used four times.
Tune.—Azmon, 1, 75, 183, 375.
- GOODRICH, CHARLES GOURLAY (1869-). A graduate of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; Professor of Modern Languages in Marietta College (Ohio); a chorister and composer of Church music.
Tune.—Shortle, 664.
- GOODSON, RICHARD (1655-1718). He was organist of Christ Church, Oxford, and Professor of Music in the University.
Tunes.—Venite, Exultemus Domino, 728.
- GOSS, SIR JOHN, Doctor of Music (1800-1880). An English organist, for several years at St. Paul's Cathedral, London; musical editor and composer of anthems.
Tune.—St. Cyprian, 594.
- GOTTSCHALK, LOUIS MOREAU (1829-1869). An American composer and pianist.
Tune.—Mercy, 53, 562.
- GOULD, JOHN EDGAR (1822-1875). An American musical editor; a dealer in pianos and other musical instruments.
Tunes.—Bera, 249, 359; Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me, 482; Gould, 575.
- GOULD, NATHANAEAL DUREN (1781-1864). Teacher of singing schools; editor of music books; author of a *History of Church Music in America*. Boston, 1853.
Tune.—Woodland, 609.
- GOUNOD, CHARLES FRANCOIS (1818-1893). A French composer of operas and sacred music.
Tunes.—Radiant Morn, 566; Olney, 696; Chant, 738.
- GREATOREX, HENRY WELLINGTON (1811-1858). By birth an Englishman; organist at Charleston, S. C.; editor of the *Greatorex Collection*, 1856. He had great influence for good upon the Church music of his time. Five of his tunes are found in this book.
Tunes.—Grosette, 139, 403, 706; St. Gabriel, 224; Geer, 376; Leighton, 493; Gloria Patri, 737.
- GREEK MELODY. This ancient Greek melody is well named.
Tune.—Athens, 682.
- GREGORIAN. The influence of Gregory the Great upon early Church music was far-reaching and in many ways beneficent. He laid the foundation of that type of music which prevails to this day in the Roman Catholic Church.
Tunes.—Olmutz, 227; Nunc Dimittis, 733.
- GRUBER, FRANZ (1787-1863). A native of Hochburg, Upper Austria; organist in Arnsdorf, Berndorf, and Hallein.
Tune.—Silent Night, 123.
- HANDEL, GEORGE FREDERICK (1685-1759). A famous German musician, the composer of the oratorios "Israel in Egypt" and "The Messiah;" was born at Halle, Germany, but died in London after making his home in England for nearly fifty years. In early life Handel was worldly and rough, but a great change was noticed in his spirit in later years. Charles Wesley represents him as leading a choir in heaven among applauding angels:
Where Handel strikes the golden strings,
And plausive angels clap their wings.
Tunes.—Antloch, 107; Christmas, 115, 396; Thatcher, 182; Samson, 298; Bradford, 370; Dirge, 586.
- HARDING, J. P. (1861-). English composer (?).
Tune.—Morning Star, 114.
- HARRINGTON, CALVIN SEARS (1826-1886). An educator, poet, and musician; was Professor of Latin in Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., for many years. He was the father of Prof. Karl P. Harrington.
Tune.—Fisk, 185.
- HARRINGTON, CLAUDE WALLACE (1861-1897). Brought up at East St. Johnsbury, Vt.; later a music teacher in Rochester, N. Y. At the time of his death he had charge of the music in the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, of Rochester.
Tune.—Asbury, 143.

- HARRINGTON, KARL POMEROY (1861-)**. One of the musical editors of this Hymnal; born in Somersworth, N. H.; son of Calvin Sears Harrington; educator and musician, composer of song and hymn tunes; Professor of Latin at Wesleyan University since 1905.
Tunes.—Worship, 14; Praise, 20; Parker, 46, 694; Christmas Song, 112; Weihnacht, 120; Copeland, 138; Middletown, 451; Orono, 542; Beyond, 627; Evanston, 632; Palm Sunday, 684; More, 685; Invocation Sentence, 734.
- HARRIS, THORO (1874-)**. An American composer. We have no information concerning his life.
Tunc.—Crimea, 124.
- HARRISON, REV. RALPH (1748-1810)**. An English Presbyterian minister and musician; editor of *Sacred Harmony*, 1784.
Tunc.—Peterboro, 404.
- HASSLER, HANS LEO (1564-1612)**. A native of Nuremberg, Germany. One of the most famous organists of his time.
Tunc.—Passion Chorale, 161.
- HASTINGS, THOMAS, Doctor of Music (1784-1872)**. An eminent American musician, composer, and editor; a native of Connecticut; for many years a resident of New York. Sacred music was to him not only a profession but a delight. He composed several very useful and pleasing tunes.
Tunes.—Zion, 91, 647; Ortonville, 135; Toplady, 279; Illinois, 399; Retreat, 495.
- HATTON, JOHN (-1793)**. An English composer, born at Warrenton, England. The date of his birth is not known.
Tunc.—Duke Street, 5, 21, 631, 660.
- HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY (1836-1879)**. An English poetess and hymn writer, who was also a musician and composer. (See "Biographical Index of Authors.")
Tunc.—Hermas, 175.
- HAVERGAL, REV. WILLIAM HENRY (1793-1870)**. An English clergyman; educated at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford; took holy orders in 1815; was much interested in Church music. He published a *History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune*, and reprinted *Ravencroft's Psalter*.
Tunes.—Evan, 356; Swabia, 648.
- HAWES, REV. THOMAS (1732-1820)**. A popular preacher in the Church of England; also a hymn writer and composer.
Tunc.—Chesterfield, 63, 441, 535.
- HAYDN, FRANCIS JOSEPH, Doctor of Music (1732-1809)**. A native of Austria, in youth a chorister in the cathedral church of Vienna. Later he became an eminent composer of various forms of music. In 1791 he visited England and received the degree of Doctor of Music from Oxford. His masterpiece is "The Creation," an oratorio.
Tunes.—Creation, 84; Lyons, 106; Austria, 210.
- HAYES, WILLIAM (1707-1777)**. An English organist, the composer of various anthems and chants.
Tunc.—Jubilate Deo, 730.
- HAYNE, REV. LEIGHTON GEORGE (1836-1883)**. Born in Exeter, England; educated at Eaton and Queen's College, Oxford; Bachelor of Music, 1856; Doctor of Music, 1860; took orders in the Church of England, 1861.
Tunc.—Chalvey, 340, 578.
- HEBREW MELODY**. One evening about 1770 Thomas Olivers went to a Jewish synagogue in London, where he heard a tune that struck his fancy. He borrowed a copy of the tune from the leader of the singing, named Leonl, and wrote to it his famous hymn, "The God of Abraham praise."
Tunc.—Leonl, 4.
- HEMY, HENRY FREDERIC (1818-1889)**. A resident of England; editor of a music book for Catholic choirs entitled the *Crown of Jesus*.
Tunc.—Sabbata, 588, 667.
- HEROLD, LOUIS JOSEPH FERDINAND (1791-1833)**. A native and resident of Paris; a celebrated pianist and composer of dramatic music.
Tunc.—Messiah, 348, 643, 711.
- HEWS, GEORGE (1800-1873)**. An American composer, a resident of Massachusetts.
Tunc.—Holley, 74.
- HILES, HENRY (1826-1904)**. Professor of composition in the Royal College of Music, at Manchester.
Tunes.—St. Leonard, 62, 472; Magnificat, 731.
- HIMMEL, FRIEDRICH HEINRICH (1765-1814)**. A famous German pianist and composer of operas and various other forms of music.
Tunc.—Light of the World, 192, 638.
- HODGES, EDWARD, Doctor of Music (1796-1876)**. An organist at Bristol, England, where he was born. In 1838 he came to America; organist in New York; composer of anthems and other music published in New York and London. In 1863 he re-

- turned to London. He was the father of Rev. John Sebastian Bach Hodges.
Tunes.—Habakkuk, 368, 432, 624; Chant, 738.
- HODGES, REV. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH** (1830-). A son of Dr. Edward Hodges, born in Bristol, England; a graduate of Columbia College and of General Theological Seminary, New York; rector of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Newark, N. J., 1861-1870, and of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, Md., 1870-. A son of the above.
Tune.—Eucharistic Hymn, 238.
- HOLBROOK, JOSEPH PERRY** (1822-1888). Born near Boston, Mass.; editor of *Songs of the Sanctuary*; associated with Dr. Eben Tourjée in editing the Methodist Hymnal of 1878. Compiler and editor of several books of music.
Tunes.—Truman, 304; Greek Hymn, 616.
- HOLDEN, OLIVER** (1765-1844). An American musician, born in Shirley, Mass.; author of Hymn 515. "Coronation" was first published in *The Union Harmony*, Boston, 1793. Originally it was a "fugue tune," according to the fashion of the time. The little English pipe organ used by Holden is now in the historical rooms of the old Statehouse, Boston. (See "Biographical Index of Authors.")
Tune.—Coronation, 180, 222.
- HOLMES, H. J. E.** (1852-). An English composer. The tune found here was taken from the *English Wesleyan Tune Book*, London, 1904.
Tune.—Pater Omnium, 466, 541.
- HOPKINS, EDWARD JOHN**, Doctor of Music (1818-1901). Organist at Temple Church, London; editor and composer of hymn tunes.
Tunes.—Eilers, 38; St. Athanasius, 77; Wessex, 473; Culford, 640; Deva, 652; Jubilate Deo, 730; Magnificat, 731.
- HORNER, EGBERT F.**, Doctor of Music. An English composer; contributed several tunes to the new *Wesleyan Methodist Hymn Book*, 1904.
Tune.—Hampstead, 563.
- HOYTE, WILLIAM STEVENSON** (1844-). An English musician; Professor of Organ Music at Trinity College, London.
Tune.—St. Colomb, 573.
- HULLAH, JOHN** (1812-1884). Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, London; conductor of concerts, organist, composer of hymn tunes and other forms of music.
Tunes.—Bentley, 454, 467.
- HUMPHREY, PELHAM** (1647-1674). An English musical leader; chorister at the Chapel Royal, 1660; master of choristers, 1672.
Tune.—Venite, Exultemus Domino, 728.
- HUSBAND, REV. EDWARD** (1843-). A native of Folkestone, England; composer of vocal music.
Tune.—St. Hilda, 282, 488.
- INGALLS, JEREMIAH** (1764-1828). An American musician; editor of *The Christian Harmony*; or, *Songster's Companion*, Exeter, N. H., 1805.
Tune.—Fillmore, 310.
- IRONS, HERBERT STEPHEN** (1834-). Born at Canterbury, England; an organist and professional musician.
Tune.—Southwell, 268.
- JEFFREY, J. ALBERT**. An organist and teacher of music in Boston.
Tunes.—Liddon, 15; Ancient of Days, 76.
- JEFFREYS, CHARLES** (1807-1865). An English composer, writer of many popular songs; also publisher of music in London.
Tune.—Boardman, 129.
- JENKS, STEPHEN** (1772-1856). An American; editor of a volume titled *The Delights of Harmony*; or, *Norfolk Compiler*, 1805.
Tunes.—Communion, 146.
- JONES, DARIUS ELIOT** (1815-1881). An American clergyman; editor of *Temple Melodies*, 1853, and *Songs of the New Life*, 1869.
Tune.—Stockwell, 52.
- JONES, JOHN** (1730-1796). An English organist, composer, and author.
Tune.—City Road, 311.
- JONES, REV. WILLIAM** (1726-1800). A Church of England clergyman and composer of music; graduated at University of Oxford in 1749.
Tune.—St. Stephen, 86.
- JORDAN CHARLES WARWICK** (1840-). An English organist and author of musical works.
Tune.—Rhodes, 303, 525.
- JOSEPHI, GEORG**. A German musician of the seventeenth century.
Tune.—Angelus, 313.
- JUDE, WILLIAM HERBERT** (1851-). A resident of Liverpool, England.
Tune.—Jude, 545.
- KETTLE, CHARLES EDWARD** (1833-1895). An Englishman; organist at several churches; composer of hymn tunes, chants, and songs.
Tune.—Chant, 731.

- KINGSLEY, GEORGE** (1811-1884). An American composer, a resident for some years at Northampton, Mass.; taught music in Boston; was organist at Hollis Street Church, and later Professor of Music at Girard College, Philadelphia.
Tunes.—Newbold, 24, 606; Tappan, 99; Boardman, 129; Ferguson, 172, 471; Mes-siah, 348, 643, 711; Heber, 424; Elizabeth-town, 546; Frederick, 584.
- KIRBYE, GEORGE.** A famous musician of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. One of the harmonizers of Este's *Psalter*, 1592, and of Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, 1621.
Tune.—Winchester Old, 181, 576.
- KNAPP, MRS. PHOEBE PALMER** (1839-1898). She was the daughter of Dr. Walter and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, and the wife of Joseph Fairchild Knapp, a business man of New York City, who died in 1891. Mrs. Knapp was a sweet singer, an accomplished organist, and an earnest Christian worker.
Tunc.—Blessed Assurance, 548.
- KNAPP, WILLIAM** (1698-1768). Parish clerk of Poole, Dorsetshire, England; composer of anthems and Church tunes.
Tune.—All Saints, 215, 539, 715.
- KNECHT, JUSTIN HEINRICH** (1752-1817). A German composer; Professor of Literature at Biberach.
Tunes.—St. Hilda, 282, 483; Vienna, 374.
- KNIGHT, H.** We have no definite facts; probably an English composer.
Tune.—Stabat Mater, 154.
- KOCHER, CONRAD** (1786-1872). A celebrated German musician; composer of operas, sonatas, and songs. In the later years of his long and useful life he devoted much time to the improvement of Church music.
Tune.—Dix, 28.
- LAHEE, HENRY** (1826-). A London organist, choirmaster, and composer of cantatas.
Tune.—Nativity, 108, 321, 392.
- LANE, SPENCER** (1843-1903). An American composer, organist, and manufacturer of musical instruments.
Tunc.—Penitence, 431.
- LANGRAN, JAMES** (1835-). An English organist and musical editor; lived in London.
Tunc.—Langran, 284.
- LAWES, HENRY** (1596-1662). An Englishman; one of the leading musicians of his time.
Tune.—Te Deum Laudamus, 729.
- LEWIS, FREEMAN** (1780-1859). An American musician.
Tune.—Meditation, 530.
- LINDSAY, Miss.** A London lady, afterwards Mrs. J. Worthington Bliss.
Tune.—Too Late, 743.
- LOCKHART, CHARLES** (1745-1815). Organist of the Lock Hospital, England; a gifted and successful musician; was blind from infancy.
Tune.—Carlisle, 362.
- LOWRY, REV. ROBERT, D.D.** (1826-1899). A well-known American Baptist minister; the pastor of several strong Churches. Music was his avocation. He was the musical editor of several successful books for use in Sunday schools.
Tunes.—Something for Jesus, 349; One More Day's Work, 419; I Need Thee Every Hour, 506.
- LUCAS, JAMES** (1762-). An Englishman; the date of his death is not known.
Tune.—Lucas, 568.
- LUTHER, REV. MARTIN** (1483-1546). The great German reformer. (See "Biographical Index of Authors.")
Tune.—Ein' Feste Burg, 101.
- LUTKIN, PETER CHRISTIAN, Doctor of Music** (1858-). An American educator, organist, and composer of music; a native of Wisconsin. The degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on him by Syracuse University. He has been Dean of the School of Music at Northwestern University since 1897. He was one of the musical editors of this Hymnal.
Tunes.—Copenhagen, 107; Kolding, 112; Kiel, 140; Baptism, 231; Prescott, 263; Upham, 297; Bellville, 374; Joshua, 403; St. Barbara, 456; Gleason, 464; Transfiguration, 479; Racine, 484; Caryl, 583; Camp, 686; Patten, 687; Olivarius, 712; Theodore, 713; Lanier, 745; The Lord Bless You and Keep You, 748.
- LWOFF, ALEXIS THEODORE** (1799-1870). A Russian musician; the composer of the national anthem of Russia.
Tunc.—Russian Hymn, 707.
- LYRA DAVIDICA.** A small tune book published in 1708, a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum library.
Tune.—Easter Hymn, 156.
- MACFARREN, SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER, Doctor of Music** (1813-1887). A distinguished English educator and composer; was elected Professor of Music at Cambridge and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music in

- 1875, and was made Doctor of Music the same year. He was knighted in 1883.
Tunc.—Magnificat, 731.
- MAIN, HUBERT PLATT (1839-)**. Born in Ridgefield, Conn.; composer; editor of music for Churches and Sunday schools; was musical editor of the hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, published in 1889; President of the Biglow & Main Company, who are the publishers of the *Gospel Hymns* and numerous other musical publications.
Tunc.—Meditation, 530.
- MAKER, FREDERICK CHARLES (1844-)**. An Englishman; composer of hymn tunes and anthems.
Tunes.—Wentworth, 29; Maker, 89; Elton, 543.
- MALAN, REV. HENRI ABRAHAM CÆSAR (1787-1864)**. A French divine and hymn writer. (See "Biographical Index of Authors.")
Tunes.—Rosefield, 262; Welton, 322; Hendon, 507.
- MANN, ARTHUR HENRY, Doctor of Music (1850-)**. An English musician and composer of Church tunes.
Tunes.—Angel's Story, 350; Silestus, 367; Claudius, 595; Stanley, 651.
- MARSH, SIMEON BUTLER (1798-1875)**. An American composer of vocal music.
Tunc.—Martyn, 463.
- MASON, LOWELL (1792-1872)**. One of the most noted of American composers of Church music; was born at Medford, Mass.; resided at Savannah, Ga., from 1811 to 1827, when he removed to Boston. While at Savannah he composed the tune to Bishop Heber's missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." After his return to Massachusetts he made music a life work. He became President of the Handel and Haydn Society, and later founded the Boston Academy of Music. He also organized singing schools and musical conventions and introduced music into the public schools, which fact alone should immortalize his name. He did more to improve and elevate American Church music than any other man.
Tunes.—Azmon, 1, 75, 183, 375; Ariel, 9, 318, 540; Malvern, 37, 148; Hebron, 51, 425; Mendebas, 68; Sabbath Morn, 69; Rockingham, 71, 289; Denny, 126; Dort, 161, 672; Harwell, 177, 649; Olivet, 184, 334; Naomi, 277, 427, 492, 523; Ward, 218, 229; Hamburg, 225, 381; Olmutz, 227; Ux-
- bridge, 256, 269, 502; Gerar, 264; Shawmut, 265; Boylston, 275, 388; Cowper, 291; Cleansing Fountain, 291; Bethany, 315; Meribah, 365, 519, 579; Work Song, 422; Laban, 429, 493; Selvin, 446; Henley, 462; Nashville, 534; Migdol, 630; Watchman, 636; Missionary Hymn, 655; Mendon, 669.
- MATTHEWS, REV. TIMOTHY RICHARD (1826-)**. A Church of England clergyman and composer of music; graduated at Cambridge University in 1853.
Tunes.—Elliott, 122; Storrs, 165; Reynoldstone, 599.
- MAUNDER, JOHN HENRY (1858-)**. An English composer and conductor of vocal music.
Tunc.—Martham, 73, 83.
- MCDONALD, REV. WILLIAM (1820-1901)**. An American Methodist minister, hymn writer, and composer of music. (See "Biographical Index of Authors.")
Tunc.—Going Home, 628.
- MCINTOSH, RIGDON MCCOY (1836-1899)**. An American musical editor and composer of popular tunes for Sunday school songs and Church hymns. He was Professor of Vocal Music at Emory College (Georgia).
Tunc.—The Kingdom Coming, 633.
- MEHUL, ETTENNE HENRI (1763-1817)**. A French composer.
Tunc.—Gilead, 202.
- MEINEKE, CHARLES (1782-1850)**. A resident of Baltimore, Md.
Tunc.—Gloria Patri, 737.
- MENDELSSOHN - BARTHOLDY, JAKOB LUDWIG FELIX (1809-1847)**. The famous German composer; one of the most honored names in the history of music; was born at Hamburg. He composed all known forms of music and invented a new class which was called "songs without words." Hymn tunes have been arranged from several of his compositions by musical editors.
Tunes.—Consolation, 43; Mendelssohn, 111; Wilson, 116; Munich, 151; Elven, 273; Bartholdy, 379, 689.
- MESSITER, ARTHUR HENRY (1834-)**. Born at Brome, England; came to America, and was organist and choirmaster at Trinity Church, New York, 1866-97.
Tunc.—Marlon, 421.
- MILLER, EDWARD, Doctor of Music (1735-1807)**. Born at Norwich, England; was organist at Doncaster Church for fifty-one

- years. He was musical editor of several published volumes of hymns.
Tunes.—Miller, 17, 663; Whitefield, 22.
- MONK, WILLIAM HENRY** (1823-1889). Born in London; English organist and professor of vocal music; he was also one of the musical editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. In the last edition (1910) of this volume he provides the music for forty of the hymns. "Hursley" is an adaptation from Peter Ritter.
Tunes.—Hursley, 47, 274; Eventide, 50; Aber, 155, 580; Vigilate, 494.
- MOORE, W.** An English composer; he furnished one tune for the new *Wesleyan Methodist Hymnal*, 1904.
Tune.—Confidence, 286.
- MORNINGTON, EARL OF**, Doctor of Music (1735-1781). Garret Colley Wellesley (or Wesley), the first Earl of Mornington and the father of the Duke of Wellington, was born in Dagan, Ireland. At the age of twenty-one the University of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music. He was a composer of glee; also of Church tunes and anthems.
Tunc.—Mornington, 45, 253, 417.
- MOSS, EDWIN** (1838-). Schoolmaster at Cardiff, Wales, 1858. Took up the musical profession in London in 1866.
Tunc.—Llandaff, 358.
- MOZART, JOHANN WOLFGANG AMADEUS** (1756-1791). One of the greatest of the German composers. He died at the age of thirty-five.
Tuncs.—Janes, 80, 378; Ellesdie, 458.
- NAEGELI, JOHANN GEORG** (1768-1836). A Swiss composer of vocal music and publisher of standard classics.
Tunes.—Dennis, 100, 556, 560; Naomi, 277, 427, 492, 523.
- NARES, JAMES**, Doctor of Music (1715-1783). Organist of York Cathedral, England, and of the Chapel Royal, London. He received the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Cambridge.
Tunc.—Amsterdam, 623.
- NEUKOMM, SIGISMUND** (1778-1858). A German composer of oratorios and numerous other musical compositions, many of which attained great popularity; wrote altogether more than one thousand musical works; was made Chevallier of the Legion of Honor and ennobled by Louis XVIII.; was chapel-master of Dom Pedro of Brazil; a pupil of Haydn and a friend of Mendelssohn. The tune "St. Vincent," accredited to Uglow, is, according to the new *Historical Edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern*, an adaptation from Neukomm, the first two lines being taken direct.
Tune.—St. Vincent, 221.
- NEUMARK, GEORG** (1621-1681). A German hymn writer and composer of tunes. (See "Biographical Index of Authors.")
Tune.—Bremen, 476.
- NORRIS, THOMAS** (1740-1790). An English composer and tenor vocalist.
Tune.—Jubilate Deo, 730.
- NOVELLO, VINCENT** (1781-1861). English organist, composer, and publisher of music.
Tune.—Chant to the Lord's Prayer, 735.
- OAKELEY, SIR HERBERT STANLEY**, Doctor of Music (1830-1905). A distinguished English musician; educated at Rugby and at Oxford; studied pianoforte and organ in Germany. In 1865 he became professor at the University of Edinburgh; knighted by Queen Victoria in 1876. He wrote both instrumental and vocal music, being the author of numerous published pieces and volumes.
Tune.—Abends, 48, 54, 398.
- OAKLEY, WILLIAM HENRY** (1809-1881). An American song writer.
Tune.—Contrition, 491.
- OLDBERG, ARNE** (1874-). A native of Ohio; a pianist and composer; Professor of Music in Northwestern University since 1899.
Tune.—Gilder, 14.
- OLIVER, HENRY KEMBLE** (1800-1885). A native of Salem, Mass. After graduating at Harvard he became Adjutant General of Massachusetts and later State Treasurer. He was a lover of music from childhood to old age. He composed many Church tunes.
Tunc.—Federal Street, 271, 443.
- PALMER, HORATIO RICHMOND** (1834-1907). Born at Sherburne, N. Y.; composer and teacher of music; author of many works on musical subjects.
Tune.—Vincent, 510.
- PALMER, W. ST. CLAIR** (1865-). Said to be an Englishman.
Tune.—Clolata, 251.
- PARKER, REV. EDWIN POND, D.D.** (1836-). A Congregational minister; born in Castine, Me.; a graduate of Bowdoin College,

- 1856, and Bangor Divinity School, 1859. In 1860 he became pastor of the Second Congregational Church at Hartford, Conn., where he still resides.
Tunc.—Mercy, 53, 562.
- PARRY, SIR CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS, Doctor of Music (1848-). One of the most distinguished of living English composers and writers on musical subjects. He has been director of the Royal College of Music since 1894 and Professor of Music at Oxford since 1900. He furnished tunes for twelve hymns in the last edition (1910) of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. (See note under Hymn No. 746.)
Tunc.—Marylebone, 746.
- PARSELLO, GIOVANNI. We have at present no facts concerning this composer; we presume that he is an Italian.
Tunc.—Vigil, 625.
- PEACE, ALBERT LISTER (1845-). English musician; organist at Glasgow Cathedral, 1879.
Tuncs.—Green Hill, 314, 570, 591; Margaret, 481.
- PERKINS, THEODORE EDSON (1831-). An American composer and editor of music books.
Tunc.—Lundle, 529.
- PLEYEL, IGNAZ JOSEF (1757-1831). This talented and voluminous composer was born in Ruppersthal, Austria; a pupil of Haydn. After the French Revolution he established a music and piano house in Paris.
Tunc.—Pleyel's Hymn, 35, 248.
- POND, SYLVANUS BILLINGS (1792-1871). An American teacher and composer of music.
Tunc.—Armenia, 553.
- PONTIUS, WILLIAM HENRY (1860-). A native of Ohio; professor in a school of music at Minneapolis, Minn.
Tunc.—Holy Hill, 13.
- PRICE, CARL FOWLER (1881-). A resident of New York City; graduated with the A.B. degree at Wesleyan University in 1902; editor of songs; has contributed music to several hymnals; is now in business in New York. His "Sanctus No. 2" was written for the choir of St. James Methodist Church (New York) in 1894. His "Washington" was written in 1898 for the words "Abide with me," but was later changed and adapted to a long-meter hymn. Mr. Price is the author of a helpful companion volume to the *Methodist Hymnal*, which gives much useful information concerning the composers and their tunes and also concerning the hymn writers and their hymns. It will be published at an early day, and bear the title, *The Music and Hymnody of the Methodist Hymnal*.
Tunes.—Washington, 444; Sanctus (No. 2), 741.
- PURCELL, THOMAS (-1862). An English composer, brother to Henry Purcell, the elder, and uncle of the more famous Henry Purcell, the younger, all of them noted musicians and composers. The year of his birth is not known. He sang in the English Chapel Royal from 1660; became lay vicar in Westminster Abbey in 1661; composer and musician to the king in 1662; composed a famous burial chant.
Tunc.—Deus Misereatur, 732.
- READ, DANIEL (1757-1836). A native of Rehoboth, Mass.; music teacher; editor of *Columbian Harmony*, 1793, and other singing books; composer of once famous tunes titled "Sherburne," "Windham," "Russia."
Tunc.—Lisbon, 64.
- REDHEAD, RICHARD (1820-1901). A celebrated English organist and composer of Church music.
Tunc.—Gethsemane, 280.
- REDNER, LEWIS HENRY (1831-). Organist of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, Pa., when Phillips Brooks was rector. He composed the original tune for Bishop Brooks's hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem," for use in the Sunday school.
Tunc.—St. Louis, 121.
- REINAGLE, ALEXANDER ROBERT (1799-1877). Born at Brighton, England; was for a time organist of St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford.
Tuncs.—Ben Rhydding, 94; St. Peter's, Oxford, 241.
- REISSIGER, CARL GOTTLIEB (1798-1859). A German composer and professor of music.
Tunc.—Beloit, 145, 335.
- RICHARDSON, JOHN (1816-1879). An English Roman Catholic; organist of various Churches.
Tunc.—St. Bernard, 133, 483.
- RIGHINI, VINCENZO (1756-1812). An Italian composer and conductor of opera.
Tunc.—Righini, 629.
- RIMBAULT, EDWARD FRANCIS, Ph.D., LL.D. (1816-1876). An English musician, composer, author, editor, and lecturer on musical subjects; born in London, and also

- died there. He declined the professorship of music at Harvard University.
Tunes.—Happy Day, 312; Rutherford, 614.
- RINK, JOHANN CHRISTIAN HEINRICH (1770-1846). A German organist and professor of music; author of many works on music.
Tune.—Overberg, 366.
- RITTER, PETER (1660-1846). A native of Mannheim, Germany chapelmaster to the Grand Duke of Baden, 1811.
Tune.—Hursley, 47, 274.
- ROBERTS, JOHN VARLEY, Doctor of Music (1841-). An English organist, composer, and musical leader; has composed many sacred cantatas and anthems; founded the University Madrigal and Glee Club at Oxford in 1884; conductor of Oxford Choral Society.
Tune.—Elm, 522.
- ROE, JOHN EDWARD (1831-1871). Said to be an English composer, but we have no definite facts concerning him.
Tune.—Weston, 130, 355.
- ROOT, GEORGE FREDERICK, Doctor of Music (1820-1895). Widely known as the composer of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching" and other popular war songs; also of numerous Church tunes; was associated with Lowell Mason in educational work; a publisher of music at Chicago; received his doctorate from Chicago University.
Tunes.—Rialto, 157; Rosedale, 596; Varina, 604.
- ROSENMÜLLER, JOHANN (1615-1686). A German musician and composer; born in Saxony; was teacher and director of music in Leipzig, and later at Wolfenbüttel, where he died.
Tune.—Nassau, 240.
- ROSSINI, GIOACHINO ANTONIO (1792-1868). An Italian composer of popular operas and director of music.
Tunes.—Manoah, 105, 361, 701; Linwood, 496.
- ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES (1712-1778). A native of Geneva, Switzerland. The famous French political philosopher and writer was born at Geneva. He did not claim to be a moralist, and his music here used as a Church tune and sometimes called "Rousseau's Dream" was not composed as sacred music.
Tune.—Greenville, 39, 259.
- SANKEY, IRA DAVID (1840-1908). The famous singer of "gospel songs;" was born at Edinburg, Pa. As a singing evangelist of rare power he was associated with Dwight L. Moody for many years in evangelistic work in America and England. He was a composer as well as a singer of gospel tunes, and edited numerous song books. His autobiographic *Story of the Gospel Hymns* was published in 1906. Among the many popular tunes that he composed, his "Ninety and Nine" was most widely known and greatly admired. He was a Methodist.
Tune.—Tell It Out, 634.
- SCHNEIDER, FRIEDRICH JOHANN CHRISTIAN (1786-1853). A talented musician; student at the University of Leipzig; director of musical festivals, and a voluminous composer of symphonies, sonatas, and operas.
Tune.—Lischer, 67, 565.
- SCHNYDER, VON WARTENSEE, XAVIER (1756-1868). A German composer and teacher of music; a native of Lucerne, belonging to a noble family.
Tune.—Horton, 248.
- SCHOLEFIELD, REV. CLEMENT COTTERILL (1839-1901). An English clergyman; educated at Cambridge; ordained in 87 became vicar of St. Trinity Knightsbridge, in 1890.
Tune.—St. Clement, 0.
- SCHUMANN, ROBERT ALEXANDER (1810-1856). One of the most noted and popular of German composers; director of music at Leipzig and Dresden; a voluminous author; he composed music for stringed instruments, piano, organ, orchestra, song, etc.
Tunes.—Canonbury, 42, 127, 411; Schumann, 66, 435.
- SCOTCH MELODY. We do not know the date of this old Scotch Christian war song.
Tune.—Caledonia, 385.
- SCOTCH PSALTER. A famous Psalm book used in Scotland for a hundred years from 1564 to 1650.
Tune.—Dundee, 96, 233, 659.
- SHERWIN, WILLIAM FISK (1826-1887). An American composer of hymn tunes that are equally popular and useful in Sunday school and church services. Few tunes in this Hymnal are more admired than these two tunes by Mr. Sherwin.
Tunes.—Evening Praise, 57; Bread of Life, 325.
- SHRUBSOLE, WILLIAM (1752-1806). Born in Canterbury, England (several dates giv-

- en); chorister in the Canterbury Cathedral; in 1784 he became organist in Spaffields Chapel, London, where he remained until his death. The chapel belonged to Lady Huntingdon's connection. This man is not the hymn writer of the same name. (See note under Hymn No. 180.)
Tunc.—Miles Lane, 167, 180.
- SIMPSON, ROBERT (1792-1832). A native of Scotland.
Tunc.—Balerna, 242, 260.
- SMART, HENRY (1812-1879). A noted English musician and composer. He was afflicted with blindness, but was noted for his cheerfulness and for his enthusiasm in his work as a musician. 'As a composer of Church music he obtained a world-wide reputation, his hymn tunes, services, and anthems having been long recognized as master works. Few composers in the past century equaled him in his contributions to the Church of thoroughly pure and elevating hymn tunes.
Tuncs.—Regent Square, 25, 113, 169, 662; Nachtlied, 61; Crucifer, 211; Vexillum, 384; Lancashire, 387, 408; Pilgrims, 621; Chant, 731.
- SMITH, DAVID STANLEY (1878-). Professor of Music in Yale University.
Tuncs.—Fortitude, 407; Los Angeles, 664 (second tune).
- SMITH, REV. HENRY PERCY (1825-1898). An English clergyman and composer.
Tunc.—Maryton, 232, 341, 411, 670.
- SMITH, ISAAC. An English composer; date of his birth is unknown; died about 1800. He was the director of music at Alice Street Meetinghouse, London, and the editor of *A Collection of Psalm Tunes in Three Parts*, about 1770.
Tunc.—Silver Street, 3.
- SMITH, JOSEPH (1856-). Bachelor of Music; organist at Limerick Cathedral, Ireland.
Tunc.—Radiance, 537.
- SMITH, SAMUEL (1804-1873). An Englishman living in Bradford, England, of which city he was Mayor in 1852-54.
Tunc.—Edengrove, 680.
- SNOW, LEVI FRANKLIN (1839-1876). An American composer; for some time a teacher of music in Boston.
Tunc.—Cary, 620.
- SOUTHGATE, THOMAS BISHOP (1814-1868). An English composer of vocal music; born at Hornsey, England.
Tunc.—Brookfield, 70, 705.
- SPILMAN, REV. JONATHAN (1835-). A native of England; composer of vocal music.
Tunc.—Illinois, 399.
- SPOHR, LOUIS (1784-1859). A celebrated German violinist and composer. He began to play the violin at five years of age, and became an expert performer. He was a successful composer of operas, oratorios, cantatas, and other forms of music.
Tuncs.—Simpson, 309, 316, 354, 517; Spohr, 320, 364; Waring, 465; Leyden, 619.
- SPRATT, MISS A. B. We have no facts concerning this composer.
Tunc.—Kedron, 453.
- ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.
Tunc.—Holborn Hill, 199, 336.
- STAINER, SIR JOHN, Doctor of Music (1840-1901). A distinguished English musician, famous both as an organist and as a composer of music for use in church. In 1872-88 he was organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. He was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1888; Professor of Music at Oxford in 1889-99.
Tuncs.—Cross of Jesus, 98; Paschale Gaudium, 156; Magdalena, 200, 353; Veni, 389; Jerusalem, 448; Blessed Home, 527; Rex Regium, 607, 714; Children's Offerings, 673; St. Hill, 683; Magdalen, 459, 710.
- STANLEY, SAMUEL (1767-1822). An English composer of hymn tunes; was precentor of the Carr's Lane Congregational Chapel, in Birmingham.
Tuncs.—Warwick, 41; Shirland, 512.
- STATHAM, FRANCIS REGINALD (1844-). An English poet and journalist in South Africa.
Tunc.—Thanksgiving, 216.
- STATHAM, HENRY HEATHCOTE (1839-). An English architect and amateur musician; for many years musical critic for the *Edinburgh Review*.
Tunc.—St. Joseph, 132.
- STEBBINS, GEORGE COLES (1846-). A singing evangelist and composer of popular tunes; born at East Carlton, N. Y.; was director of music in Tremont Temple, Boston, 1874-76; entered evangelistic work under D. L. Moody in 1876. He has been associated with Ira D. Sankey and James McGranahan in publishing various editions of *Gospel Hymns* and other popular religious song books. He compiled and edited *The Northfield Hymnal*, 1904. He resides in Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tuncs.—Evening Prayer, 55; True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted, 420.

- STEGGALL, CHARLES**, Doctor of Music (1826-1905). An eminent English composer; born in London; educated at the Royal Academy of Music; professor at same school, 1851; was made Doctor of Music by Cambridge University in 1852; organist in different London churches; was connected with Church music and hymnology all his life.
Tunc.—Christ Church, 178, 656.
- STEWART, SIR ROBERT PRESCOTT**, Doctor of Music (1825-1894). A native of Dublin, Ireland; educated in the school of Christ Church Cathedral; an organist and composer; was conductor and professor of music in the University of Dublin, which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music; published several music books.
Tunc.—Mount Calvary, 65, 287, 373, 395, 554.
- STOCKTON, REV. JOHN HART** (1813-1877). A Methodist minister; member of the New Jersey Conference. He published two gospel song books: *Salvation Melodies*, 1874, and *Precious Songs*, 1875. (See "Biographical Index of Authors.")
Tunc.—Stockton, 261.
- STOKES, WALTER** (1847-). An English composer.
Tunc.—Ravendale, 445.
- STOREE, HENRY JOHNSON** (1871-). An American organist and composer residing at Albany, N. Y.
Tunc.—Patmos, 626.
- SULLIVAN, SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR**, Doctor of Music (1842-1900). One of the most distinguished of modern English composers; a native of London; studied music at the Royal Academy, London, and at the Conservatory of Leipzig; composer of oratorios and many other forms of music; knighted in 1883. Both Cambridge and Oxford conferred on him the doctorate in music.
Tunes.—Angel Voices, 27; St. Kevin, 163; Gerard, 236; Hanford, 239, 521; Leominster, 283; St. Edmund, 315; St. Gertrude, 383; Lux Eol, 402, 567; Barony, 513; Samuel, 559, 674; Nearer Home, 590, 597; Homeland, 615; St. Theresa, 681.
- SWEETSER, JOSEPH EMERSON** (1825-1873). An English composer of vocal music.
Tunes.—Greenwood, 352; Owen, 698.
- TALLIS, THOMAS** (1520-1585). English organist in the Chapel Royal in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; is called "the father of English cathedral music." He is described as "an important link between pre-Reformation and post-Reformation Church music. There were greater musicians than he on each side of the transition, but he was more responsible than most for the transition through his settings of the responses, the litany, anthems, etc." (Historic Edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.)
Tunes.—Evening Hymn, 49; Venite, Exultemus Domino, 728.
- TANSUR, WILLIAM** (1700-1783). An English composer and teacher of music and editor of many music books.
Tunc.—St. Martin's, 183, 569.
- TAYLOR, VIRGIL CORYDON** (1817-1891). An American composer; organist in Hartford, Conn.; editor of several books of music.
Tunc.—Louvan, 266, 503, 561.
- TESCHNER, MELCHIOR**. An Austrian clergyman who lived in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; was leader of the choir in a church at Fraustadt, Austria, of which he later became the pastor. He wrote two tunes, one of which (that here given) is of world-wide fame.
Tunc.—St. Theodolph, 31.
- TIDDEMAN, MISS MARIA** (1837-). An Englishwoman; studied music at Oxford; has composed several tunes, songs, and anthems.
Tunc.—Ibstone, 641.
- TOMER, WILLIAM GOULD** (1832-1896). An American journalist; served as a soldier in the Civil War; music was his avocation.
Tunc.—God Be with You, 564.
- TOURJÉE, EBEN**, Doctor of Music (1834-1891). Founder of the New England Conservatory of Music, at Boston (1867); a skilled organist, teacher of music, and editor of music books; did much to encourage and improve congregational singing. He was one of the musical editors of the *Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, 1878. He was born at Warwick, R. I., and died at Boston.
Tunc.—Cary, 620.
- TOURJÉE, MISS LIZZIE SHOVE**. See Estabrook, Mrs. Lizzie Tourjée.
- TOURS, BERTHOLD** (1838-1897). A Dutch musician and composer; born at Rotterdam; studied in Brussels and Leipzig; in 1861 he settled in London; composed much Church music, both vocal and instrumental. In 1878 he became musical adviser and editor for Novello, the music publisher of London.
Tunes.—Rotterdam, 164; Gouda, 447; Deventer, 708.

- TOZER, AUGUSTUS EDMONDS (1857-). An English composer of instrumental and vocal music.
Tune.—Jazer, 245.
- TROYTE, ARTHUR HENRY DYKE (1811-1857). A son of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland; educated at Harrow School and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1832. He adopted the name "Troyte" in 1852. His chants and hymn tunes were written for the *Salisbury Hymn Book*, 1857.
Tune.—My God, My Father, 736.
- TURLE, JAMES (1802-1882). Was chorister at Wells Cathedral; in 1831 he was appointed organist at Westminster Abbey; composed only a few chants and tunes.
Tunes.—St. John's, Westminster, 234, 550; Westminster, 700; Chant, 733.
- UGLOW, JAMES (1814-1894). An English teacher and composer of vocal music; was chorister of Gloucester Cathedral; spent most of his life at Cheltenham. The tune "St. Vincent" was an adaptation from S. Neukomm, under whom Uglow studied in early life.
Tune.—St. Vincent, 221.
- UNKNOWN AUTHORSHIP. As in the study of hymn writers we found some of the finest hymns were of unknown authorship, so here we find that the composers of many of the most popular tunes are unknown. A large list comes under this head.
Tunes.—Athens, 682; Caledonia, 385; Consecration, 348; Contrast, 538; Dundee, 96, 233, 659; Easter Hymn, 156; Ella-combe, 650; Fernlehurst, 250; Foundation, 461; Goshen, 584; Greenland, 18; Holborn Hill, 199, 336; Intercession, Old, 477; Lambeth, 190, 497, 608; Leoni, 4; Mear, 577, 592; Millennium, 81; Old Hundred, 6, 16; Percivals, 676; Portuguese Hymn, 125, 461, 666; Spanish Hymn, 500.
- URHAN, CRETEN D'. (1788-1845). See D'Urhán.
Tune.—Rutherford, 614.
- VAIL, SILAS JONES (1818-1883). An American musical composer.
Tune.—Close to Thee, 332.
- VENUA, FREDERICO MARC ANTOINE (1788-1872). A native of Paris. Died in Exeter, England.
Tune.—Park Street, 23, 213.
- WADE, JAMES CLIFFT (1847-). An English editor and composer of vocal music.
Tune.—Holy Cross, 137, 533.
- WALCH, JAMES (1837-). An English musician, organist, and composer.
Tunes.—Sawley, 363, 533; Eagley, 406, 642; St. George's, Bolton, 614; Tidings, 654.
- WALKER, EDWARD C. An English composer concerning whose life we have no facts.
Tune.—St. Marguerite, 369.
- WALLACE, WILLIAM VINCENT (1814-1865). Composer of many successful English operas. No composer of modern times had such a varied, checkered, and "many-countried" career as Wallace. The gifted son and pupil of an Irish bandmaster, he often, when but a boy, led the orchestra in Dublin, where he quickly rose to prominence as a musician; moved to London, and was entering upon a brilliant musical career when unpleasant domestic relations caused him to leave home; and he visited successively and sojourned in Australia, New Zealand, India, Latin America, London, Germany (fourteen years), New York (where he lost all his fortune in the failure of a piano house), and London again, finally dying at Haute Garonne, France. Wherever he lived his brilliant musical gifts were recognized. That a tune called "Serenity," adapted to the Quaker poet's quiet words, should come from such a restless, roving composer is one of the many anomalies met with in the musical world.
Tune.—Serenity, 128, 230.
- WALTER, WILLIAM HENRY, Doctor of Music (1825-1893). An American composer; born in Newark, N. J.; organist at Episcopal churches in Newark and New York; was appointed organist at Columbia College, New York, in 1856, from which institution he received his doctor's degree; author of *Manual of Church Music* and other works.
Tune.—Festal Song, 413.
- WALTON, J. G. (1821-). An English composer. We have no facts of his life.
Tune.—St. Catherine, 194, 415.
- WARD, SAMUEL AUGUSTUS (1847-1903). An American composer. We have no further facts.
Tune.—Materna, 605, 610.
- WARREN, GEORGE WILLIAM (1828-1892). An American musician; organist of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, New York. His tune was written for the centennial in 1876.
Tune.—National Hymn, 704.
- WATHALL, ALFRED GEORGE (1880-). Widely known as the composer of the comic

- opera "The Sultan of Sulu;" a native of Nottingham, England; came to America in childhood; a graduate of Northwestern University; an organist, chorister, and composer. Although he is perhaps the youngest composer represented in this Hymnal, he has furnished seven tunes; and these, he informs us, were not only the first hymn tunes he ever wrote, but they were all written in one hour's time. Although many of our great hymns and tunes have been written in a few moments, we know of nothing that equals this for speed of composition. He resides in Chicago, where he is choirmaster and organist in the Church of Our Saviour.
- Tunes.*—Stella, 112; Festgesang, 120; Fellowship, 450; Implicit Trust, 464; Plymouth, 474; Ascending Song, 520; Greeting, 572.
- WEBB, GEORGE JAMES (1803-1887).** An English-American musician and composer; born in Wiltshire, England; came to America in 1830, and was associated with Lowell Mason in musical work; was organist of Old South Church, Boston; died at Orange, N. J. The tune "Webb" is taken from a secular song beginning "'Tis dawn, the lark is singing," which was composed during an ocean voyage.
- Tune.*—Webb, 386, 653.
- WEBBE, SAMUEL (1740-1816).** An English musician, editor, and composer of glees, anthems, and songs; won twenty-six medals for such compositions; organist of Sardinian Chapel. Born in Minorca; died in London.
- Tunes.*—Melcombe, 95, 187; Come, Ye Disconsolate, 526; Benevento, 574; Novello, 601.
- WEBER, CARL MARIA ERNST BARON VON (1786-1826).** One of the most noted German composers of the nineteenth century; attained great reputation as composer and director of operas. He was born in Oldenberg, and died in London.
- Tunes.*—Seymour, 267, 514; Jewett, 524; Willmot, 545.
- WEBSTER, REV. LORIN, D.D. (1857-).** A clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church; born in Claremont, N. H.; graduated at Trinity College (Connecticut), 1880, and at the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn., 1883; author of several musical compositions. He is now rector of Holderness School (New Hampshire).
- Tunes.*—Service, 414; Ruth, 492.
- WELLS, MARCUS MORRIS (1815-1895).** See "Biographical Index of Authors."
- Tune.*—Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide, 193.
- WESLEY, SAMUEL SEBASTIAN, Doctor of Music (1810-1876).** The grandson of Rev. Charles Wesley, the great hymn writer of Methodism, who had two sons that became eminent as musicians and composers—viz., Charles (1757-1834), the elder of the two, who bore his father's name, and the younger, Samuel (1766-1837), who became one of the most noted musicians and composers in England. He was the father of Samuel Sebastian Wesley, whose name appears here, and who has furnished three tunes for our Hymnal. Samuel Sebastian was in his boyhood a chorister in the English Chapel Royal; was later organist at Leeds and at Hereford and Gloucester Cathedrals and conductor of the Three Choir Festivals of the English Church. He was Professor of Music in Edinburgh University. Oxford University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Music. He was regarded by many as the best organist and greatest composer in the Church of England during a period of some years.
- Tunes.*—Aurelia, 207, 448; Sebastian, 401; Leyden, 619.
- WEST, JOHN A.** A resident of Chicago; composer of piano and Church music.
- Tune.*—Godfrey, 344.
- WHITAKER, JOHN (1776-1847).** A composer and publisher of vocal music in London, England.
- Tune.*—Wimborne, 439.
- WHITEHEAD, H. A.** Said to be an English musician. We have no information concerning him.
- Tune.*—Victory, 391, 593.
- WICKES, C. A.** Said to be an English composer. We have no information concerning him.
- Tune.*—Chant to the Lord's Prayer, 735.
- WILCOX, JOHN HENRY, Doctor of Music (1827-1875).** An American composer whose contributions to music were of such merit as to win for him the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.
- Tune.*—Faben, 638.
- WILLIAMS, AARON (1731-1776).** Of Welsh descent; a composer of psalmody and clerk of the Scotch Church in London, where he was a music engraver and publisher.
- Tune.*—St. Thomas, 22, 208.

- WILLING, CHRISTOPHER EDWIN (1830-1904).** Was chorister at Westminster Abbey; organist at the Foundling (1848-79), and for a time chorus master at the Covent Garden Opera. He edited *The Book of Common Praise*, 1868.
Tune.—Alstone, 203.
- WILLIS, RICHARD STORRS (1819-1900).** A journalist and musician; brother of the poet N. P. Willis (author of Hymn No. 660), and son of Deacon N. Willis, who founded the *Youth's Companion*; graduated at Yale in 1841, and followed literature and musical composition as a profession. He edited for many years the *New York Musical World*, and published *Church Chorals and Choir Studies*, *Our Church Music*, and other volumes on musical subjects. He died at Detroit.
Tunes.—Carol, 110; Crusader's Hymn, 118.
- WILSON, HUGH, (1764-1824).** He was a Scotch weaver of Kilmarnock. He wrote one of our most useful Church tunes.
Tune.—Avon, 102, 142, 146, 357.
- WOODBURY, ISAAC BAKER (1819-1858).** An American singer, teacher of music, composer, editor of *Musical Review* and of numerous books of music; born at Beverly, Mass.; was apprenticed to a blacksmith in his youth, but succeeded in educating himself in Europe for a successful career as a musician, which was cut short by his death when only thirty-nine years of age. The tune "Siloam" was written in a storm at sea.
Tunes.—Eucharist, 141; Selena, 153, 296; Siloam, 281, 678; Nearer Home, 590, 597.
- WYETH, JOHN (1792-1858).** An American musician and publisher of music; born at Cambridge, Mass.; died at Harrisburg, Pa. His music book, titled *Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music*, was well known and widely used in its day. Few hymn tunes are better known in America than the tune here given, to which "Come, thou Fount of every blessing" is always sung.
Tune.—Nettleton, 19.
- YOAKLEY, REV. WILLIAM (1820-).** An English Methodist minister and composer of Church music.
Tune.—Yoakley, 333.
- ZEUNER, CHARLES HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER (1795-1857).** A native of Germany; organist of Park Street Church, Boston, and of the Handel and Haydn Society.
Tunes.—Hummel, 292, 558, 645, 679; Missionary Chant, 397.
- ZUNDEL, JOHN (1815-1882).** A German-American organist and composer; a leader of Church music in America.
Tune.—Love Divine, 355.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HYMNOLOGY

We present here a list of works on hymnology which those interested in hymns and hymn writers and in Church music will find it helpful to consult. The list is not complete, being only a portion of the many volumes, old and new, which have been published on this subject. The authors of this volume, in preparing their notes and biographical sketches, have consulted many hundreds of volumes, including the original writings of all the more important writers whose hymns are found in this volume, many of the works consulted being now out of print.

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| <p>Baketal, O. S. Concordance to Methodist Hymnal.</p> <p>Banks, L. A. Immortal Hymns.</p> <p>Bekker, D. Stokes' Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians.</p> <p>Benson, L. F. Studies in Familiar Hymns.</p> <p>Bickersteth, Bishop. Hymnal Companion to the Prayer Book.</p> <p>Bodine, W. B. Some Hymns and Hymn Writers.</p> <p>Brown and Butterworth. The Story of the Hymns and Tunes.</p> <p>Brownlie, J. Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church Hymnary.</p> <p>Burrage, H. S. Baptist Hymn Writers and Their Hymns.</p> <p>Campbell, D. Hymns and Their Writers.</p> <p>Charles, Mrs. E. R. The Voice of Christian Life in Song.</p> <p>Christophers. Epworth Singers and Other Poets of Methodism.</p> <p>Creamer, David. Methodist Hymn Book.</p> <p>Cope, H. F. Hymns You Ought to Know.</p> <p>Curwan, J. S. Studies in Worship Music.</p> <p>Crowest, F. J. The Story of Church Music.</p> <p>Cowan and Love. The Music of the Church Hymnary.</p> <p>Dickinson, E. Music in the History of the Western Church.</p> <p>Ellerton, J. Church Hymns and Tunes.</p> <p>Duffield, S. W. English Hymns; Latin Hymns.</p> <p>Editors, Committee of. Hymns Ancient and Modern, Historic Edition.</p> <p>Edwards, J. H. God and Music.</p> <p>Gould, N. D. History of Church Music in America.</p> <p>Gregory, A. E. The Hymn Book of the Modern Church.</p> <p>Hatfield, E. F. The Poets of the Church.</p> <p>Haweis, H. R. Music and Morals.</p> <p>Hogue, W. T. Hymns That Are Immortal.</p> <p>Horder, W. G. The Hymn Lover; The Poet's Bible (two volumes).</p> | <p>Humphreys, G. H. The Evolution of Church Music.</p> <p>James, M. H. Hymns and Hymn Writers.</p> <p>Jones, F. A. Famous Hymns and Their Authors.</p> <p>Jullian, J. J. Dictionary of Hymnology.</p> <p>King, J. Anglican Hymnology.</p> <p>Lightwood, J. T. Hymn Tunes and Their Story.</p> <p>Long, E. M. Illustrated History of Hymns.</p> <p>Lorenz, E. S. Practical Church Music.</p> <p>Lutkin, P. C. Music in the Church.</p> <p>Miller, J. Singers and Songs of the Church.</p> <p>Nutter, C. S. Historic Hymnists; Hymn Studies.</p> <p>Parker, W. H. Psalmody of the Church.</p> <p>Pittman, E. B. Lady Hymn Writers.</p> <p>Pratt, W. S. Musical Ministries.</p> <p>Price, C. F. Music and Hymnody of the Methodist Hymnal.</p> <p>Prescott, J. E. Christian Hymns and Hymn Writers.</p> <p>Robinson, C. S. Annotations upon Popular Hymns.</p> <p>Rogers, C. Lyra Britannica.</p> <p>Sankey, I. D. Story of the Gospel Hymns.</p> <p>Saunders, F. Evenings with the Sacred Poets.</p> <p>Schaff, Phillip. Christ in Song.</p> <p>Selbourne, Lord. Book of Praise.</p> <p>Smith, Nicholas. Hymns Historically Famous.</p> <p>Stead, W. T. Hymns That Have Helped.</p> <p>Stevenson, G. J. The Methodist Hymnal Illustrated.</p> <p>Stokes. Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians.</p> <p>Sutherland, A. Famous Hymns of the World.</p> <p>Telford, John. The Methodist Hymn Book [Wesleyan] Illustrated.</p> <p>Tillett, W. F. Our Hymns and Their Authors.</p> <p>Whitlock. The Bible and Church Music.</p> <p>Winkworth, C. Christian Singers of Germany.</p> |
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 Light of the World..... F. H. Himmel
 Linwood..... G. A. Rossini
 Lisbon..... D. Read
 Lischer..... F. Schneider
 Liandaf..... E. Moss
 Los Angeles..... D. S. Smith
 Louvan..... V. O. Taylor
 Love Divine..... J. Zundel
 Loving Kindness..... W. Caldwell
 Lucas..... J. Lucas
 Lundle..... T. E. Perkins
 Luton..... G. Burder
 Lux Benigna..... J. B. Dykes
 Lux Eol..... A. S. Sullivan
 Lyons..... F. J. Haydn
- Magdalen..... J. Stainer
 Magdalena..... J. Stainer
 Maidstone..... W. B. Gilbert
 Maitland..... G. N. Allen
 Maker..... F. C. Maker
 Malvern..... L. Mason
 Manoth..... G. A. Rossini
 Margaret..... A. L. Peace
 Marlon..... A. H. Messiter
 Marlow..... J. Cutham
 Martham..... J. H. Maunder
 Martyr..... S. B. Marsh
 Maryton..... H. P. Smith
 Materna..... S. A. Ward
 Mear..... Unknown
 Meditation..... F. Lewis
 Melcombe..... S. Webbe
 Mendelbras..... L. Mason
 Mendelssohn..... F. J. L. Mendelssohn
 Mendon..... L. Mason
 Mercy..... L. M. Gottschalk
 Meribah..... L. Mason
 Merrial..... J. Barnby
 Messiah..... L. J. F. Herold
 Middletown..... C. T. W.
 Migdol..... L. Mason
 Miles' Lane..... W. Shrubsole
 Millennium..... Unknown
 Miller..... C. P. E. Bach
 Missionary Chant..... H. C. Zeuner
 Missionary Hymn..... L. Mason
 Monmouth..... G. Davis
 Monell..... J. Barnby
 Moore..... K. P. Harrington
 More Love to Thee..... W. H. Doane
 Morning Hymn..... F. H. Barthélemon
 Morning Star..... J. P. Harding
 Mornington..... Earl of Mornington
 Mount Calvary..... R. P. Stewart
 Munich..... F. J. L. Mendelssohn
 Munus..... J. B. Calkin
- Nachtlied..... H. Smart
 Naomi..... H. G. Nacell
 Nashville..... L. Mason
 Nassau..... J. Rosenmüller
 National Hymn..... G. W. Warren
 Nativity..... H. Lalce
 Nearer Home..... I. B. Woodbury
 Nettleton..... I. P. Wynch
 Newbold..... G. Kingsley
 Nicaea..... J. B. Dykes
 Nightfall..... J. Barnby
 Novello..... S. Webbe
 Nox Precessit..... J. B. Calkin
 Nun Danket..... J. Crüger
 Numerberg..... J. R. Ahle
- O Perfect Love..... J. Barnby
 Old Hundred..... Genevan Psalter
 Olivarius..... P. C. Lutkin
 Olives' Brow..... W. B. Bradbury
 Olivet..... L. Mason
- Olmutz..... Gregorian
 Olney..... C. F. Gounod
 One More Day's Work..... R. Lowry
 Orono..... K. P. Harrington
 Ortonville..... T. Hastings
 Overberg..... J. C. H. Bink
 Owen..... J. E. Sweetser
- Palgrave..... H. de la H. Blacklith
 Palm Sunday..... K. P. Harrington
 Paradise (No. 1)..... J. B. Dykes
 Paradise (No. 2)..... J. Barnby
 Park Street..... F. M. A. Venua
 Parker..... K. P. Harrington
 Paschale Gaudium..... J. Stainer
 Pass Me Not..... W. H. Doane
 Passion Chorale..... H. L. Hasler
 Pastor Bonus..... A. J. Caldicott
 Pater Omnium..... H. J. E. Holmes
 Patmos..... H. J. Storer
 Patten..... P. C. Lutkin
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 Portuguese Hymn..... Unknown
 Praise..... K. P. Harrington
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 Puritan..... H. M. Dunham
 Purleigh..... J. B. Calkin
- Racine..... P. C. Lutkin
 Radiance..... J. Smith
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 Ravensdale..... W. Stokes
 Regent Square..... H. Smart
 Rescue the Perishing..... W. H. Doane
 Resignation..... M. S. Cross
 Rest..... W. B. Bradbury
 Retreat..... T. Hastings
 Rex Regum..... J. Stainer
 Reynoldstone..... T. R. Matthews
 Rhodes..... C. W. Jordan
 Rialto..... G. F. Root
 Richmond..... A. B. Everett
 Right!..... V. Bighini
 Rivaulx..... J. B. Dykes
 Rockingham..... L. Mason
 Rodigast..... W. B. Gilbert
 Rosedale..... G. F. Root
 Rosefield..... H. A. C. Malan
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 Russian Hymn..... A. T. Lwoff
 Ruth..... L. Webster
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- Sabbata..... H. F. Hemy
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 Salome..... L. v. Beethoven
 Samson..... G. F. Handel
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 Sanctuary..... J. B. Dykes
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 Sarum..... J. Barnby
 Savoy Chapel..... J. B. Calkin
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- Sessions.....L. O. Emerson
 zeymour.....C. M. y. Weber
 shawmut.....L. Mason
 shirland.....S. Stanley
 shurtle.....C. D. Goodrich
 silent Night.....F. Gruber
 Silesius.....A. H. Mann
 Siloam.....I. B. Woodbury
 silver Street.....I. Smith
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 soho.....J. Barnby
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 Spring.....L. C. Everett
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 St. Anne.....W. Croft
 St. Anselm.....J. Barnby
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 St. Barbara.....P. C. Lutkin
 St. Bees.....J. B. Dykes
 St. Bernard.....J. Richardson
 St. Boniface.....J. Barnby
 St. Catherine.....J. G. Walton
 St. Chrysostom.....J. Barnby
 St. Clement.....C. C. Scholefield
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 St. Crispin.....G. J. Elvey
 St. Cross.....J. B. Dykes
 St. Cuthbert.....J. B. Dykes
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 St. Drostane.....J. B. Dykes
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 St. Hill.....J. Stainer
 St. John's, Westminster.....J. Turle
 St. Joseph.....H. H. Statham
 St. Kevin.....A. S. Sullivan
 St. Leonard.....H. Hiles
 St. Louis.....L. H. Redner
 St. Marguerite.....E. C. Walker
 St. Mark.....H. J. Gauntlett
 St. Martin's.....W. Tansur
 St. Oswald.....J. B. Dykes
 St. Peter.....N. Declus
 St. Peter's, Oxford.....A. R. Reinagle
 St. Petersburg.....D. S. Bortniansky
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 St. Theodulph.....M. Teschner
 St. Theresa.....A. S. Sullivan
 St. Thomas.....A. Williams
 St. Vincent.....J. Uglow
 Stabat Mater.....H. Knight
 Stanley.....J. Barnby
 Stanley.....A. H. Mann
 Stella.....A. G. Wathall
 Stephanos.....H. W. Baker
 Stockton.....J. H. Stockton
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 Storrs.....T. R. Matthews
 Sutherland.....E. L. Ashford
 Swabia.....W. H. Havergal
 Sweet Hour of Prayer.....
 W. B. Bradbury
 Sylvester.....J. S. Camp
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 Tell It Out.....I. D. Sankey
 Temple.....M. L. Bartlett
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 Thanksgiving.....F. R. Statham
 Thatcher.....G. F. Händel
 The Good Fight.....J. Barnby
 The Kingdom Coming.....
 R. M. McIntosh
 The Rock of Refuge.....
 W. G. Fischer
 The Solid Rock.....W. B. Bradbury
 Theodore.....P. C. Lutkin
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 Transfiguration.....P. C. Lutkin
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 Truman.....J. P. Holbrook
 Truro.....C. Burney
 Upham.....P. C. Lutkin
 Uxbridge.....L. Mason
 Varina.....G. F. Root
 Veni.....J. Stainer
 Vesperi Lux.....J. B. Dykes
 Vexillum.....H. Smart
 Victory.....H. A. Whitehead
 Vienna.....J. H. Knecht
 Vigil.....G. Parsello
 Vigilante.....W. H. Monk
 Vincent.....H. R. Palmer
 Visio Domini.....J. B. Dykes
 Vox Dilecti.....J. B. Dykes
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 Ward.....L. Mason
 Waring.....L. Spohr
 Warsaw.....T. Clark
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 Washington.....C. F. Price
 Watchman.....L. Mason
 Webb.....G. J. Webb
 Weihnacht.....K. P. Harrington
 Wellesley.....L. S. Tourjée
 Welton.....C. H. A. Malan
 Wentworth.....F. C. Maker
 Wessex.....E. J. Hopkins
 Westcott.....J. Barnby
 Westminster.....J. Turle
 Weston.....J. E. Roe
 Whitefield.....E. Miller
 Wilmot.....C. M. v. Weber
 Wilson.....F. J. L. Mendelssohn
 Wimborne.....J. Whitaker
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 Woodland.....N. D. Gould
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| Though long th 457 | Till then, ior 137 | 'Tis done; the g 312 | What would w 647 | | |
| Though numer 630 | Till then, ior 137 | 'Tis done; the g 312 | What would w 647 | | |

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

| | HYMN |
|---|---------------------------|
| A broken heart, my God | <i>I. Watts</i> 266 |
| A charge to keep I have | <i>C. Wesley</i> 388 |
| A few more years shall roll. | <i>H. Bonar</i> 578 |
| A glory gilds the sacred page. | <i>W. Cowper</i> 198 |
| A mighty fortress is our God. | <i>M. Luther</i> 101 |
| A thousand oracles divine. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 75 |
| Abide with me! Fast falls the | <i>H. F. Lyte</i> 50 |
| According to thy gracious. | <i>J. Montgomery</i> 234 |
| Again as evening's shadow. | <i>S. Longfellow</i> 48 |
| Ah! whither should I go. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 283 |
| Alas! and did my Saviour bleed. | <i>I. Watts</i> 146 |
| All glory, laud, and honor. | <i>Theodulph</i> 31 |
| All hail the power of Jesus' name. | <i>E. Perronet</i> 180 |
| All people that on earth do dwell. | <i>W. Kethe</i> 16 |
| All praise to our redeeming Lord. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 553 |
| Almighty Lord, with one. | <i>M. W. Stryker</i> 687 |
| Am I a soldier of the cross. | <i>I. Watts</i> 393 |
| Amazing grace! how sweet the | <i>J. Newton</i> 309 |
| Ancient of days, who sittest. | <i>W. C. Doane</i> 76 |
| And am I born to die | <i>C. Wesley</i> 590 |
| And are we yet alive. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 560 |
| And can I yet delay. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 275 |
| And can it be that I should gain. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 310 |
| And let our bodies part | <i>C. Wesley</i> 227 |
| And let this feeble body fail | <i>C. Wesley</i> 607 |
| And must I be to judgment brou. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 600 |
| And now, my soul, another year. | <i>S. Browne</i> 570 |
| And will the great eternal | <i>P. Doddridge</i> 663 |
| Angel voices, ever singing. | <i>F. Pott</i> 27 |
| Angels, from the realms of. | <i>J. Montgomery</i> 113 |
| Another six days' work | <i>J. Stennett</i> 70 |
| Another year is dawning | <i>F. R. Havergal</i> 571 |
| Approach, my soul, the mercy. | <i>J. Newton</i> 285 |
| Arise, my soul, arise | <i>C. Wesley</i> 301 |
| Arm of the Lord, awake, awake. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 216 |
| Art thou weary, art thou. | <i>J. M. Neale</i> 293 |
| As pants the hart for cool. | <i>Tate and Brady</i> 316 |
| Asleep in Jesus! blessed | <i>Mrs. M. Mackay</i> 583 |
| At even, ere the sun was set. | <i>H. Twells</i> 54 |
| Author of faith, eternal Word | <i>C. Wesley</i> 298 |
| Awake, Jerusalem, awake | <i>C. Wesley</i> 217 |
| Awake, my soul, and with the sun | <i>T. Ken</i> 44 |
| Awake, my soul, stretch ev. | <i>P. Doddridge</i> 306 |
| Awake, my soul, to joyful lays. | <i>S. Medley</i> 539 |
| Awake, our souls! away, our fears. | <i>I. Watts</i> 405 |
| Be strong! We are not here. | <i>M. D. Babcock</i> 407 |
| Beauteous are the flowers of earth. | <i>W. C. Dix</i> 673 |
| Before Jehovah's awful throne | <i>I. Watts</i> 6 |
| Begin, my tongue, some heavenly. | <i>I. Watts</i> 89 |
| Behold, a Stranger at the door. | <i>J. Grigg</i> 249 |
| Behold! the Christian war. | <i>J. Montgomery</i> 397 |
| Behold the glories of the Lamb. | <i>I. Watts</i> 167 |
| Behold the Saviour of mankind. | <i>S. Wesley, Sr</i> 142 |
| Behold us, Lord, a little space. | <i>J. Ellerton</i> 394 |
| Beset with snares on every. | <i>P. Doddridge</i> 425 |
| Beyond the smiling and the weep. | <i>H. Bonar</i> 627 |

| | HYMN |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Blessèd assurance, Jesus is m. | <i>F. J. Crosby</i> 548 |
| Blest are the pure in heart | <i>J. Keble</i> 360 |
| Blest be the dear uniting love | <i>C. Wesley</i> 228 |
| Blest be the tie that binds | <i>J. Fauccett</i> 556 |
| Blow ye the trumpet, blow | <i>C. Wesley</i> 294 |
| Bread of the world | <i>R. Heber</i> 233 |
| Break, newborn year, on glad. | <i>T. H. Gill</i> 572 |
| Break thou the bread of life. | <i>M. A. Lathbury</i> 325 |
| Breathe on me, Breath of God. | <i>E. Hatch</i> 196 |
| Brightest and best of the sons | <i>R. Heber</i> 114 |
| Brightly gleams our banner | <i>T. J. Potter</i> 681 |
| By Christ redeemed, in Christ | <i>G. Rawson</i> 239 |
| By cool Siloam's shady rill | <i>R. Heber</i> 678 |
| By thy birth, and by thy tears. | <i>Sir R. Grant</i> 280 |
| Cast thy burden on the Lord | <i>Unknown</i> 468 |
| Children of the heavenly King. | <i>J. Cennick</i> 547 |
| Christ for the world we sing. | <i>S. Wolcott</i> 635 |
| Christ is coming! let creation. | <i>J. R. Macduff</i> 602 |
| Christ is made the sure Fou. | <i>From the Latin</i> 662 |
| Christ the Lord is risen to-day. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 156 |
| Christ, who once among. | <i>W. St. H. Bourne</i> 683 |
| Christian! dost thou see. | <i>Andrew of Crete</i> 616 |
| Christian, seek not yet repose. | <i>C. Elliott</i> 494 |
| Christ's life our code. | <i>B. Copeland</i> 138 |
| City of God, how broad and far. | <i>S. Johnson</i> 209 |
| Come, every soul by sin. | <i>J. H. Stockton</i> 261 |
| Come, Father, Son, and Holy Gh. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 229 |
| Come, Holy Ghost. | <i>Robert II, K. of France</i> 184 |
| Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 181 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, come. | <i>B. Beddome</i> 182 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove. | <i>I. Watts</i> 183 |
| Come, humble sinner, in whose. | <i>E. Jones</i> 260 |
| Come, let us anew our journey | <i>C. Wesley</i> 568 |
| Come, let us join our cheerful songs. | <i>I. Watts</i> 24 |
| Come, let us join our friends. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 611 |
| Come, let us join with one accord. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 63 |
| Come, let us tune our loftiest. | <i>R. A. West</i> 21 |
| Come, let us use the grace divine. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 569 |
| Come, let us who in Christ believe. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 36 |
| Come, my soul, thy suit prepare. | <i>J. Newton</i> 507 |
| Come, O my soul, in sacred. | <i>T. Blacklock</i> 23 |
| Come, O thou all-victorious Lord. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 241 |
| Come, O thou God of grace. | <i>W. E. Evans</i> 661 |
| Come, O thou Traveler unknown. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 511 |
| Come on, my partners in distress. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 432 |
| Come, said Jesus' sac. | <i>Mrs. A. L. Barbauld</i> 257 |
| Come, Saviour, Jesus. | <i>Mme. A. Bourignon</i> 379 |
| Come, sinners, to the gospel feast. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 256 |
| Come, sound his praise abroad. | <i>I. Watts</i> 3 |
| Come, thou almighty King. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 2 |
| Come, thou Fount of every bl. | <i>R. Robinson</i> 19 |
| Come, thou long-expected Jesus. | <i>C. Wesley</i> 116 |
| Come unto Me, when shadows. | <i>C. H. Eaking</i> 462 |
| "Come unto me, ye weary | <i>W. C. Dix</i> 295 |
| Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish | <i>T. Moore and T. Hastings</i> 326 |

| HYMN | HYMN | | |
|---|------|--|-----|
| Come, ye faithful, raise. <i>John of Damascus</i> | 163 | God is love; his mercy bri. <i>Sir J. Bowring</i> | 88 |
| Come, ye sinners, poor and needy. <i>J. Hart</i> | 259 | God is my strong salvation. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 448 |
| Come, ye thankful people, come. <i>H. Alford</i> | 717 | God is our refuge and de. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 97 |
| Come, ye that love the Lord. <i>I. Watts</i> | 22 | God is the name my soul adores. . . . <i>I. Watts</i> | 80 |
| Come, ye that love the Saviour's. <i>A. Steele</i> | 34 | God is the refuge of his saints. <i>I. Watts</i> | 218 |
| Commit thou all thy griefs. . . . <i>P. Gerhardt</i> | 435 | God moves in a mysterious way. <i>W. Cowper</i> | 96 |
| Courage, brother! do not stumble. <i>N. Macleod</i> | 513 | God of all power, and truth, and. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 378 |
| Creator, Spirit! by whose aid. . . . <i>R. Maurus</i> | 194 | God of love, that hearest prayer. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 562 |
| Crown him with many crowns. <i>M. Bridges</i> | 179 | God of my life, through all. . . . <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 322 |
| | | God of our fathers, known of. . . . <i>R. Kipling</i> | 710 |
| Day by day the manna fell. <i>J. Conder</i> | 438 | God of our fathers, whose. . . . <i>D. C. Roberts</i> | 704 |
| Day is dying in the west. <i>M. A. Lathbury</i> | 57 | God, the All-Terrible! thou. <i>H. F. Chorley</i> | 707 |
| Day of wrath, O dread. <i>Thomas of Celano</i> | 599 | Golden harps are sounding. <i>F. R. Havergal</i> | 175 |
| Dear Lord and Father. <i>J. G. Whittier</i> | 543 | Grace! 'tis a charming sound. <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 288 |
| Dear ties of mutual succor. . . . <i>W. C. Bryant</i> | 689 | Gracious Spirit, dwell with me. <i>T. T. Lynch</i> | 195 |
| Deem not that they are blest. . . . <i>W. C. Bryant</i> | 456 | Great God! attend, while Zion sings. <i>I. Watts</i> | 213 |
| Defend us, Lord, from every ill. . . . <i>J. Hay</i> | 403 | Great God! beneath whose pierc. <i>W. Roscoe</i> | 708 |
| Depth of mercy! can there be. . . <i>C. Wesley</i> | 267 | Great God of nations, now. <i>A. A. Woodhull</i> | 706 |
| Did Christ o'er sinners weep. . . . <i>B. Beddome</i> | 276 | Great God, the nations of the. <i>T. Gibbons</i> | 645 |
| Do not I love thee, O my. <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 338 | Great Jehovah! we adore thee. . . <i>W. Goode</i> | 724 |
| Dread Jehovah! God of nations. <i>T. Cotterill</i> | 709 | Great King of glory, come. . . . <i>B. Francis</i> | 656 |
| | | Guide me, O thou great Jeho. <i>W. Williams</i> | 91 |
| Eternal Power, whose high abode. <i>I. Watts</i> | 17 | | |
| Eternal Source of every joy. <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 715 | Hail the day that sees Him rise. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 162 |
| | | Hail, thou once despis'd Jesus. <i>J. Bakevell</i> | 171 |
| Fade, fade, each earthly joy. <i>Mrs. J. C. Bonar</i> | 529 | Hail, to the Lord's anointed. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 650 |
| Fairest Lord Jesus. <i>From the German</i> | 118 | Hail to the Sabbath day. <i>S. G. Bulfinch</i> | 66 |
| Faith is a living power. <i>P. Herbert</i> | 286 | Hallelujah! sing to Jesus. <i>W. C. Dix</i> | 176 |
| Faith of our fathers! living still. <i>F. W. Faber</i> | 415 | Happy the man that finds the. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 372 |
| Father, how wide thy glory shines. <i>I. Watts</i> | 79 | Hark, hark, my soul! angelic. <i>F. W. Faber</i> | 621 |
| Father, I know that all my. <i>A. L. Waring</i> | 465 | Hark, my soul! it is the Lord. <i>W. Cowper</i> | 307 |
| Father, I stretch my hands to. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 277 | Hark, ten thousand harps and. . . . <i>T. Kelly</i> | 177 |
| Father of all, from land and. <i>C. Wordsworth</i> | 566 | Hark, the glad sound! the Sa. <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 108 |
| Father of all, thy care we bless. <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 670 | Hark! the herald angels sing. . . . <i>C. Wesley</i> | 111 |
| Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 297 | Hark! the song of jubilee. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 646 |
| Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. . . . <i>C. Wesley</i> | 726 | Hark! the sound of holy. . . . <i>C. Wordsworth</i> | 613 |
| Father, what'er of earthly bliss. <i>A. Steele</i> | 523 | Hark, the voice of Jesus calling. <i>D. March</i> | 402 |
| Fear not, O little flock, the. <i>G. Adolphus</i> | 445 | Hark! what mean those holy voi. <i>J. Cavood</i> | 109 |
| Fierce raged the tempest o'er the. <i>G. Thring</i> | 485 | Haste, traveler, haste. <i>W. B. Collyer</i> | 251 |
| Fight the good fight. <i>J. S. B. Monsell</i> | 400 | Hasten, Lord, the glorious time. <i>H. Auber</i> | 637 |
| Fling out the banner! let it float. <i>G. W. Doane</i> | 639 | Hasten, sinner, to be wise. <i>T. Scott</i> | 248 |
| Fling to the heedless winds. . . . <i>M. Luther</i> | 641 | He dies! the Friend of sinners dies. <i>I. Watts</i> | 165 |
| For all the saints, who from the. <i>W. W. How</i> | 430 | He is gone; a cloud of light. . . . <i>A. P. Stanley</i> | 170 |
| For the beauty of the. <i>F. S. Pierpont</i> | 28 | He leadeth me! O blessed. <i>J. H. Gilmore</i> | 489 |
| For thee, O dear, dear. <i>Bernard of Cluny</i> | 614 | Hear what God the Lord hath. <i>W. Cowper</i> | 211 |
| Forever here my rest shall be. . . <i>C. Wesley</i> | 357 | Hear what the voice from heaven. <i>I. Watts</i> | 588 |
| "Forever with the Lord!". <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 625 | Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to. <i>T. Cotterill</i> | 691 |
| Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 400 | Here, O my Lord, I see thee. . . . <i>H. Bonar</i> | 237 |
| Forward! be our watchword. . . . <i>H. Alford</i> | 384 | High on his everlasting. <i>A. G. Spangenberg</i> | 221 |
| Friend after friend departs. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 587 | Ho! every one that thirsts, draw. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 258 |
| Friend of sinners! Lord of glory. <i>C. N. Hall</i> | 130 | Holy, and true, and righteous Lord. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 377 |
| From all that dwell below the skies. <i>I. Watts</i> | 5 | Holy Father, cheer our. . . . <i>R. H. Robinson</i> | 56 |
| From all the dark places. <i>M. B. C. Slade</i> | 633 | Holy Ghost, dispel our sad. . . . <i>P. Gerhardt</i> | 192 |
| From every stormy wind that. <i>H. Stovell</i> | 495 | Holy Ghost, with light vision. . . . <i>A. Reed</i> | 185 |
| From glory unto glory. <i>F. R. Havergal</i> | 573 | Holy, holy, holy, Lord. . . . <i>C. Wordsworth</i> | 77 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains. <i>R. Heber</i> | 655 | Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Al. . . . <i>R. Heber</i> | 78 |
| | | Holy Spirit, faithful Guide. . . . <i>M. M. Wells</i> | 193 |
| Gently, Lord, O gently lead. . . . <i>T. Hastings</i> | 319 | Hosanna! be the children's. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 679 |
| Give me a new, a perfect heart. . . <i>C. Wesley</i> | 366 | How are thy servants blest, O. <i>J. Addison</i> | 102 |
| Give me the wings of faith to rise. <i>I. Watts</i> | 606 | How beautiful were the marks. <i>A. C. Cox</i> | 127 |
| Give to the winds thy fears. . . . <i>P. Gerhardt</i> | 437 | How beautiful the righteous. <i>Mrs. A. L. Barbauld</i> | 582 |
| Giver of concord, Prince of Peace. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 563 | How can a sinner know. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 303 |
| Glorious things of thee are spok. <i>J. Newton</i> | 210 | How firm a foundation, ye saints. <i>G. Keith</i> | 461 |
| Glory to thee, my God, this night. <i>T. Ken</i> | 49 | How gentle God's commands. <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 100 |
| Go forward, Christian soldier. . . . <i>L. Tuttielt</i> | 387 | How great the wisdom, power. <i>B. Beddome</i> | 8 |
| Go, labor on; spend and be spent. <i>H. Bonar</i> | 399 | How happy every child of grace. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 605 |
| Go, ye messengers of God. <i>J. Marsden</i> | 640 | How happy is the pilgrim's lot. <i>J. Wesley</i> | 624 |
| God be with you till we meet. <i>J. E. Rankin</i> | 564 | How pleasant, how divinely fair. <i>I. Watts</i> | 215 |
| God bless our native land. | | How precious is the book divine. <i>J. Fawcett</i> | 201 |
| <i>C. T. Brooks and J. S. Dwight</i> | 703 | How rich thy bounty. <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 224 |
| God calling yet! shall I not. <i>G. Tersteegen</i> | 252 | | |

| | HYMN | | HYMN | | |
|---|----------------------|-----|---|----------------------|-----|
| How sad our state by nature is. | I. Watts | 268 | Jesus, the calm that fills my. | F. M. North | 549 |
| How shall I follow Him I serve. | J. Conder | 339 | Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns. | C. Wesley | 172 |
| How shall the young secure their. | I. Watts | 204 | Jesus! the name high over all. | C. Wesley | 222 |
| How sweet, how heavenly is the. | J. Swain | 554 | Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee. | C. Wesley | 271 |
| How sweet the name of Jesus. | J. Newton | 137 | Jesus, the truth and power. | C. Wesley | 220 |
| How sweetly flowed the gos. | Sir J. Bowring | 290 | Jesus, the very thoug. | Bernard of Clairvaux | 533 |
| How swift the torrent rolls. | P. Doddridge | 580 | Jesus, these eyes have never seen. | R. Palmer | 537 |
| How tedious and tasteless the. | J. Newton | 538 | Jesus, thine all-victorious love. | C. Wesley | 375 |
| Hushed was the evening hymn. | J. D. Burns | 674 | Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord. | C. Wesley | 263 |
| I am coming to the cross. | W. McDonald | 351 | Jesus, thou everlasting King. | I. Watts | 7 |
| I bow my forehead in. | J. G. Whittier | 472 | Jesus, thou Joy of. | Bernard of Clairvaux | 536 |
| I could not do without. | F. R. Havergal | 353 | Jesus, thy blood and. | N. L. Zinzendorf | 148 |
| I do not ask, O Lord. | A. A. Proctor | 542 | Jesus, thy boundless love to me. | P. Gerhardt | 333 |
| I heard the voice of Jesus. | H. Bonar | 304 | Jesus, united by thy grace. | C. Wesley | 557 |
| I know no life divided. | C. J. P. Spitta | 467 | Jesus wept! those tears are. | J. R. Macduff | 132 |
| I know that my Redeemer. | S. Medley | 168 | Jesus, where'er thy people meet. | W. Couper | 37 |
| I know that my Redeemer. | C. Wesley | 370 | Join, all ye ransomed sons of gr. | C. Wesley | 576 |
| I lay my sins on Jesus. | H. Bonar | 488 | Joy is a fruit that will not grow. | J. Newton | 546 |
| I little see, I little know. | F. L. Hosmer | 450 | Joy to the world! the Lord is come. | I. Watts | 107 |
| I look to Thee in every. | S. Longfellow | 473 | Just as I am, without one plea. | C. Elliott | 272 |
| I love thy kingdom, Lord. | T. Dwight | 208 | Kingdom of light! | Mrs. E. H. Miller | 651 |
| I love to steal awhile. | Mrs. P. H. Brown | 498 | Lamp of our feet, whereby. | B. Barton | 205 |
| I love to tell the story. | K. Hankey | 544 | Late, late, so late. | A. Tennyson | 743 |
| I need thee every. | Mrs. A. S. Hacks | 506 | Lead, kindly Light, amid. | J. H. Newman | 460 |
| I saw the holy city. | G. Thring | 626 | Lead on, O King Eternal. | E. W. Shurtleff | 408 |
| I shall not want: in deserts. | O. F. Deems | 436 | Lead us, O Father, in the. | W. H. Burleigh | 475 |
| I thank thee, uncreated. | J. A. Scheffler | 367 | Leader of faithful souls, and Gui. | C. Wesley | 459 |
| "I the good fight have. | C. Wesley | 391 | Leave God to order all thy. | G. Neumark | 476 |
| I think when I read that. | J. T. Luke | 682 | Let all on earth their voices raise. | I. Watts | 9 |
| I thirst, thou wounded Lamb. | Unknown | 335 | Let earth and heaven agree. | C. Wesley | 565 |
| I want a principle within. | C. Wesley | 320 | Let Him to whom we now belong. | C. Wesley | 373 |
| I was a wandering sheep. | H. Bonar | 300 | Let not the wise their wisdom boa. | C. Wesley | 308 |
| I worship thee, most gra. | F. W. Faber | 480 | Let Zion's watchmen all awa. | P. Doddridge | 223 |
| I worship thee, O Holy. | W. F. Warren | 186 | Lift up your hearts to things abo. | C. Wesley | 558 |
| I would not live alw. | W. A. Muhlenberg | 584 | Lift your glad voices in tri. | H. Ware, Jr. | 159 |
| If human kindness meets. | G. T. Noel | 236 | Light of the world! whose kind. | H. Bateman | 505 |
| If, on a quiet sea. | A. M. Toplady | 446 | Light of those whose dreary. | C. Wesley | 638 |
| I'll praise my Maker while. | I. Watts | 534 | Lo! He comes, with clouds des. | C. Wesley | 601 |
| I'm not ashamed to own my. | I. Watts | 441 | Lo! on a narrow neck of land. | C. Wesley | 579 |
| In age and feebleness ext. | O. Wesley | 746 | Long have I sat beneath the. | I. Watts | 281 |
| In heavenly love abiding. | A. L. Waring | 452 | Long years ago o'er Beth. | L. R. Brewer | 120 |
| In the cross of Christ. | Sir J. Bowring | 143 | Look from thy sphere of. | W. C. Bryant | 644 |
| In the field with their. | F. W. Farrar | 117 | Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious. | T. Kelly | 169 |
| In the hour of trial. | J. S. Montgomery | 431 | Lord, dismiss us with thy bless. | J. Fauvett | 39 |
| Infinite God, to thee we raise. | C. Wesley | 10 | Lord, dismiss us with thy bless. | R. Hawker | 723 |
| Into the woods my Master. | S. Lanier | 745 | Lord, for to-morrow and. | R. W. Doberforce | 510 |
| Into thy gracious hands I. | W. C. Dressler | 305 | Lord, how secure and blest are they. | I. Watts | 439 |
| It came upon the midnight. | E. H. Sears | 110 | Lord, I am thine, entirely thine. | S. Davies | 342 |
| It is not death to die. | A. H. C. Malan | 585 | Lord, I believe a rest remains. | C. Wesley | 356 |
| It may not be our lot. | J. G. Whittier | 398 | Lord, I cannot let thee go. | J. Newton | 514 |
| Jehovah, God, who dwell of old. | L. R. Amis | 665 | Lord, I hear of showers of. | Mrs. E. Codner | 346 |
| Jerusalem, my happy home. | Unknown | 608 | Lord, if at thy command. | C. Wesley | 648 |
| Jerusalem the golden. | Bernard of Cluny | 612 | Lord, in the morning thou shalt. | I. Watts | 41 |
| Jesus, and shall it ever be. | J. Grigg | 443 | Lord, in the strength of grace. | C. Wesley | 352 |
| Jesus calls us, o'er the. | Mrs. C. F. Alexander | 545 | Lord, it belongs not to my care. | R. Baxter | 470 |
| Jesus, from whom all blessings. | C. Wesley | 561 | Lord Jesus, when we stand afar. | W. W. How | 145 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken. | H. F. Lyte | 458 | Lord of all being, throned. | O. W. Holmes | 82 |
| Jesus, immortal King. | A. C. H. Seymour | 632 | Lord of all power and might. | H. Stowell | 206 |
| Jesus, let all thy lovers shine. | C. Wesley | 321 | Lord of earth, thy forming. | Sir R. Grant | 469 |
| Jesus, let thy pitying eye. | C. Wesley | 491 | Lord of our life, God whom we. | S. F. Smith | 503 |
| Jesus, Lover of my soul. | C. Wesley | 463 | Lord of the living harvest. | J. S. B. Moncell | 219 |
| Jesus, meek and gentle. | G. R. Prynne | 685 | Lord of the Sabbath, hear our. | P. Doddridge | 73 |
| Jesus, my all, to heaven is. | J. Cennick | 306 | Lord, speak to me, that I. | F. R. Havergal | 410 |
| Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy. | P. Doddridge | 406 | Lord, thou hast promised grace. | S. K. Cox | 347 |
| Jesus, my strength, my hope. | C. Wesley | 340 | Lord, we come before thee. | W. Hammond | 35 |
| Jesus, my Truth, my Way. | C. Wesley | 471 | Lord! when I all things would pos. | T. H. Gill | 343 |
| Jesus, Saviour, pilot me. | E. Hopper | 482 | Lord, while for all mankind. | J. W. Heford | 701 |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun. | I. Watts | 631 | Lord, whom winds and seas obey. | C. Wesley | 103 |
| Jesus spreads his banner o'er us. | R. Park | 235 | Love divine, all loves excelling. | C. Wesley | 355 |
| Jesus, the all-restoring word. | C. Wesley | 331 | Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb. | C. Wesley | 374 |

| | HYMN | | HYMN |
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| Majestic sweetness sits enthroned. | <i>S. Stennett</i> | 135 | O how happy are they |
| Make haste, O man, to live | <i>H. Bonar</i> | 390 | O how the thought of God |
| May the grace of Christ our Sav. | <i>J. Newton</i> | 40 | O it is hard to work for God |
| Mighty God! while angels bl. | <i>R. Robinson</i> | 85 | O Jesus, crucified for man |
| More love to thee | <i>Mrs. E. P. Prentiss</i> | 317 | O Jesus, I have promised |
| Mourn for the thousands slain | <i>S. C. Bruce</i> | 698 | O Jesus, thou art standing |
| Must Jesus bear the cross alone. | <i>T. Shepherd</i> | 428 | O joyful sound of gospel grace |
| My bark is wafted to the strand. | <i>H. Alford</i> | 451 | O King of kings, O Lord of hosts. |
| My country, 'tis of thee | <i>S. F. Smith</i> | 702 | O little town of Bethlehem |
| My dear Redeemer and my Lord. | <i>I. Watts</i> | 140 | O Lord! how happy should we be. |
| My faith looks up to thee | <i>R. Palmer</i> | 334 | O Lord of heaven and earth |
| My God, accept my heart this | <i>M. Bridges</i> | 369 | O Lord of hosts, whose glory |
| My God, how wonderful thou | <i>F. W. Faber</i> | 86 | O Lord, our fathers oft |
| My God, I love thee, not because. | <i>F. Xavier</i> | 483 | O Lord, our God, almighty |
| My God, I thank thee | <i>A. A. Procter</i> | 29 | O Love divine, how sweet thou |
| My God, is any hour so sweet | <i>C. Elliott</i> | 501 | O Love divine, that stooped |
| My God, my Father, while I stray. | <i>C. Elliott</i> | 521 | O Love divine, what hast thou |
| My God, the spring of all my joys. | <i>I. Watts</i> | 535 | O Love! O Life! Our faith |
| My gracious Lord, I own thy | <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 336 | O Love of God, how strong |
| My heavenly home is bright and | <i>W. Hunter</i> | 628 | O Love that wilt not let me go. |
| My hope is built on nothing less | <i>E. Mote</i> | 330 | O Master, it is good to be |
| My hope, my all, my Saviour | <i>Unknown</i> | 444 | O Master, let me walk with thee. |
| My Jesus, as thou wilt | <i>B. Schmolke</i> | 524 | O mother dear, Jerusalem |
| My Lord, how full of sweet oon. | <i>Mme. Guyon</i> | 618 | O Paradise! O Paradise |
| My Saviour, on the word | <i>A. L. Waring</i> | 364 | O perfect life of love |
| My soul, be on thy guard | <i>G. Heath</i> | 493 | O perfect Love, all human |
| My soul before thee prostrate | <i>C. F. Richter</i> | 273 | O sacred Head, now |
| My soul, repeat His praise | <i>I. Watts</i> | 94 | O sometimes the shadows |
| My span of life will soon be | <i>F. M. Cowper</i> | 426 | O Spirit of the living God |
| My times are in thy hand | <i>W. F. Lloyd</i> | 449 | O still in accents sweet and |
| Near the cross was Mary weepi | <i>J. de Todt</i> | 154 | O that I could repent, O that |
| Nearer, my God, to thee | <i>Mrs. S. F. Adams</i> | 315 | O that I could repent! With all |
| Never further than | <i>Mrs. E. R. Charles</i> | 144 | O that my load of sin were gone |
| New every morning is the love | <i>J. Keble</i> | 42 | O the bitter shame and sorrow |
| No, not despairingly | <i>H. Bonar</i> | 453 | O thou God of my salvation |
| Not always on the mount | <i>F. L. Hosmer</i> | 477 | O Thou, in all thy might |
| Not only when ascends the song | <i>T. H. Gill</i> | 520 | O Thou, in whose presence |
| Now from the altar of my heart | <i>J. Mason</i> | 46 | O Thou to whom, in ancient |
| Now God be with us, for | <i>P. Herbert</i> | 58 | O Thou, to whose all-search |
| Now I have found the ground | <i>J. A. Rothe</i> | 302 | O Thou, who camest from above |
| Now let the Father, and the Son | <i>J. Watts</i> | 719 | O Thou who driest the mourner's |
| Now thank we all our God | <i>M. Rinkart</i> | 30 | O Thou, who hast at thy |
| Now the day is over | <i>S. Baring-Gould</i> | 59 | O Thou, whom all thy saints |
| O come, all ye faithful, triumph | <i>Unknown</i> | 125 | O Thou, whose bounty fills |
| O come, and dwell in me | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 362 | O what amazing words of grace |
| O come and mourn with me a | <i>F. W. Faber</i> | 152 | O where are kings and empires |
| O could I speak the matchless | <i>S. Medley</i> | 640 | O where shall rest be found |
| O day of rest and gladness | <i>C. Wordsworth</i> | 68 | O Word of God incarnate |
| O for a closer walk with God | <i>W. Cowper</i> | 492 | O worship the King, all-glori |
| O for a faith that will not | <i>W. H. Bathurst</i> | 424 | O Zion, haste, thy mission |
| O for a glance of heavenly day | <i>J. Hart</i> | 274 | Of all the thoughts of God |
| O for a heart of calm repose | <i>Unknown</i> | 376 | Of Him who did sal |
| O for a heart to praise my God | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 354 | Oft in danger, oft in woe |
| O for a thousand tongues to sing | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 1 | <i>H. K. White and F. S. Fuller-Maitland</i> |
| O for that flame of living | <i>W. H. Bathurst</i> | 187 | On Jordan's stormy banks I |
| O for that tenderness of heart | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 278 | On the mountain's top appearing |
| O glorious hope of perfect love | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 365 | On this stone now laid with |
| O God, great Father, Lord, and | <i>E. E. Hoss</i> | 231 | Once more we come before our God |
| O God, most merciful and true | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 401 | One more day's work for |
| O God of God! O Light of Light | <i>J. Julian</i> | 15 | One sole baptismal sign |
| O God of love, O King of | <i>Sir H. W. Baker</i> | 705 | One sweetly solemn thought |
| O God, our help in ages past | <i>I. Watts</i> | 577 | One there is, above all others |
| O God, the Rock of Ages | <i>B. Bickersteth</i> | 18 | Onward, Christian soldiers |
| O God, thy power is wonderful | <i>F. W. Faber</i> | 87 | Our blest Redeemer, ere he |
| O happy day, that fixed my | <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 312 | Our fathers' God, to thee we |
| O happy home, where thou art | <i>C. J. Spitta</i> | 671 | Our God is love; and all his sal |
| O holy Saviour, Friend unseen | <i>C. Elliott</i> | 478 | Our highest joys succeed our |
| O how can they look up to heav | <i>S. Browne</i> | 696 | Our Lord is risen from the dead |
| | | | Our thought of thee is glad |
| | | | Out of the depths to thee |
| | | | <i>Mrs. E. E. Marcy</i> |

| | HYMN | | HYMN |
|--|------|--|------|
| Pass me not, O gentle Saviour. <i>F. J. Crosby</i> | 329 | Sunset and evening-star. . . <i>A. Tennyson</i> | 744 |
| Peace, perfect peace. . . <i>E. H. Bickersteth</i> | 528 | Sweet hour of prayer, sweet. <i>W. W. Walford</i> | 516 |
| Plunged in a gulf of dark despair. <i>I. Watts</i> | 242 | Sweet is the work, my God, my Ki. <i>I. Watts</i> | 71 |
| Pour thy blessings, Lord. . . <i>Miss Kimball</i> | 693 | Swell the anthem, raise the song. <i>N. Strong</i> | 711 |
| Praise God, from whom all blessing. <i>T. Ken</i> | 718 | | |
| Praise the Saviour, all ye na. <i>B. Francis</i> | 649 | Take my life, and let it be. <i>F. R. Havergal</i> | 348 |
| Praise ye Jehovah. <i>M. C. Campbell</i> | 20 | Take the name of Jesus. . . <i>Mrs. L. Baxter</i> | 508 |
| Prayer is appointed to convey. . . <i>J. Hart</i> | 502 | "Take up thy cross," the Sav. <i>C. W. Everest</i> | 433 |
| Prayer is the soul's sincere. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 497 | Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 499 |
| Prince of Peace, control. . . <i>M. A. S. Barber</i> | 337 | Teach me, my God and King. . . <i>G. Herbert</i> | 417 |
| Rejoice, the Lord is King. . . <i>C. Wesley</i> | 178 | Tell it out among the heathen. <i>F. R. Havergal</i> | 634 |
| Rejoice, ye pure in. . . <i>E. H. Plumtre</i> | 421 | Tell the blessed tidings. . . <i>Mrs. E. H. Miller</i> | 652 |
| Religion is the chief concern. <i>J. Fawcett</i> | 314 | Ten thousand times ten thousand. <i>H. Alford</i> | 618 |
| Rescue the perishing. . . <i>F. J. Crosby</i> | 697 | The chosen three, on mountain. <i>D. H. Ela</i> | 129 |
| Return, O wanderer. . . <i>W. B. Collyer</i> | 255 | The church's one foundation. <i>S. J. Stone</i> | 207 |
| Ride on, ride on in maj. <i>H. H. Milman</i> | 150 | The dawn of God's dear Sabba. <i>A. C. Cross</i> | 72 |
| Rise, glorious Conqueror. . . <i>M. Bridges</i> | 161 | The day is gently sinking. <i>C. Wordsworth</i> | 61 |
| Rise, my soul, and. . . <i>R. Scagrave</i> | 623 | The day of resurrection. <i>John of Damascus</i> | 164 |
| Rise, O my soul, pursue. <i>J. Needham</i> | 404 | The day of wrath, that dre. <i>Sir W. Scott</i> | 603 |
| Rock of Ages, cleft for. <i>A. M. Toplady</i> | 279 | The day thou gavest, Lord. . . <i>J. Ellerton</i> | 60 |
| Safely through another week. <i>J. Newton</i> | 69 | The God of Abraham praise. . . <i>T. Olivers</i> | 4 |
| Salvation! O the joyful sound. <i>I. Watts</i> | 287 | The God of mercy be adored. . . <i>J. Watts</i> | 721 |
| Saviour, again to thy dear. <i>J. Ellerton</i> | 38 | The gracious God whose mcr. <i>O. W. Holmes</i> | 660 |
| Saviour, blessed Saviour. . . <i>G. Thring</i> | 344 | The head that once was crowned. <i>T. Kelly</i> | 173 |
| Saviour, breathe an evening. <i>J. Edmeston</i> | 55 | The heavens declare thy glory. . . <i>I. Watts</i> | 615 |
| Saviour, like a shepherd lead. <i>Unknown</i> | 677 | The Homeland! O the Home. <i>H. R. Havelle</i> | 202 |
| Saviour, more than life to. <i>F. J. Crosby</i> | 490 | The King of heaven his table. <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 233 |
| Saviour, teach me day by. <i>J. E. Leeson</i> | 676 | The King of love my Shepherd. <i>H. W. Baker</i> | 136 |
| Saviour, thy dying love. . . <i>S. D. Phelps</i> | 349 | The Lord is King! lift up thy voi. <i>J. Conder</i> | 90 |
| Saviour, when, in dust, to. . . <i>R. Grant</i> | 500 | The Lord is my Shepherd. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 104 |
| See how great a flame aspires. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 643 | The Lord is risen indeed. <i>T. Kelly</i> | 157 |
| See Israel's gentle Sheph. <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 230 | The Lord Jehovah reigns. <i>J. Watts</i> | 81 |
| Servant of God, well done. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 593 | The Lord our God alone. <i>C. T. Winchester</i> | 686 |
| "Servant of God, well. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 597 | The Lord our God is clothed. <i>H. K. White</i> | 99 |
| Shall hymns of grateful. <i>J. J. Cummins</i> | 26 | The Lord will come and not be. <i>J. Milton</i> | 642 |
| Shall I, for fear of feeble. <i>J. J. Winkler</i> | 225 | The morning light is breaking. <i>S. F. Smith</i> | 653 |
| Shall man, O God of light. . . <i>T. Dwight</i> | 596 | The perfect world, by Adam. <i>N. P. Willis</i> | 660 |
| She loved her Saviour, and. <i>W. Cutter</i> | 694 | The shadows of the evening. <i>A. A. Procter</i> | 62 |
| Shepherd of. . . <i>Clement of Alexandria</i> | 672 | The Son of God goes forth to war. <i>R. Heber</i> | 416 |
| Shout the glad tid. . . <i>W. A. Muhlenberg</i> | 119 | The spacious firmament on. <i>J. Addison</i> | 84 |
| Show pity, Lord; O Lord. . . <i>I. Watts</i> | 270 | The starry firmament on high. <i>Sir R. Grant</i> | 203 |
| Silent night! Holy night. . . <i>J. Mohr</i> | 123 | The toil of brain, or heart. <i>T. W. Frockelton</i> | 414 |
| Silently the shades of evening. <i>C. Cox</i> | 52 | There is a fountain filled with. <i>W. Couper</i> | 291 |
| Since Jesus freely did app. <i>J. Burridge</i> | 687 | There is a land of pure delight. . . <i>I. Watts</i> | 604 |
| Since without thee we. <i>E. B. Browning</i> | 504 | There is an hour of peaceful. <i>W. B. Tappan</i> | 609 |
| Sing to the great Jehovah's. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 575 | There was a time when children. <i>T. R. Taylor</i> | 684 |
| Sing we to our God above. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 725 | There's a Friend for little chil. <i>A. Midlane</i> | 680 |
| Sing with all the sons of. <i>W. J. Irons</i> | 160 | There's a song in the air. . . <i>J. G. Holland</i> | 112 |
| Sinners, the voice of God. <i>J. Fawcett</i> | 246 | There's a wideness in God's. <i>F. W. Faber</i> | 98 |
| Sinners, turn; why will ye die. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 247 | They who seek the throne of grace <i>O. Holden</i> | 515 |
| Slowly, slowly dark'ning. . . <i>S. Greg</i> | 464 | Think gently of the erring. <i>Miss Fletcher</i> | 699 |
| Softly fades the twilight ray. <i>S. F. Smith</i> | 74 | This child we dedicate. <i>S. Gilman</i> | 232 |
| Softly now the light of day. <i>G. W. Doane</i> | 53 | Thou art the Way:—to thee. <i>G. W. Doane</i> | 133 |
| Soldiers of Christ, arise. . . <i>C. Wesley</i> | 382 | Thou dear Redeemer, dying. <i>J. Pennick</i> | 532 |
| Soldiers of the cross. <i>J. B. Waterbury</i> | 385 | Thou didst leave thy. <i>E. S. Elliott</i> | 122 |
| Sometimes a light surprises. <i>W. Cooper</i> | 454 | Thou great mysterious God. . . <i>C. Wesley</i> | 318 |
| Soon may the last glad song. <i>Mrs. Fokes</i> | 630 | Thou hidden love of God, wh. <i>G. Tersteegen</i> | 345 |
| Sow in the morn thy. <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 389 | Thou hidden Source of calm re. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 466 |
| Spirit Divine, attend our pra. <i>A. Reed</i> | 180 | Thou my everlasting portion. <i>F. J. Crosby</i> | 332 |
| Spirit of faith, come down. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 191 | Thou Son of God, whose flaming. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 245 |
| Spirit of God! descend upon. <i>G. Croly</i> | 197 | Thou, whose almighty word. . . <i>J. Marriott</i> | 629 |
| Stand, soldier of the. <i>E. H. Bickersteth</i> | 413 | Thou, whose unmeasured. <i>W. C. Bryant</i> | 659 |
| Stand the omnipotent decree. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 598 | Though troubles assail, and dan. <i>J. Newton</i> | 92 |
| Stand up, stand up for. <i>G. Duffield, Jr.</i> | 386 | Through the night of doubt. <i>B. S. Ingemann</i> | 567 |
| Stay, thou insulted Spirit. <i>C. Wesley</i> | 269 | Thus far the Lord hath led me on. <i>J. Watts</i> | 51 |
| Still, still with thee. . . <i>H. B. Stowe</i> | 43 | Thy way, not mine, O Lord. . . <i>H. Bonar</i> | 527 |
| Still will we trust. . . <i>W. H. Burleigh</i> | 486 | "Till He come," O let the. <i>E. H. Bickersteth</i> | 240 |
| Still with thee, O my God. <i>J. D. Burns</i> | 525 | "Tis finished!" so the Saviour. <i>S. Stennett</i> | 149 |
| Strong Son of God. . . <i>A. Tennyson</i> | 139 | 'Tis midnight; and on Olive. <i>W. B. Tappan</i> | 147 |
| Sun of my soul, thou Saviour. <i>J. Keble</i> | 47 | To Father, Son, and Holy Gh. <i>Tate and Brady</i> | 720 |
| | | To God on high be thanks. . . . <i>N. Decius</i> | 93 |

| | | HYMN | | | HYMN |
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| To God, the Father, Son..... | <i>J. Wesley</i> | 722 | What various hindrances we.. | <i>W. Cowper</i> | 496 |
| To God, the Father, Son..... | <i>E. F. Hatfield</i> | 727 | Whate'er my God ordains... | <i>S. Rodigast</i> | 487 |
| To God your every want..... | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 512 | When all thy mercies, O my God.. | <i>J. Addison</i> | 105 |
| To thee, Eternal Soul..... | <i>R. W. Gilder</i> | 14 | When gathering clouds..... | <i>Sir R. Grant</i> | 134 |
| To thee, O dear, dear Sav..... | <i>J. S. B. Monnell</i> | 324 | When I can read my title clear... | <i>I. Watts</i> | 440 |
| To-morrow, Lord, is thine... | <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 253 | When I survey the wondrous cross.. | <i>I. Watts</i> | 141 |
| True-hearted, whole-hearted.. | <i>F. R. Havergal</i> | 420 | When Israel, of the Lord be... | <i>Sir W. Scott</i> | 95 |
| Try us, O God, and search the.. | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 555 | When Jesus dwelt in mortal... | <i>T. Gibbons</i> | 695 |
| Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.. | <i>I. Watts</i> | 586 | When, marshaled on the night.. | <i>H. K. White</i> | 124 |
| Upon the gospel's sacred... | <i>Sir J. Bowring</i> | 199 | When morning gilds the..... | <i>E. Caswall</i> | 32 |
| Walk in the light! so shalt thou.. | <i>B. Barton</i> | 361 | When musing sorrow weeps.... | <i>G. T. Noel</i> | 455 |
| Watchman, tell us of the... | <i>Sir J. Bowring</i> | 636 | When on my day of life.... | <i>J. G. Whittier</i> | 589 |
| We bid thee welcome..... | <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 226 | When the weary, seeking rest... | <i>H. Bonar</i> | 509 |
| We give thee but thine own... | <i>W. W. How</i> | 688 | When time seems short and... | <i>G. W. Bethune</i> | 296 |
| We hope in thee, O God..... | <i>M. F. Hearn</i> | 328 | Where cross the crowded ways.. | <i>F. M. North</i> | 423 |
| We journey through a vale of... | <i>B. Barton</i> | 447 | Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw.. | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 244 |
| We lift our hearts to thee..... | <i>J. Wesley</i> | 45 | While life prolongs its precious... | <i>T. Dwight</i> | 254 |
| We march, we march to victo... | <i>G. Moultrie</i> | 418 | While shepherds watched... | <i>Tate and Brady</i> | 115 |
| We may not climb the heav... | <i>J. G. Whittier</i> | 128 | While thee I seek, protect... | <i>H. M. Williams</i> | 517 |
| We plow the fields and scatter... | <i>M. Claudius</i> | 716 | While, with ceaseless course, the.. | <i>J. Newton</i> | 574 |
| We praise thee, Lord, for ho... | <i>J. P. Hopps</i> | 550 | Who are these arrayed in white... | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 619 |
| We rear not a temple, like Ju... | <i>H. Ware, Jr.</i> | 666 | Who is thy neighbor? He.. | <i>W. B. O. Peabody</i> | 690 |
| We would see Jesus..... | <i>A. B. Warner</i> | 323 | Why do we mourn departing frien... | <i>I. Watts</i> | 595 |
| Weary of earth, and laden... | <i>S. J. Stone</i> | 284 | Why should our tears in... | <i>W. H. Bathurst</i> | 591 |
| Weary souls, that wander wide... | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 262 | Why should the children of a King... | <i>I. Watts</i> | 299 |
| Weep not for a brother deceased... | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 594 | Why should we start and fear to... | <i>I. Watts</i> | 581 |
| Welcome, delightful morn... | <i>T. Haywood</i> | 67 | Wilt thou hear the voice... | <i>Mrs. C. L. Rice</i> | 675 |
| Welcome, happy morning... | <i>V. Fortunatus</i> | 166 | With glorious clouds encompass... | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 327 |
| Welcome, sweet day of rest..... | <i>I. Watts</i> | 64 | With joy we hail the sacred day... | <i>H. Auber</i> | 65 |
| What a Friend we have in Jesus... | <i>J. Scriven</i> | 551 | Work, for the night is coming... | <i>A. L. Walker</i> | 422 |
| What grace, O Lord, and be... | <i>Sir E. Denny</i> | 126 | Workman of God! O lose not... | <i>F. W. Faber</i> | 392 |
| What is our calling's glorious... | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 358 | Ye servants of God, your Master... | <i>C. Wesley</i> | 11 |
| What is the thing of great... | <i>J. Montgomery</i> | 243 | Ye servants of the Lord... | <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 429 |
| What though the arm of con... | <i>P. Doddridge</i> | 592 | Zion stands with hills surrounded... | <i>T. Kelly</i> | 212 |

FIRST LINES OF CHANTS AND OCCASIONAL PIECES

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| All things come of thee, O Lord..... | 149 |
| Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy..... | 180 |
| Day of Wrath, O day of mourning..... | 747 |
| Glory be to God on high..... | 743 |
| Glory be to the Father..... | 737 |
| God be merciful unto us and bless us (Psalm 67)..... | 732 |
| God spake these words, and said [The Ten Commandments]..... | 738 |
| Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts..... | 741 |
| In age and feebleness extreme..... | <i>Charles Wesley</i> 764 |
| Into the woods my Master went..... | <i>Stanley Lanier</i> 715 |
| Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill..... | <i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 743 |
| Lord, have mercy upon us..... | 738 |
| Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace (Luke 1. 29-32)..... | 733 |
| My God, my Father, while I stray..... | <i>Charlotte Elliott</i> 736 |
| My soul doth magnify the Lord (Luke 1. 46-55)..... | 731 |
| O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands (Psalm 100)..... | 736 |
| O come, let us sing unto the Lord (Psalm 96)..... | 728 |
| Our Father who art in heaven..... | 735 |
| Sunset and evening-star..... | <i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 744 |
| The Lord bless you and keep you..... | 748 |
| The Lord is in his holy temple..... | 741 |
| Therefore with angels and archangels..... | 741 |
| We praise thee, O God..... | 739 |





The Psalter

**For Responsive Readings
in the Sunday Services**

Note

The verses printed in Roman are to be read by the Minister

The verses printed in Italic are to be read by the People

THIS Psalter, in accordance with the order of the General Conference, is printed in parallelism after the Hebrew original; and the Hebrew meter, so far as known, is carefully considered in combining portions of separate Psalms into a single reading. The text used is the Authorized Version, except where slight changes were necessary to preserve the parallelism or meter, or render more perfectly the original meaning, and in these cases the emendations are conformed to the character and quality of the version endeared by centuries of use. The Imprecatory Psalms, as well as imprecations contained in other parts of the book, are omitted, as in the Select Psalms prepared by John Wesley.

The selections were made and edited by Professor Robert W. Rogers, D.D., of Drew Theological Seminary.

The Psalter

First Sunday Morning

Praise the Lord from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.

*Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his hosts.*

Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

*Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters above the heavens.*

Let them praise the name of the
Lord:
For he commanded, and they were
created.

*He established them forever and
ever:
He made a decree which shall not
pass.*

Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:

*Fire and hail, snow and vapor;
Stormy wind, fulfilling his word:*

Mountains and all hills;
Fruitful trees and all cedars:

*Beasts and all cattle;
Creeping things and flying fowl:*

Kings of the earth and all people;
Princes and all judges of the earth:

*Young men and maidens;
Old men and children:*

Let them praise the name of the
Lord;
For his name alone is excellent:

His glory is above the earth and
the heavens.

*He also exalteth the horn of his
people,
He is the praise of all his saints;
Of the children of Israel, a people
near unto him.*

Sing unto the Lord a new song,
And his praise in the assembly of
the saints.

*Let Israel rejoice in him that made
him:
Let the children of Zion be joyful
in their King.*

Evening

How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of hosts!

*My soul longeth, yea, fainteth
For the courts of the Lord;*

My heart and my flesh cry out
Unto the living God.

*Yea, the sparrow hath found a house,
And the swallow a nest for herself,
Where she may lay her young,*

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts,
My King, and my God.

*Blessed are they that dwell in thy
house:*

They will be still praising thee.

They go from strength to strength,
They appear before God in Zion.

*O Lord God of hosts, hear my
prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob.*

Behold, O God our shield,
And look upon the face of thine
anointed.

*For a day in thy courts is better
than a thousand.*

*I had rather be a doorkeeper in the
house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of
wickedness.*

For the Lord God is a sun and a
shield:
The Lord will give grace and
glory:
No good thing will he withhold
from them that walk uprightly.

*O Lord of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in
thee.*

Second Sunday

Morning

I waited patiently for the Lord;
And he inclined unto me, and heard
my cry.

*He brought me up out of a horrible
pit, out of the miry clay,
And set my feet upon a rock, and
established my goings.*

And he hath put a new song in my
mouth,
Even praise unto our God:

*Many shall see it, and fear,
And shall trust in the Lord.*

Blessed is the man that maketh the
Lord his trust,
And respecteth not the proud, nor
such as turn aside to lies.

*Many, O Lord my God, are the
wonderful works thou hast done,
And thy thoughts which are to us-
ward.*

If I would declare and speak of
them,

They are more than can be num-
bered.

*Sacrifice and offering thou didst
not desire,
Burnt offering and sin offering
hast thou not required.*

Then I said, Lo, I am come;
In the volume of the book it is
written of me:

*I delight to do thy will, O my God;
Yea, thy law is within my heart.*

I have preached righteousness in
the great congregation;
Lo, I have not refrained my lips,
O Lord, thou knowest.

*I have not hid thy righteousness
within my heart;
I have declared thy faithfulness
and thy salvation.*

Withhold not thou thy tender mer-
cies from me, O Lord:
Let thy loving-kindness and thy
truth continually preserve me.

*For innumerable evils have com-
passed me about,
Mine iniquities have overtaken
me, so that I am not able to look
up.*

They are more in number than the
hairs of my head,
Therefore my heart faileth me.

*Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me:
O Lord, make haste to help me.*

Let all those that seek thee rejoice
and be glad in thee:
Let such as love thy salvation say
continually, :
The Lord be magnified.

*But I am poor and needy;
Yet the Lord thinketh upon me.*

Thou art my help and my deliverer;
Make no tarrying, O my God.

The Psalter

3d Sunday

Evening

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.

*Therefore will we not fear, though
the earth be removed,
And though the mountains shake
in the midst of the sea;*

Though the waters thereof roar and
be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with
the swelling thereof.

*There is a river, whose streams
make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the tabernacles
of the Most High.*

God is in the midst of her; she shall
not be moved:
God shall help her, and that right
early.

*The heathen raged, the kingdoms
were moved:
He uttered his voice, the earth
melted.*

The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

*Come, behold the works of the
Lord,
What signs he hath made in the
earth.*

He maketh wars to cease unto the
end of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth
the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariot in the
fire.

*Be still, and know that I am
God:
I will be exalted among the na-
tions,
I will be exalted in the earth.*

The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Third Sunday

Morning

As the hart panteth after the
water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O
God.

*My soul thirsteth for God, for the
living God:
When shall I come and appear
before God?*

My tears have been my food day
and night,
While they continually say unto
me, Where is thy God?

*When I remember these things I
pour out my soul within me,
For I had gone with the multitude,
I went with them to the house of
God,
With the voice of joy and praise, a
multitude keeping holyday.*

Why art thou cast down, O my
soul?
And why art thou disquieted within
me?

*Hope thou in God; for I shall yet
praise him
For the help of his countenance.*

O my God, my soul is cast down
within me:
Therefore will I remember thee from
the land of the Jordan,
And the Hermons, from the hill
Mizar,

*Deep calleth unto deep at the noise
of thy waterfalls:
All thy waves and thy billows are
gone over me.*

Yet the Lord will command his
loving-kindness in the daytime;
And in the night his song shall be
with me,

Even a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:

Oh deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength; why dost thou cast me off?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

Oh send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me:

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, And to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God,
Unto God my exceeding joy;

And upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Evening

Hear my prayer, O Lord; give ear to my supplications:

In thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with thy servant;

For in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

For the enemy hath persecuted my soul;

He hath smitten my life down to the ground:

He hath made me to dwell in dark places, as those that have been long dead.

Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me;

My heart within me is desolate.

I remember the days of old;

I meditate on all thy works;

I muse on the work of thy hands.

I stretch forth my hands unto thee:

My soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.

Hear me speedily, O Lord; my spirit faileth:

Hide not thy face from me,

Lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit.

Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning;

For in thee do I trust:

Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk;

For I lift up my soul unto thee.

Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies:

I flee unto thee to hide me.

Teach me to do thy will;

For thou art my God:

Thy Spirit is good;

Lead me in the land of uprightness.

The Psalter

4th Sunday

*Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake:
In thy righteousness bring my soul out of trouble.
For I am thy servant*

Fourth Sunday

Morning

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,
Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

*For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.*

Trust in the Lord, and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

*Delight thyself also in the Lord;
And he shall give thee the desires of thy heart.*

Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.

*And he shall make thy righteousness as the light,
And thy judgment as the noonday.*

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

*Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:
Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.*

For evildoers shall be cut off;
But those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:

Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth,
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

*The wicked plotteth against the just,
And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.*

The Lord shall laugh at him,
For he seeth that his day is coming.

*Better is a little that the righteous hath
Than the riches of many wicked.*

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken;
But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.

*The Lord knoweth the days of the upright;
And their inheritance shall be forever.*

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time;
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

*But the wicked shall perish,
And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs:
They shall consume; in smoke shall they consume away.*

The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again;
But the righteous showeth mercy, and giveth.

*For such as are blessed of him shall inherit the land;
And they that are cursed of him shall be cut off.*

The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord,
And he delighteth in his way

Evening

Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.

*For the Lord loveth justice,
And forsaketh not his saints,*

They are preserved forever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be
cut off.

*The righteous shall inherit the
land,
And dwell therein forever*

The mouth of the righteous speak-
eth wisdom,
And his tongue talketh of judg-
ment.

*The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.*

The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.

*The Lord will not leave him in his
hand,
Nor condemn him when he is
judged*

Wait on the Lord, and keep his
way,
And he shall exalt thee to inherit
the land:
When the wicked are cut off, thou
shalt see it

*I have seen the wicked in great
power,
And spreading himself like a
green bay tree*

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was
not:
Yea, I sought him, but he could not
be found.

*Mark the perfect man, and behold
the upright;
For the end of that man is peace.*

But the transgressors shall be de-
stroyed together.

The end of the wicked shall be cut
off.

*But the salvation of the righteous
is of the Lord:*

*He is their strength in the time of
trouble.*

And the Lord shall help them, and
deliver them:

He shall deliver them from the
wicked, and save them,
Because they trust in him.

Fifth Sunday

Morning

I will bless the Lord at all times:
His praise shall continually be in
my mouth.

*My soul shall make her boast in
the Lord.*

*The humble shall hear thereof, and
be glad.*

Oh magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt his name to-
gether

*I sought the Lord, and he heard
me,
And delivered me from all my
fears.*

They looked unto him, and were
lightened;
And their faces were not ashamed.

*This poor man cried, and the Lord
heard him,
And saved him out of all his
troubles.*

The angel of the Lord encampeth
round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them

*Oh taste and see that the Lord is
good:*

*Blessed is the man that trusteth
in him*

The Psalter

5th Sunday

Oh fear the Lord, ye his saints,
For there is no want to them that
fear him.

*The young lions do lack, and suffer
hunger;
But they that seek the Lord shall
not want any good thing.*

Come, ye children, hearken unto
me:
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

*What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may
see good?*

Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.

*Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.*

The eyes of the Lord are toward the
righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.

*The face of the Lord is against
them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of
them from the earth.*

The righteous cry, and the Lord
heareth,
And delivereth them out of all their
troubles.

*The Lord is nigh unto them that
are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as be of a con-
trite spirit.*

Many are the afflictions of the
righteous;
But the Lord delivereth him out of
them all.

*He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.*

Evil shall slay the wicked;
And they that hate the righteous
shall be desolate

*The Lord redeemeth the soul of
his servants;
And none of them that trust in him
shall be desolate.*

Evening

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise the Lord, O my soul.

*While I live will I praise the Lord:
I will sing praises unto my God
while I have any being.*

Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in the son of man, in whom
there is no help.

*His breath goeth forth, he re-
turneth to his earth;
In that very day his thoughts
perish.*

Happy is he that hath the God of
Jacob for his help,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God:

*Who made heaven and earth,
The sea, and all that in them is;*

Who keepeth truth forever;
Who executeth justice for the op-
pressed;
Who giveth food to the hungry

*The Lord looseth the prisoners;
The Lord openeth the eyes of the
blind;*

The Lord raiseth up them that are
bowed down;
The Lord loveth the righteous;

*The Lord preserveth the sojourners;
He relieveth the fatherless and
widow;
But the way of the wicked he turn-
eth upside down.*

The Lord will reign forever,
Thy God, O Zion, unto all genera-
tions.

Praise ye the Lord

Sixth Sunday

Morning

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart;
I will show forth all thy marvelous works.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee;

I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

When mine enemies turn back,
They shall fall and perish at thy presence.

*For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;
Thou satest in the throne judging right.*

Thou hast rebuked the heathen,
Thou hast destroyed the wicked,
Thou hast put out their name forever and ever

*The enemy are come to an end,
they are desolate forever;
And the cities which thou hast overthrown,
Their very memorial is perished.*

But the Lord shall endure forever:
He hath prepared his throne for judgment,

*And he shall judge the world in righteousness,
He shall minister judgment to the peoples in uprightness*

The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed,
A refuge in times of trouble;

*And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee;
For thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee*

Sing praises to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion:

Declare among the people his doings.

*When he maketh inquisition for blood he remembereth them;
He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.*

Have mercy upon me, O Lord;
Consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me,

*Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death;
That I may show forth all thy praise.*

In the gates of the daughter of Zion

I will rejoice in thy salvation.

*The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made:
In the net which they hid is their own foot taken.*

The Lord hath made himself known, he hath executed judgment.

The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.

*The wicked shall be turned into Hell,
Even all the nations that forget God.*

For the needy shall not always be forgotten,
Nor the expectation of the poor perish forever.

*Arise, O Lord; let not man prevail:
Let the heathen be judged in thy sight.*

Put them in fear, O Lord:
Let the nations know themselves to be but men.

The Psalter

7th Sunday

Evening

Why do the heathen rage,
And the people imagine a vain
thing?

*The kings of the earth set themselves,
And the rulers take counsel together,
Against the Lord, and against his
anointed, saying,*

Let us break their bonds asunder,
And cast away their cords from us.

*He that sitteth in the heavens shall
laugh:
The Lord shall have them in de-
rision.*

Then shall he speak unto them in
his wrath,
And vex them in his sore dis-
pleasure:

*Yet I have set my king
Upon my holy hill of Zion.*

I will declare the decree:
The Lord hath said unto me, Thou
art my son,
This day have I begotten thee.

*Ask of me, and I shall give thee
the heathen for thine inheritance,
And the uttermost parts of the
earth for thy possession.*

Thou shalt break them with a rod
of iron;
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like
a potter's vessel.

*Now therefore be wise, O ye kings:
Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.*

Serve the Lord with fear,
And rejoice with trembling.

*Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and
ye perish from the way,
When his wrath is kindled but a
little.*

Blessed are all they that put their
trust in him.

Seventh Sunday

Morning

I will lift up mine eyes unto the
hills:

From whence shall my help come?

*My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.*

He will not suffer thy foot to be
moved:

He that keepeth thee will not
slumber.

*Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy
right hand.

*The sun shall not smite thee by
day,
Nor the moon by night.*

The Lord shall preserve thee from
all evil;
He shall preserve thy soul.

*The Lord shall preserve thy going
out and thy coming in
From this time forth and for ever-
more.*

I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go unto the house of the
Lord.

*Our feet shall stand
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem.*

Jerusalem is builded
As a city that is compact together;

*Whither the tribes go up, the tribes
of the Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel,
To give thanks unto the name of
the Lord.*

For there are set thrones for judg-
ment,
The thrones of the house of David.

*Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.*

Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.

*For my brethren and companions'
sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee.*

For the sake of the house of Je-
hovah our God
I will seek thy good.

Evening

Hear me when I call,
O God of my righteousness,

*Thou hast enlarged me when I was
in distress:
Have mercy upon me, and hear
my prayer.*

O ye sons of men, how long will ye
turn my glory into shame?
How long will ye love vanity, and
seek after falsehood?

*But know that the Lord hath set
apart for himself him that is
godly:
The Lord will hear when I call
unto him.*

Stand in awe, and sin not:
Commune with your own heart
upon your bed, and be still.

*Offer the sacrifices of righteous-
ness,
And put your trust in the Lord.*

Many there be that say, Who will
show us any good?
Lord, lift thou up the light of thy
countenance upon us.

*Thou hast put gladness in my
heart,
More than they have when their
grain and their new wine are in-
creased*

In peace will I both lay me down
and sleep;
For thou, Lord, only makest me
dwell in safety.

*Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye
servants of the Lord,
Which by night stand in the house
of the Lord.*

Lift up your hands to the sanctuary,
And bless ye the Lord.

*The Lord bless thee out of Zion,
Even he that made heaven and
earth.*

Eighth Sunday

Morning

O Lord my God, in thee do I put
my trust:

Save me from all them that perse-
cute me, and deliver me,

*Lest they tear my soul like a lion,
Rending it in pieces, while there
is none to deliver.*

O Lord my God, if I have done this:
If there be iniquity in my hands;

*If I have rewarded evil unto him
that was at peace with me
(Yea, I have delivered him that
without cause was mine adver-
sary);*

Let the enemy persecute my soul,
and take it;

Yea, let him tread my life down to
the earth,

And lay mine honor in the dust.

*Arise, O Lord, in thine anger;
Lift up thyself against the rage of
mine enemies,
And awake for me; thou hast com-
manded judgment.*

And let the congregation of the
peoples compass thee about;
And over them return thou on high.

The Psalter

9th Sunday

*The Lord shall judge the people:
Judge me, O Lord, according to
my righteousness, and to mine in-
tegrity that is in me.*

Oh let the wickedness of the wicked
come to an end, but establish thou
the just:
For the righteous God trieth the
minds and hearts.

*My defense is of God,
Which saveth the upright in heart.*

God is a righteous judge
Yea, a God that hath indignation
every day.

*If a man turn not, he will whet
his sword;
He hath bent his bow, and made
it ready;*

He hath also prepared for him the
instruments of death;
He ordaineth his arrows against
the persecutors.

*Behold, he travaileth with iniquity;
Yea, he hath conceived mischief,
and brought forth falsehood.*

He hath made a pit, and digged it,
And is fallen into the ditch which
he made.

*His mischief shall return upon his
own head,
And his violence shall come down
upon his own pate.*

I will praise the Lord according to
his righteousness,
And will sing praise to the name of
the Lord Most High.

Evening

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine
anger,
Neither chasten me in thy hot dis-
pleasure.

*Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for
I am weak:
O Lord, heal me; for my bones are
vexed.*

My soul also is sore vexed:
And thou, O Lord, how long?

*Return, O Lord, deliver my soul:
Save me for thy mercies' sake.*

For in death there is no remem-
brance of thee:
In the grave who shall give thee
thanks?

*I am weary with my groaning;
All the night make I my bed to
swim;
I water my couch with my tears.*

Mine eye is consumed because of
grief;
It waxeth old because of all mine
enemies.

*Depart from me, all ye workers of
iniquity;
For the Lord hath heard the voice
of my weeping.*

The Lord hath heard my supplica-
tion;
The Lord will receive my prayer.

*All mine enemies shall be put to
shame and sore troubled:
They shall turn back, they shall be
put to shame suddenly.*

Tenth Sunday

Morning

The Lord hear thee in the day of
trouble;
The name of the God of Jacob de-
fend thee;

*Send thee help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen thee out of Zion;*

Remember all thy offerings,
And accept thy burnt sacrifice;

*Grant thee thy heart's desire,
And fulfill all thy counsel.*

We will rejoice in thy salvation,
And in the name of our God we will
set up our banners:
The Lord fulfill all thy petitions.

*Now know I that the Lord saveth
his anointed;
He will hear him from his holy
heaven
With the saving strength of his
right hand.*

Some trust in chariots, and some
in horses;
But we will remember the name of
the Lord our God.

*They are brought down and fallen;
But we are risen, and stand up-
right.*

Save, Lord:
Let the King hear us when we
call.

*The king shall joy in thy strength,
O Lord;
And in thy salvation how greatly
shall he rejoice!*

Thou hast given him his heart's
desire,
And hast not withholden the re-
quest of his lips.

*For thou meetest him with the
blessings of goodness:
Thou settest a crown of pure gold
on his head.*

He asked life of thee, thou gavest
it him,
Even length of days forever and
ever.

*His glory is great in thy salva-
tion:
Honor and majesty hast thou laid
upon him.*

For thou hast made him most
blessed forever:

Thou hast made him glad with joy
in thy presence.

*For the king trusteth in the Lord;
And through the mercy of the Most
High he shall not be moved.*

Be thou exalted, O Lord, in thine
own strength:

So will we sing and praise thy
power.

Evening

The earth is the Lord's, and the
fullness thereof;

The world, and they that dwell
therein.

*For he hath founded it upon the
seas,
And established it upon the floods.*

Who shall ascend into the hill of the
Lord?

And who shall stand in his holy
place?

*He that hath clean hands, and a
pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul
unto falsehood,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.*

He shall receive the blessing from
the Lord,

And righteousness from the God of
his salvation.

*This is the generation of them that
seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting
doors:

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

The Psalter

10th Sunday

*Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting
doors:
And the King of glory shall come
in.*

Who is this King of glory?

*The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory.*

Tenth Sunday

Morning

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my
soul.

O my God, in thee have I trusted,

*Let me not be ashamed;
Let not mine enemies triumph
over me.*

Yea, let none that wait on thee be
ashamed:

Let them be ashamed which trans-
gress without cause.

*Show me thy ways, O Lord;
Teach me thy paths.*

Lead me in thy truth, and teach
me;

For thou art the God of my salva-
tion;

On thee do I wait all the day.

*Remember, O Lord, thy tender
mercies and thy loving-kindnesses;
For they have been ever of old.*

Remember not the sins of my
youth, nor my transgressions:

According to thy mercy remember
thou me,

For thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

*Good and upright is the Lord:
Therefore will he teach sinners in
the way.*

The meek will he guide in judg-
ment;

And the meek will he teach his
way.

*All the paths of the Lord are mercy
and truth*

*Unto such as keep his covenant
and his testimonies.*

For thy name's sake, O Lord,
Pardon mine iniquity, for it is
great.

*What man is he that feareth the
Lord?*

*Him shall he teach in the way that
he shall choose.*

His soul shall dwell at ease;
And his seed shall inherit the earth.

*The secret of the Lord is with them
that fear him;*

*And he will show them his cove-
nant.*

Mine eyes are ever toward the
Lord;

For he shall pluck my feet out of the
net.

*Turn thee unto me, and have
mercy upon me;*

For I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are en-
larged:

Oh bring thou me out of my dis-
tresses.

*Look upon mine affliction and my
pain;*

And forgive all my sins.

Oh keep my soul, and deliver me:

Let me not be ashamed, for I put
my trust in thee.

*Let integrity and uprightness pre-
serve me,*

For I wait for thee.

Redeem Israel, O God,
Out of all his troubles.

Evening

Judge me, O Lord, for I have
walked in mine integrity:
I have trusted also in the Lord
without wavering.

*Examine me, O Lord, and prove
me;*

Try my reins and my heart.

For thy loving-kindness is before
mine eyes;

And I have walked in thy truth.

*I have not sat with vain per-
sons;
Neither will I go in with dissem-
blers.*

I hate the congregation of evil-
doers,

And will not sit with the wicked.

*I will wash my hands in inno-
cency:*

*So will I compass thine altar, O
Lord;*

That I may publish with the voice
of thanksgiving,
And tell of all thy wondrous works.

*Lord, I have loved the habitation
of thy house,
And the place where thine honor
dwelleth.*

Gather not my soul with sinners,
Nor my life with bloody men;

*In whose hands is mischief,
And their right hand is full of
bribes.*

But as for me, I will walk in mine
integrity:

Redeem me, and be merciful unto
me.

*My foot standeth in an even
place:*

*In the congregations will I bless
the Lord.*

Eleventh Sunday

Morning

Lord, how are mine adversaries in-
creased!

Many are they that rise up against
me.

*Many there be which say of my
soul,*

*There is no help for him in
God.*

But thou, O Lord, art a shield for
me;

My glory, and the lifter up of my
head.

*I cried unto the Lord with my
voice,*

*And he heard me out of his holy
hill.*

I laid me down and slept;

I awaked; for the Lord sustained
me.

*I will not be afraid of ten thou-
sands of the people*

*That have set themselves against
me round about.*

Arise, O Lord; save me, O my
God:

For thou hast smitten all mine
enemies upon the cheek bone;

Thou hast broken the teeth of the
ungodly.

*Salvation belongeth unto the Lord:
Thy blessing be upon thy people.*

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the
heavens;

Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the
clouds.

*Thy righteousness is like the great
mountains;*

Thy judgments are a great deep:

*O Lord, thou preservest man and
beast.*

The Psalter

12th Sunday

How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God!

Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life:

In thy light shall we see light.

Oh continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee, And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

Let not the foot of pride come against me, And let not the hand of the wicked remove me.

There are the workers of iniquity fallen: They are cast down, and shall not be able to rise.

Evening

Give ear to my words, O Lord, Consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God; For unto thee will I pray.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord;

In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: Neither shall evil dwell with thee.

The foolish shall not stand in thy sight:

Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

Thou shalt destroy them that speak lies:

The Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

But as for me, in the abundance of thy mercy will I come into thy house:

In thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies;

Make thy way straight before my face.

Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice,

Let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them:

Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

For thou wilt bless the righteous; O Lord, thou wilt compass him with favor as with a shield.

By terrible things thou wilt answer us in righteousness,

O God of our salvation;

Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,

And of them that are afar off upon the sea.

Twelfth Sunday

Morning

The heavens declare the glory of God;

And the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech,

And night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language; Their voice is not heard.

*Their line is gone out through all
the earth,
And their words to the end of the
world.*

In them hath he set a tabernacle
for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming
out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to
run a race.

*His going forth is from the end of
the heavens,
And his circuit unto the ends
of it;
And there is nothing hid from
the heat thereof.*

O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all
the earth,

*Who hast set thy glory above the
heavens!*

*Out of the mouth of babes and
sucklings hast thou ordained
strength,*

Because of thine enemies,
That thou mightest still the enemy
and the avenger.

*When I consider thy heavens, the
work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which
thou hast ordained;*

What is man, that thou art mind-
ful of him?
And the son of man, that thou
visitest him?

*For thou hast made him a little
lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory
and honor.*

Thou madest him to have domin-
ion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his
feet:

*All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field,*

The fowl of the air, and the fish
of the sea,
Whatsoever passeth through the
paths of the seas.

*O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all
the earth.*

Evening

In the Lord put I my trust:
How say ye to my soul,
Flee as a bird to your mountain;

*For, lo, the wicked bend the
bow,*

*They make ready their arrow upon
the string,*

*That they may shoot in darkness
at the upright in heart;*

If the foundations be destroyed,
What can the righteous do?

*The Lord is in his holy temple;
The Lord's throne is in heaven;*

His eyes behold, his eyelids try, the
children of men.

The Lord trieth the righteous;

*But the wicked and him that loveth
violence his soul hateth.*

*Upon the wicked he shall rain
snares;*

*Fire and brimstone and an hor-
rible tempest shall be the portion
of their cup.*

For the righteous Lord loveth
righteousness:

The upright shall behold his coun-
tenance.

*Help, Lord; for the godly man
ceaseth;*

*For the faithful fail from among
the children of men.*

The Psalter

13th Sunday

They speak vanity every one with
his neighbor:
With flattering lips, and with a
double heart, do they speak.

*The Lord shall cut off all flattering
lips,
The tongue that speaketh proud
things;*

Who have said, With our tongue
will we prevail;
Our lips are our own: who is lord
over us?

*For the oppression of the poor,
For the sighing of the needy,
Now will I arise, saith the Lord;
I will set him in the safety he
panteth for.*

The words of the Lord are pure words;
As silver tried in a furnace on the
earth,
Purified seven times.

*Thou wilt keep them, O Lord,
Thou shalt preserve them from
this generation forever.*

The wicked walk on every side,
When vileness is exalted among
the sons of men.

Thirteenth Sunday

Morning

Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto
my cry;
Give ear unto my prayer, that
goeth not out of feigned lips.

*Let my sentence come forth from
thy presence;
Let thine eyes look upon equity.*

Thou hast proved my heart; thou
hast visited me in the night;
Thou hast tried me, and findest
nothing;

*I am purposed that my mouth shall
not transgress.*

*As for the works of men, by the
word of thy lips*

*I have kept me from the paths of
the destroyer.*

My steps have held fast to thy
paths,
My feet have not slipped.

*I have called upon thee, for thou
wilt hear me, O God:*

*Incline thine ear unto me, and
hear my speech.*

Show thy marvelous loving-kind-
ness,

O thou that savest by thy right
hand them which put their trust in
thee

From those that rise up against
them.

*Keep me as the apple of the eye;
Hide me under the shadow of thy
wings,*

Deliver my soul from the wicked
by thy sword;
From men by thy hand, O Lord,

*From men of the world, whose por-
tion is in this life,*

*And whose belly thou fillest with
thy treasure:*

They are satisfied with children,
And leave the rest of their sub-
stance to their babes.

*Consider and hear me, O Lord my
God:*

*Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the
sleep of death;*

Lest mine enemy say, I have pre-
vailed against him;
Lest mine adversaries rejoice when
I am moved.

*But I have trusted in thy mercy;
My heart shall rejoice in thy sal-
vation.*

I will sing unto the Lord,
Because he hath dealt bountifully
with me.

*As for me, I shall behold thy face
in righteousness;
I shall be satisfied, when I awake,
with thy likeness.*

Evening

Why standest thou afar off, O
Lord?
Why hidest thou thyself in times of
trouble?

*The wicked in his pride doth per-
secute the poor;
Let them be taken in the devices
that they have imagined.*

For the wicked boasteth of his
heart's desire,
And blesseth the covetous whom
the Lord abhorreth.

*The wicked, in the pride of his
countenance, will not seek after God.
God is not in all his thoughts.
His ways are always grievous;*

Thy judgments are far above out
of his sight:
As for all his enemies, he puffeth
at them.

*Arise, O Lord; O God, lift up thy
hand:
Forget not the humble.*

Wherefore doth the wicked con-
temn God,
And say in his heart, Thou wilt not
require it?

*The poor committeth himself unto
thee;
Thou art the helper of the fatherless.*

Break thou the arm of the wicked;
And as for the evil man, seek out
his wickedness till thou find none.

*The Lord is King forever and ever:
The heathen are perished out of
his land.*

Lord, thou hast heard the desire
of the humble:
Thou wilt prepare their heart, thou
wilt cause thine ear to hear;

*To judge the fatherless and the
oppressed,
That man of the earth may no
more oppress.*

Fourteenth Sunday

Morning

I love thee, O Lord, my strength.

*The Lord is my rock, and my
fortress, and my deliverer;
My God, my strength, in whom I
will trust;
My shield, and the horn of my
salvation, my high tower.*

I will call upon the Lord, who is
worthy to be praised:
So shall I be saved from mine
enemies.

*The sorrows of death compassed
me,
And the floods of ungodliness
made me afraid.*

The sorrows of hell compassed me;
The snares of death came upon me.

*In my distress I called upon the
Lord,
And cried unto my God:*

He heard my voice out of his tem-
ple,
And my cry before him came into
his ears.

The Psalter

14th Sunday

*Then the earth shook and trembled;
The foundations also of the moun-
tains quaked
And were shaken, because he was
wroth.*

There went up a smoke out of his
nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.

*He bowed the heavens also, and
came down;
And thick darkness was under his
feet.*

And he rode upon a cherub, and did
fly;
Yea, he did fly upon the wings of
the wind.

*He made darkness his secret place,
his pavilion round about him,
Darkness of waters, thick clouds
of the skies.*

At the brightness before him his
thick clouds passed,
Hailstones and coals of fire.

*The Lord also thundered in the
heavens,
And the Most High uttered his
voice,
Hailstones and coals of fire.*

Yea, he sent out his arrows, and
scattered them;
And he shot out lightnings, and
discomfited them.

*Then the channels of waters were
seen,
And the foundations of the world
were laid bare.*

At thy rebuke, O Lord,
At the blast of the breath of thy
nostrils.

*He sent from on high, he took me;
He drew me out of many waters.*

He delivered me from my strong
enemy,
And from them which hated me;
for they were too strong for me.

*They came upon me in the day of
my calamity;
But the Lord was my stay.*

He brought me forth also into a
large place;
He delivered me, because he de-
lighted in me.

Evening

The fool hath said in his heart,
There is no God.
They are corrupt, they have done
abominable works;
There is none that doeth good.

*The Lord looked down from heaven
upon the children of men,
To see if there were any that did
understand,
That did seek after God.*

They are all gone aside; they are
together become filthy;
There is none that doeth good, no,
not one.

*Have all the workers of iniquity
no knowledge,
Who eat up my people as they eat
bread,
And call not upon the Lord?*

There were they in great fear;
For God is in the generation of the
righteous.

*Ye put to shame the counsel of the
poor,
Because the Lord is his refuge.*

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall
not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures:

*He leadeth me beside still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake.*

Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with
me;
Thy rod and thy staff, they com-
fort me.

*Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.*

Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my
life;
And I will dwell in the house of
the Lord forever.

Fifteenth Sunday

Morning

The Lord rewarded me according
to my righteousness;
According to the cleanness of my
hands hath he recompensed me.

*For I have kept the ways of the
Lord,
And have not wickedly departed
from my God.*

For all his judgments were before
me,
And I put not away his statutes
from me.

*I was also upright before him,
And I kept myself from mine in-
iquity.*

Therefore hath the Lord recom-
pensed me according to my right-
eousness,
According to the cleanness of my
hands in his eyesight.

*With the merciful thou wilt show
thyself merciful;
With an upright man thou wilt
show thyself upright;*

With the pure thou wilt show thy-
self pure;
And with the froward thou wilt
show thyself froward.

*For thou wilt save the afflicted
people;
But wilt bring down high looks.*

For thou wilt light my candle:
The Lord my God will lighten my
darkness.

*As for God, his way is perfect:
He is a shield unto all them that
take refuge in him.*

For who is God, save the Lord?
And who is a rock, save our
God?

*It is God that girdeth me with
strength,
And maketh my way perfect.*

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet:
And setteth me upon my high
places.

*He teacheth my hands to war;
So that mine arms do bend a bow
of brass.*

Thou hast also given me the shield
of thy salvation;
And thy right hand hath holden
me up,
And thy gentleness hath made me
great.

*Thou hast enlarged my steps under
me,
And my feet did not slip.*

The Lord liveth; and blessed be my
rock;
And let the God of my salvation be
exalted.

The Psalter

15th Sunday

*It is God that executeth vengeance
for me,*

And subdueth peoples under me.

He delivereth me from mine enemies;

Yea, thou liftest me up above those
that rise up against me;

Thou deliverest me from the violent man.

*Therefore I will give thanks unto
thee, O Lord, among the heathen,
And will sing praises unto thy
name.*

Great deliverance giveth he to his king,
And showeth mercy to his anointed,
To David and to his seed, for evermore.

Evening

The Lord is my light and my salvation;

Whom shall I fear?

*The Lord is the strength of my
life;*

Of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked came upon me
to eat up my flesh,

Even mine adversaries and my foes,
they stumbled and fell.

*Though a host should encamp
against me,*

My heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me,

In this will I be confident.

*One thing have I asked of the Lord,
that will I seek after:*

*That I may dwell in the house of
the Lord all the days of my life,*

To behold the beauty of the Lord,

And to inquire in his temple.

*For in the time of trouble he shall
hide me in his pavilion:*

*In the secret of his tabernacle he
shall hide me:*

He shall lift me up upon a rock.

And now shall my head be lifted
up above mine enemies round about
me;

*Therefore will I offer in his taber-
nacle sacrifices of joy;*

*I will sing, yea, I will sing praises
unto the Lord.*

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my
voice:

Have mercy also upon me, and
answer me.

*When thou saidst, Seek ye my
face; my heart said unto thee,
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.*

Hide not thy face from me;

Put not thy servant away in anger:

Thou hast been my help;

*Leave me not, neither forsake me,
O God of my salvation.*

When my father and my mother
forsake me,

Then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord;

*And lead me in a plain path,
Because of mine enemies.*

Deliver me not over unto the will
of mine enemies:

For false witnesses are risen up
against me,

And such as breathe out cruelty.

*I had fainted, unless I had believed
to see the goodness of the Lord*

In the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord:

Be of good courage, and he shall
strengthen thy heart;

Wait, I say, on the Lord.

Sixteenth Sunday

Morning

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

*O my God, I cry in the daytime,
but thou hearest not;
And in the night season, and am
not silent.*

But thou art holy,
O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

*Our fathers trusted in thee:
They trusted, and thou didst deliver them.*

They cried unto thee, and were delivered:

They trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

*But I am a worm, and no man;
A reproach of men, and despised
of the people.*

All they that see me laugh me to scorn:

They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying,

He trusted on the Lord, that he would deliver him:

Let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

Be not far from me; for trouble is near;

For there is none to help.

*Many bulls have compassed me;
Strong bulls of Bashan have beset
me round.*

They gape upon me with their mouths,

As a ravening and a roaring lion.

*I am poured out like water,
And all my bones are out of joint:*

My heart is like wax;
It is melted within me.

*My strength is dried up like a
potsherd;
And my tongue cleaveth to my
jaws;*

And thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me:

*The assembly of the wicked have
inclosed me;
They pierced my hands and my
feet.*

*I may count all my bones.
They look and stare upon me;*

They part my garments among them,

And upon my vesture do they cast lots.

*But be not thou far off, O Lord:
O thou my strength, haste thee to
help me.*

Deliver my soul from the sword,
My darling from the power of the dog.

*Save me from the lion's mouth;
Yea, from the horns of the wild
oxen thou hast heard me.*

I will declare thy name unto my brethren:

In the midst of the assembly will I praise thee.

Evening

Ye that fear the Lord, praise him;
All ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him;

*And stand in awe of him, all ye
the seed of Israel.*

*For he hath not despised nor
abhorred the affliction of the afflicted;*

The Psalter

17th Sunday

Neither hath he hid his face from him;
But when he cried unto him, he heard.

*My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation:
I will pay my vows before them that fear him.*

The meek shall eat and be satisfied;
They shall praise the Lord that seek after him:
Let your heart live forever

*All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord;
And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.*

For the kingdom is the Lord's;
And he is the governor among the nations.

*A seed shall serve him;
It shall be told of the Lord unto the next generation.*

They shall come and shall declare his righteousness
Unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done this.

*We have heard with our ears, O God,
Our fathers have told us*

What work thou didst in their days,
In the times of old.

*Thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand;
But them thou didst plant:*

Thou didst afflict the peoples;
But them thou didst spread abroad.

*For they got not the land in possession by their own sword,
Neither did their own arm save them;*

But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, Because thou wast favorable unto them.

*Thou art my King, O God:
Command deliverance for Jacob.*

Seventeenth Sunday

Morning

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust;
Let me never be put to shame:

*Deliver me in thy righteousness.
Bow down thine ear unto me; deliver me speedily:*

Be thou to me a strong rock,
A house of defense to save me.

*For thou art my rock and my fortress;
Therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me.*

Pull me out of the net that they have hidden for me;
For thou art my strength.

*Into thy hand I commend my spirit:
Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, God of truth.*

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy;
For thou hast considered my trouble:

*Thou hast known my soul in adversities;
And thou hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy;*

Thou hast set my feet in a large place.

And I trusted in thee, O Lord:

*I said, Thou art my God.
My times are in thy hand:*

Deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant:

*Save me for thy mercies' sake.
Let me not be ashamed, O Lord;
for I have called upon thee:*

Oh how great is thy goodness,
Which thou hast laid up for them
that fear thee,

*Which thou hast wrought for them
that trust in thee,
Before the sons of men!*

Thou shalt hide them in the secret
of thy presence:

Thou shalt keep them secretly in a
pavilion from the strife of tongues.

*Blessed be the Lord;
For he hath showed me his mar-
velous kindness in a strong city.*

As for me, I said in my haste,
I am cut off from before thine eyes:

*Nevertheless thou heardest the voice
of my supplications,
When I cried unto thee.*

Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints:
The Lord preserveth the faithful,
And plentifully rewardeth the
proud doer.

*Be of good courage, and he shall
strengthen your heart,
All ye that hope in the Lord.*

Evening

Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty,
Give unto the Lord glory and
strength.

*Give unto the Lord the glory due
unto his name;
Worship the Lord in the beauty of
holiness.*

The voice of the Lord is upon the
waters:

The God of glory thundereth,
The Lord is upon many waters.

*The voice of the Lord is power-
ful;*

*The voice of the Lord is full of
majesty.*

The voice of the Lord breaketh the
cedars;

Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars
of Lebanon.

*He maketh them also to skip like
a calf;*

*Lebanon and Sirion like a young
wild ox.*

The voice of the Lord divideth the
flames of fire.

The voice of the Lord shaketh the
wilderness;

The Lord shaketh the wilderness
of Kadesh.

*The voice of the Lord maketh the
hinds to calve,*

*And strippeth the forests bare:
And in his temple doth every one
speak of his glory.*

The Lord sitteth upon the flood;
Yea, the Lord sitteth King for-
ever.

*The Lord will give strength unto
his people;*

*The Lord will bless his people with
peace.*

Oh praise the Lord, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye peoples.

*For his mercy is great toward
us;*

*And the truth of the Lord endur-
eth forever.*

Praise ye the Lord.

Eighteenth Sunday

Morning

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous:
Praise is comely for the upright.

*Praise the Lord with the harp:
Sing unto him with the psaltery
of ten strings.*

Sing unto him a new song;
Play skillfully with a loud noise.

*For the word of the Lord is right;
And all his works are done in
truth.*

He loveth righteousness and judgment:
The earth is full of the goodness of
the Lord.

*By the word of the Lord were the
heavens made,
And all the host of them by the
breath of his mouth.*

He gathereth the waters of the sea
together as a heap:
He layeth up the depth in store-
houses.

*Let all the earth fear the Lord:
Let all the inhabitants of the world
stand in awe of him.*

For he spake, and it was done;
He commanded, and it stood fast.

*The Lord bringeth the counsel of
the heathen to naught;
He maketh the devices of the peo-
ple to be of none effect.*

The counsel of the Lord standeth
forever,
The thoughts of his heart to all gen-
erations.

*Blessed is the nation whose God is
the Lord,
The people whom he hath chosen
for his own inheritance.*

The Lord looketh from heaven;
He beholdeth all the sons of
men;

*From the place of his habitation
he looketh forth
Upon all the inhabitants of the
earth,*

He that fashioneth the hearts of
them all,
That considereth all their works.

*There is no king saved by the mul-
titude of a host:
A mighty man is not delivered by
much strength.*

A horse is a vain thing for safety;
Neither shall he deliver any by his
great strength.

*Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon
them that fear him,
Upon them that hope in his
mercy;*

To deliver their soul from death,
And to keep them alive in famine.

*Our soul waiteth for the Lord:
He is our help and our shield.*

For our heart shall rejoice in
him,
Because we have trusted in his holy
name.

*Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon
us,
According as we have hoped in
thee.*

Evening

Blessed is he whose transgression
is forgiven,
Whose sin is covered.

*Blessed is the man unto whom the
Lord imputeth not iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is no
guile.*

When I kept silence, my bones
waxed old
Through my roaring all the day
long.

*For day and night thy hand was
heavy upon me:*

*My moisture is turned into the
drought of summer.*

I acknowledged my sin unto thee,
And mine iniquity have I not hid:

*I said, I will confess my trans-
gressions unto the Lord;*

*And thou forgavest the iniquity of
my sin.*

For this shall every one that is
godly pray unto thee in a time
when thou mayest be found:
Surely in the floods of great waters
they shall not come nigh unto him.

*Thou art my hiding place; thou
shalt preserve me from trouble;
Thou shalt compass me about with
songs of deliverance.*

I will instruct thee and teach thee
in the way which thou shalt go:
I will guide thee with mine eye.

*Be ye not as the horse, or as the
mule, which have no understand-
ing;*

*Whose mouth must be held in with
bit and bridle,*

*Else it will not come near unto
thee.*

Many sorrows shall be to the
wicked;
But he that trusteth in the Lord,
mercy shall compass him about.

*Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice,
ye righteous;*

*And shout for joy, all ye that are
upright in heart.*

Nineteenth Sunday

Morning

I will bless the Lord at all times:
His praise shall continually be in
my mouth.

*My soul shall make her boast in
the Lord:*

*The humble shall hear thereof, and
be glad.*

Oh magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt his name together.

*I sought the Lord, and he heard
me,*

*And delivered me from all my
fears.*

They looked unto him, and were
lightened;
And their faces were not ashamed.

*This poor man cried, and the Lord
heard him,*

*And saved him out of all his trou-
bles.*

The angel of the Lord encampeth
round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.

*Oh taste and see that the Lord is
good:*

*Blessed is the man that trusteth
in him.*

Oh fear the Lord, ye his saints;
For there is no want to them that
fear him.

*The young lions do lack, and suf-
fer hunger;*

*But they that seek the Lord shall
not want any good thing.*

Come, ye children, hearken unto
me:

I will teach you the fear of the
Lord.

The Psalter

19th Sunday

*What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he
may see good?*

Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.

*Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.*

The eyes of the Lord are upon
the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their
cry.

*The face of the Lord is against
them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of
them from the earth.*

The righteous cry, and the Lord
heareth,
And delivereth them out of all their
troubles.

*The Lord is nigh unto them that
are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as be of a con-
trite spirit.*

Many are the afflictions of the
righteous:
But the Lord delivereth him out
of them all.

*He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.*

Evil shall slay the wicked:
And they that hate the righteous
shall be desolate.

*The Lord redeemeth the soul of
his servants:
And none of them that trust in him
shall be desolate.*

Evening

I said, I will take heed to my ways,
That I sin not with my tongue.

*I will keep my mouth with a bridle,
While the wicked is before me.*

I was dumb with silence, I held my
peace, even from good;
And my sorrow was stirred.

*My heart was hot within me;
While I was musing the fire
burned;
Then spake I with my tongue:*

Lord, make me to know mine end,
And the measure of my days, what
it is;
That I may know how frail I am.

*Behold, thou hast made my days
as an handbreadth;
And mine age is as nothing before
thee:*

Verily every man at his best state
is altogether vanity.
Surely every man walketh in a
vain show;

*Surely they are disquieted in vain:
He heapeth up riches, and know-
eth not who shall gather them.*

And now, Lord, what wait I for?
My hope is in thee.

*Deliver me from all my trans-
gressions:
Make me not the reproach of the
foolish*

I was dumb, I opened not my
mouth;
Because thou didst it.

*Remove thy stroke away from me:
I am consumed by the blow of thy
hand.*

When thou with rebukes dost cor-
rect man for iniquity,
Thou makest his beauty to con-
sume away like a moth:
Surely every man is vanity.

*Hear my prayer, O Lord, and
give ear unto my cry;
Hold not thy peace at my tears:*

For I am a stranger with thee,
A sojourner, as all my fathers were.

*Oh spare me, that I may recover
strength,
Before I go hence, and be no more.*

Twentieth Sunday

Morning

Plead my cause, O Lord, with them
that strive with me:
Fight thou against them that fight
against me.

*Take hold of shield and buckler,
And stand up for my help.*

Draw out also the spear, and stop
the way against them that perse-
cute me:
Say unto my soul, I am thy salva-
tion.

*And my soul shall be joyful in the
Lord:
It shall rejoice in his salvation.*

All my bones shall say, Lord, who
is like unto thee,
Which deliverest the poor from him
that is too strong for him,
Yea, the poor and the needy from
him that spoileth him?

*I will give thee thanks in the great
assembly:
I will praise thee among much
people.*

Let not them that are mine enemies
wrongfully rejoice over me;
Neither let them wink with the eye
that hate me without a cause.

*For they speak not peace;
But they devise deceitful words
against them that are quiet in the
land.*

Thou hast seen it, O Lord; keep
not silence:
O Lord, be not far from me.

*Stir up thyself, and awake to my
judgment.*

*Even unto my cause, my God and
my Lord.*

Judge me, O Lord my God, ac-
cording to thy righteousness;
And let them not rejoice over
me.

*Let them shout for joy, and be
glad, that favor my righteous cause:
Yea, let them say continually, Let
the Lord be magnified,
Which hath pleasure in the pros-
perity of his servant.*

And my tongue shall talk of thy
righteousness
And of thy praise all the day
long.

*O Israel, hope in the Lord;
For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with him is plenteous re-
demption.*

And he will redeem Israel
From all his iniquities.

Evening

Great is the Lord, and greatly to
be praised,
In the city of our God, in his holy
mountain.

*Beautiful for situation, the joy of
the whole earth,
Is mount Zion, on the sides of the
north,
The city of the great King.*

God is known in her palaces for a
refuge.

For, lo, the kings assembled,
They passed by together.

*They saw it, and so they mar-
veled;
They were troubled, and hasted
away.*

The Psalter

21st Sunday

Trembling took hold of them there,
Pain, as of a woman in travail.

*Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish
With an east wind.*

As we have heard, so have we seen
In the city of the Lord of hosts, in
the city of our God:
God will establish it forever.

*We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God,
In the midst of thy temple.*

According to thy name, O God,
So is thy praise unto the ends of the
earth:

Thy right hand is full of righteousness.

*Let mount Zion rejoice,
Let the daughters of Judah be glad,
Because of thy judgments.*

Walk about Zion, and go round
about her;
Number the towers thereof;

*Mark ye well her bulwarks;
Consider her palaces:
That ye may tell it to the generation following.*

For this God is our God forever
and ever:
He will be our guide even unto
death.

Twenty-first Sunday

Morning

Forever, O Lord,
Thy word is settled in heaven.

*Thy faithfulness is unto all generations:
Thou hast established the earth,
and it abideth.*

They continue this day according
to thine ordinances;
For all things are thy servants.

*Unless thy law had been my delight,
I should then have perished in
mine affliction.*

I will never forget thy precepts;
For with them thou hast quickened
me.

*I am thine, save me;
For I have sought thy precepts.*

The wicked have waited for me, to
destroy me;
But I will consider thy testimonies.

*I have seen an end of all perfection;
But thy commandment is exceeding broad.*

Oh how love I thy law!
It is my meditation all the day.

*Thy commandments make me
wiser than mine enemies;
For they are ever with me.*

I have more understanding than
all my teachers;
For thy testimonies are my meditation.

*I understand more than the aged,
Because I have kept thy precepts.*

I have refrained my feet from
every evil way,
That I might observe thy word.

*I have not departed from thine
ordinances;
For thou hast taught me.*

How sweet are thy words unto my
taste!
Yea, sweeter than honey to my
mouth!

Through thy precepts I get understanding:

Therefore I hate every false way.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And light unto my path.

I have sworn, and have confirmed it,

That I will observe thy righteous ordinances.

I am afflicted very much:
Quicken me, O Lord, according unto thy word.

Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O Lord, And teach me thine ordinances.

My soul is continually in my hand;
Yet do I not forget thy law.

The wicked have laid a snare for me;

Yet have I not gone astray from thy precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage forever;
For they are the rejoicing of my heart.

*I have inclined my heart to perform thy statutes
Forever, even unto the end.*

Evening

O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath;
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

For thine arrows stick fast in me,

And thy hand presseth me sore.

There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger;
Neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin.

For mine iniquities are gone over my head:

As a heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

I am troubled and bowed down greatly;

I go mourning all the day long.

I am faint and sore broken.

*Lord, all my desire is before thee;
And my groaning is not hid from thee.*

My heart panteth, my strength faileth me:

As for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.

*But I, as a deaf man, heard not;
And I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth.*

Thus I was as a man that heareth not,

And in whose mouth are no reproofs.

*For in thee, O Lord, do I hope:
Thou wilt hear, O Lord my God.*

For I am ready to halt,
And my sorrow is continually before me.

*For I will declare mine iniquity;
I will be sorry for my sin.*

Forsake me not, O Lord:
O my God, be not far from me.

*Make haste to help me,
O Lord, my salvation.*

Twenty-second Sunday

Morning

Hear this, all ye people;
Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world,

*Both low and high,
Rich and poor together.*

My mouth shall speak wisdom;
And the meditation of my heart
shall be of understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a parable;

I will open my dark saying upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil,
When iniquity at my heels compasseth me about?

*They that trust in their wealth,
And boast themselves in the multitude of their riches;*

None of them can by any means redeem his brother,
Nor give to God a ransom for him,

*That he should still live alway,
That he should not see corruption.*

For he shall see it. Wise men die;
Likewise the fool and the brutish perish,
And leave their wealth to others.

*Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue forever,
And their dwelling places to all generations;
They call their lands after their own names.*

Nevertheless man being in honor abideth not;
He is like the beasts that perish.
This their way is their folly:
Yet their posterity approve their sayings.

Like sheep they are laid in the grave;

*Death shall be their shepherd:
And the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning;*

And their beauty shall consume in the grave,
That there be no dwelling for it.

*But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave;
For he shall receive me.*

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich,
When the glory of his house is increased:

*For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away;
His glory shall not descend after him.*

Though while he lived he blessed his soul
(And men praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself),

*He shall go to the generation of his fathers;
They shall never see the light.*

Man that is in honor, and understandeth not,
Is like the beasts that perish.

Evening

Oh clap your hands, all ye people;
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

*For the Lord Most High is terrible;
He is a great King over all the earth.*

He subdueth the people under us,
And the nations under our feet.

*He shall choose our inheritance for us,
The excellency of Jacob whom he loved.*

God is gone up with a shout,
The Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

*Sing praises to God, sing praises:
Sing praises unto our King, sing
praises.*

For God is the King of all the
earth:

Sing ye praises with understanding.

*God reigneth over the heathen:
God sitteth upon his holy throne.*

The princes of the peoples are
gathered together
Even the people of the God of
Abraham;

*For the shields of the earth belong
unto God:
He is greatly exalted.*

Save me, O God, by thy name,
And judge me by thy strength.

*Hear my prayer, O God;
Give ear to the words of my mouth.*

For strangers are risen up against
me,
And oppressors have sought after
my soul:

They have not set God before them.

*Behold, God is my helper:
The Lord is of them that uphold
my soul.*

With a freewill offering will I sacri-
fice unto thee:

I will give thanks unto thy name,
O Lord, for it is good.

Twenty-third Sunday

Morning

The Mighty God, the Lord, hath
spoken,
And called the earth from the rising
of the sun unto the going down
thereof.

*Out of Zion, the perfection of
beauty,
God hath shined forth.*

Our God shall come, and shall not
keep silence:

A fire shall devour before him,
And it shall be very tempestuous
round about him.

*He shall call to the heavens above,
And to the earth, that he may
judge his people:*

Gather my saints together unto
me,
Those that have made a covenant
with me by sacrifice.

*And the heavens shall declare his
righteousness;
For God is judge himself.*

Hear, O my people, and I will
speak;

O Israel, and I will testify unto
thee:

I am God, even thy God.

*Not for sacrifices will I reprove
thee;
And thy burnt offerings are con-
tinually before me.*

I will take no bullock out of thy
house,

Nor he-goats out of thy folds.

*For every beast of the forest is
mine,
And the cattle upon a thousand
hills.*

I know all the fowls of the moun-
tains;

And the wild beasts of the field are
mine.

*If I were hungry, I would not tell
thee;
For the world is mine, and the
fullness thereof.*

Will I eat the flesh of bulls,
Or drink the blood of goats?

*Offer unto God the sacrifice of
thanksgiving;
And pay thy vows unto the Most
High;*

And call upon me in the day of
trouble:
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt
glorify me.

*But unto the wicked God saith,
What hast thou to do to declare my
statutes,
And that thou shouldst take my
covenant in thy mouth,*

Seeing that thou hatest instruc-
tion,
And castest my words behind
thee?

*When thou sawest a thief, thou
consentedst with him,
And hast been partaker with adul-
terers.*

Thou givest thy mouth to evil,
And thy tongue frameth deceit.

*Thou sittest and speakest against
thy brother;
Thou slanderest thine own moth-
er's son.*

These things hast thou done, and I
kept silence;
Thou thoughtest that I was alto-
gether such a one as thyself:
But I will reprove thee, and set
them in order before thine eyes.

*Now consider this, ye that forget
God,
Lest I tear you in pieces, and
there be none to deliver:*

Whoso offereth praise glorifieth
me;
And to him that ordereth his way
aright
Will I show the salvation of God.

Evening

Be merciful unto me, O God; for
man would swallow me up:
He fighting daily oppresseth me.

*Mine enemies would daily swal-
low me up;
For they be many that fight against
me,
O thou Most High.*

What time I am afraid,
I will trust in thee.

*In God I will praise his word:
In God I have put my trust, I wil'
not fear
What flesh can do unto me.*

Every day they wrest my words:
All their thoughts are against me
for evil.

*They gather themselves together,
they hide themselves,
They mark my steps,
When they wait for my soul.*

Thou numberest my wanderings:
Put thou my tears into thy bot-
tle;
Are they not in thy book?

*Then shall mine enemies turn
back in the day that I call:
This I know, that God is for me.*

In God I will praise his word:
In the Lord I will praise his
word.

*In God have I put my trust, I will
not be afraid
What man can do unto me.*

Thy vows are upon me, O God:
I will render praises unto thee.

*For thou hast delivered my soul
from death:
Wilt not thou deliver my feet from
falling,*

That I may walk before God
In the light of the living?

*Be merciful unto me, O God, be
merciful unto me;*

For my soul trusteth in thee:

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings
will I make my refuge,
Until these calamities be overpast.

*I will cry unto God Most High,
Unto God that performeth all
things for me.*

Be thou exalted, O God, above the
heavens;

Let thy glory be above all the earth.

Twenty-fourth Sunday

Morning

Have mercy upon me, O God, ac-
cording to thy loving-kindness:
According unto the multitude of
thy tender mercies blot out my
transgressions.

*Wash me thoroughly from mine
iniquity,*

And cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgres-
sions;

And my sin is ever before me.

*Against thee, thee only, have I
sinned,*

*And done that which is evil in thy
sight;*

That thou mayest be justified when
thou speakest,

And be clear when thou judgest.

*Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother con-
ceive me.*

Behold, thou desirest truth in the
inward parts;

*And in the hidden part thou shalt
make me to know wisdom.*

*Purge me with hyssop, and I shall
be clean:*

*Wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.*

Make me to hear joy and gladness,
That the bones which thou hast
broken may rejoice.

*Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.*

Create in me a clean heart, O
God;

And renew a right spirit within
me.

*Cast me not away from thy pres-
ence:*

*And take not thy holy Spirit from
me.*

Restore unto me the joy of thy
salvation;

And uphold me with thy free Spirit.

*Then will I teach transgressors thy
ways;*

*And sinners shall be converted
unto thee.*

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O
God, thou God of my salvation;

And my tongue shall sing aloud of
thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips;

*And my mouth shall show forth
thy praise.*

For thou desirest not sacrifice;
else would I give it:

Thou delightest not in burnt offer-
ing.

*The sacrifices of God are a broken
spirit:*

*A broken and a contrite heart, O
God, thou wilt not despise.*

Do good in thy good pleasure unto
Zion:

Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

The Psalter

25th Sunday

*Then shalt thou be pleased with
the sacrifices of righteousness,
With burnt offering and whole
burnt offering:
Then shall they offer bullocks upon
thine altar.*

Evening

Lord, who shall abide in thy taber-
nacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

*He that walketh uprightly, and
worketh righteousness,
And speaketh the truth in his heart;*

He that backbiteth not with his
tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his neighbor,
Nor taketh up a reproach against
his neighbor;

*In whose eyes a vile person is
contemned,
But who honoreth them that fear
the Lord;
He that sweareth to his own hurt,
and changeth not;*

He that putteth not out his money
to usury,
Nor taketh reward against the in-
nocent.
He that doeth these things shall
never be moved.

*O God, thou art my God; early will
I seek thee:
My soul thirsteth for thee, my
flesh longeth for thee,
In a dry and weary land, where
no water is;*

To see thy power and thy glory,
So as I have seen thee in the sanc-
tuary.

*Because thy loving-kindness is
better than life,
My lips shall praise thee.*

Thus will I bless thee while I live;
I will lift up my hands in thy name.

*My soul shall be satisfied as with
marrow and fatness;
And my mouth shall praise thee
with joyful lips;*

When I remember thee upon my
bed,
And meditate on thee in the night
watches.

*Because thou hast been my help,
Therefore in the shadow of thy
wings will I rejoice.*

My soul followeth hard after thee:
Thy right hand upholdeth me.

*But the King shall rejoice in
God:
Every one that sweareth by him
shall glory;
But the mouth of them that speak
lies shall be stopped.*

Twenty-fifth Sunday

Morning

Blessed are the undefiled in the
way,
Who walk in the law of the Lord.

*Blessed are they that keep his tes-
timonies,
That seek him with the whole heart.*

Yea, they do no iniquity;
They walk in his ways.

*Thou hast commanded us thy pre-
cepts,
That we should observe them dili-
gently.*

Oh that my ways were established
To observe thy statutes!

*Then shall I not be ashamed,
When I have respect unto all thy
commandments.*

I will praise thee with uprightness
of heart,
When I learn thy righteous judgments.

*I will keep thy statutes:
Oh forsake me not utterly.*

Wherewithal shall a young man
cleanse his way?
By taking heed thereto according
to thy word.

*With my whole heart have I sought
thee:
Oh let me not wander from thy
commandments.*

Thy word have I laid up in my
heart,
That I might not sin against thee.

*Blessed art thou, O Lord:
Teach me thy statutes.*

With my lips have I declared
All the judgments of thy mouth.

*I have rejoiced in the way of thy
testimonies,
As much as in all riches.*

I will meditate in thy precepts,
And have respect unto thy ways.

*I will delight myself in thy statutes:
I will not forget thy word.*

Deal bountifully with thy servant,
that I may live;
So will I observe thy word.

*Open thou mine eyes, that I may
behold
Wondrous things out of thy law.*

I am a stranger in the earth:
Hide not thy commandments from
me.

*My soul breaketh for the longing
That it hath unto thine ordinances
at all times*

Thy testimonies also are my delight
And my counselors.

Evening

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in
Zion;
And unto thee shall the vow be
performed.

*O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall all flesh come.*

Iniquities prevail against me:
As for our transgressions, thou
shalt purge them away.

*Blessed is the man whom thou
choosest, and causest to approach
unto thee,
That he may dwell in thy courts:*

We shall be satisfied with the good-
ness of thy house,
Even of thy holy temple.

*By terrible things thou wilt an-
swer us in righteousness,
O God of our salvation,*

Thou that art the confidence of
all the ends of the earth,
And of them that are afar off upon
the sea:

*Which by his strength setteth fast
the mountains,
Being girded about with power;*

Which stilleth the roaring of the
seas,
The noise of their waves,
And the tumult of the peoples.

*They also that dwell in the utter-
most parts are afraid at thy tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the
morning and evening to rejoice.*

Thou visitest the earth, and water-
est it,
Thou greatly enrichest it;

The Psalter

26th Sunday

*The river of God is full of water:
Thou providest them corn, when
thou hast so prepared the earth.*

Thou waterest its ridges abundantly;

Thou settlest the furrows thereof:

*Thou makest it soft with showers;
Thou blessest the springing thereof.*

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;

And thy paths drop fatness.

*They drop upon the pastures of
the wilderness;*

*And the little hills rejoice on every
side.*

The pastures are clothed with flocks;

The valleys also are covered over with corn;

They shout for joy, they also sing.

Twenty-sixth Sunday

Morning

Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

*Sing forth the honor of his name:
Make his praise glorious.*

Say unto God, How terrible are thy works!

Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

*All the earth shall worship thee,
And shall sing unto thee;
They shall sing to thy name.*

Come, and see the works of God; He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

*He turned the sea into dry land;
They went through the river on
foot:
There did we rejoice in him.*

He ruleth by his power forever; His eyes behold the nations: Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

*Oh bless our God, ye people,
And make the voice of his praise
to be heard;*

Which holdeth our soul in life, And suffereth not our feet to be moved.

*For thou, O God, hast proved us:
Thou hast tried us, as silver is
tried.*

Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou laidst a sore burden upon our loins.

*Thou hast caused men to ride
over our heads;
We went through fire and through
water;
But thou broughtest us out into a
wealthy place.*

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, And cause his face to shine upon us;

*That thy way may be known upon
earth,
Thy saving health among all na-
tions.*

Let the people praise thee, O God; Let all the people praise thee.

*Oh let the nations be glad and
sing for joy;
For thou shalt judge the peoples
righteously,
And govern the nations upon earth.*

Let the people praise thee, O God; Let all the people praise thee.

*Then shall the earth yield her
increase:
God, even our own God, shall bless
us.*

God shall bless us;
And all the ends of the earth shall
fear him.

Evening

Unto thee, O God, do we give
thanks;
Unto thee do we give thanks: for
that thy name is near
Thy wondrous works declare.

*When I shall receive the congrega-
tion
I will judge uprightly.*

The earth and all the inhabitants
thereof are dissolved:
I have set up the pillars of it.

*I said unto the fools, Deal not
foolishly:
And to the wicked, Lift not up
the horn:*

Lift not up your horn on high;
Speak not with a stiff neck.

*For neither from the east, nor
from the west,
Nor yet from the south, cometh
promotion.*

But God is the judge:
He putteth down one, and setteth
up another.

*For in the hand of the Lord there
is a cup, and the wine is red;
It is full of mixture, and he
poureth out of the same:
But the dregs thereof, all the wicked
of the earth shall drain them, and
drink them.*

But I will declare forever,
I will sing praises to the God of
Jacob.

*All the horns of the wicked also
will I cut off;
But the horns of the righteous shall
be exalted.*

If I regard iniquity in my heart,
The Lord will not hear me:

*But verily God hath heard me;
He hath attended to the voice of
my prayer.*

Blessed be God,
Which hath not turned away my
prayer,
Nor his mercy from me.

Twenty-seventh Sunday**Morning**

Let God arise, let his enemies be
scattered;
Let them also that hate him flee
before him.

*As smoke is driven away, so drive
them away:
As wax melteth before the fire,
So let the wicked perish at the
presence of God.*

But let the righteous be glad; let
them exult before God:
Yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.

*Sing unto God, sing praises to his
name:
Extol him that rideth upon the
heavens
By his name Jehovah, and rejoice
ye before him.*

A father of the fatherless, and a
judge of the widows,
Is God in his holy habitation,

*God setteth the solitary in families:
He bringeth out those which are
bound with chains:
But the rebellious dwell in a dry
land.*

O God, when thou wentest forth
before thy people,
When thou didst march through
the wilderness:

The Psalter

28th Sunday

*The earth shook,
The heavens also dropped at the
presence of God:
Yon Sinai was moved at the
presence of God, the God of Israel.*

Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful
rain,
Thou didst confirm thine inherit-
ance, when it was weary.

*Thy congregation hath dwelt there-
in:
Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy
goodness for the poor.*

Blessed be the Lord, who daily
loadeth us with benefits,
Even the God who is our salvation.

*God is unto us a God of deliver-
ances;
And unto God the Lord belongeth
escape from death.*

Thy God hath commanded thy
strength:
Strengthen, O God, that which thou
hast wrought for us.

*Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of
the earth;
Oh sing praises unto the Lord;*

To him that rideth upon the heaven
of heavens, which were of old;
Lo, he doth send his voice, a mighty
voice.

*Ascribe ye strength unto God:
His excellency is over Israel,
And his strength is in the clouds.*

O God, thou art terrible out of thy
holy places:
The God of Israel, he giveth
strength and power unto his people.

Evening

In Judah is God known:
His name is great in Israel.

*In Salem also is his tabernacle,
And his dwelling place in Zion.*

There he brake the arrows of the
bow;
The shield, and the sword, and the
battle.

*Glorious art thou and excellent,
From the mountains of prey.*

The stout-hearted are made a spoil,
They have slept their sleep;
And none of the men of might have
found their hands.

*At thy rebuke, O God of Jacob,
Both chariot and horse are cast
into a dead sleep.*

Thou, even thou, art to be feared;
And who may stand in thy sight
when once thou art angry?

*Thou didst cause judgment to be
heard from heaven;
The earth feared, and was still,*

When God arose to judgment,
To save all the meek of the earth.

*Surely the wrath of man shall
praise thee:
The remainder of wrath shalt thou
restrain.*

Vow, and pay unto the Lord your
God:

Let all that be round about him
bring presents unto him that ought
to be feared.

*He shall cut off the spirit of
princes:
He is terrible to the kings of the
earth.*

Twenty-eighth Sunday

Morning

Save me, O God;
For the waters are come up unto my
soul.

*I sink in deep mire, where there
is no standing:
I am come into deep waters, where
the floods overflow me.*

I am weary of my crying; my
throat is dried:
Mine eyes fail while I wait for my
God.

*O God, thou knowest my foolish-
ness;
And my sins are not hid from thee.*

Let not them that wait for thee be
ashamed for my sake, O Lord God
of hosts:

Let not those that seek thee be
confounded for my sake, O God of
Israel.

*Because for thy sake I have borne
reproach;
Shame hath covered my face.*

I am become a stranger unto my
brethren,
And an alien unto my mother's
children.

*For the zeal of thy house hath
eaten me up;
And the reproaches of them that
reproached thee are fallen upon me.*

When I wept, and chastened my
soul with fasting,
That was to my reproach.

*But as for me, my prayer is unto
thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time:
O God, in the multitude of thy
mercy,
Hear me in the truth of thy salva-
tion.*

Deliver me out of the mire, and let
me not sink:

*Let me be delivered from them
that hate me, and out of the deep
waters.*

*Let not the waterflood overflow me,
Neither let the deep swallow me up;
And let not the pit shut her mouth
upon me.*

Hear me, O Lord; for thy loving-
kindness is good:
According to the multitude of thy
tender mercies turn thou unto
me.

*And hide not thy face from thy
servant;
For I am in distress; hear me
speedily.*

Draw nigh unto my soul, and re-
deem it:
Deliver me because of mine ene-
mies.

*Thou knowest my reproach, and
my shame, and my dishonor:
Mine adversaries are all before
thee.*

Reproach hath broken my heart;
and I am full of heaviness:
And I looked for some to take pity,
but there was none;
And for comforters, but I found
none.

*But I am poor and sorrowful:
Let thy salvation, O God, set me
up on high.*

I will praise the name of God with
a song,
And will magnify him with thanks-
giving.

Evening

Lord, thou hast been favorable un-
to thy land;
Thou hast brought back the captiv-
ity of Jacob.

*Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of
thy people;
Thou hast covered all their sin.*

The Psalter

29th Sunday

Thou hast taken away all thy
wrath;
Thou hast turned thyself from the
fierceness of thine anger.

*Turn us, O God of our salvation,
And cause thine indignation to-
ward us to cease.*

Wilt thou be angry with us for-
ever?

Wilt thou draw out thine anger to
all generations?

*Wilt thou not revive us again,
That thy people may rejoice in
thee?*

Show us thy mercy, O Lord,
And grant us thy salvation.

*I will hear what God the Lord will
speak;
For he will speak peace unto his
people, and to his saints:
But let them not turn again to folly.*

Surely his salvation is nigh them
that fear him,
That glory may dwell in our land.

*Mercy and truth are met together;
Righteousness and peace have
kissed each other.*

Truth shall spring out of the earth;
And righteousness hath looked
down from heaven.

*Yea, the Lord shall give that which
is good;
And our land shall yield its in-
crease.*

Righteousness shall go before him,
And shall set us in the way of his
steps.

Twenty-ninth Sunday

Morning

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust:
Let me never be put to confusion.

*Deliver me in thy righteousness,
and rescue me:
Incline thine ear unto me, and
save me.*

Be thou my strong habitation,
whereunto I may continually re-
sort:

Thou hast given commandment to
save me;

*For thou art my rock and my
fortress.
Deliver me, O my God, out of the
hand of the wicked,
Out of the hand of the unrighteous
and cruel man.*

For thou art my hope, O Lord
God:

Thou art my trust from my youth.

*I am as a wonder unto many;
But thou art my strong refuge.*

My mouth shall be filled with thy
praise,
And with thy honor all the day.

*Cast me not off in the time of old age;
Forsake me not when my strength
faileth.*

O God, be not far from me;
O my God, make haste to help me.

*But I will hope continually,
And will praise thee yet more and
more.*

My mouth shall show forth thy
righteousness,
And thy salvation all the day;

*I will go in the strength of the
Lord God:
I will make mention of thy right-
eousness, even of thine only.*

O God, thou hast taught me from
my youth;

And hitherto have I declared thy
wondrous works.

*Now also when I am old and
gray-headed, O God, forsake me
not,
Until I have showed thy strength
unto this generation,
Thy power to every one that is to
come.*

Thy righteousness also, O God, is
very high;
Thou who hast done great things,
O God, who is like unto thee?

*Thou, who hast showed me great
and sore troubles,
Shalt quicken me again,
And shall bring me up again from
the depths of the earth.*

Thou shalt increase my greatness,
And turn again and comfort me.

*I will also praise thee with the
psaltery,
Even thy truth, O my God:*

Unto thee will I sing with the harp,
O thou Holy One of Israel.

*My lips shall greatly rejoice when
I sing unto thee;
And my soul, which thou hast re-
deemed.*

Evening

He that dwelleth in the secret place
of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the
Almighty.

*I will say of the Lord, He is my
refuge and my fortress;
My God, in him will I trust.*

Surely he shall deliver thee from
the snare of the fowler,
And from the noisome pestilence.

*He shall cover thee with his
feathers,
And under his wings shalt thou
trust:*

*His truth shall be thy shield and
buckler.*

Thou shalt not be afraid for the
terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by
day;

*Nor for the pestilence that walketh
in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth
at noonday.*

A thousand shall fall at thy side,
And ten thousand at thy right
hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.

*Only with thine eyes shalt thou
behold,
And see the reward of the wicked.*

For thou, O Lord, art my refuge!
Thou hast made the Most High thy
habitation;

*There shall no evil befall thee,
Neither shall any plague come
nigh thy dwelling.*

For he shall give his angels charge
over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways.

*They shall bear thee up in their
hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot against a
stone.*

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and
adder:

The young lion and the dragon
shalt thou trample under foot.

*Because he hath set his love upon
me, therefore will I deliver him:
I will set him on high, because he
hath known my name.*

He shall call upon me, and I will
answer him;

I will be with him in trouble:

I will deliver him, and honor him.

The Psalter

30th Sunday

*With long life will I satisfy him,
And show him my salvation.*

Thirtieth Sunday

Morning

Give the king thy judgments, O
God,
And thy righteousness unto the
king's son.

*He shall judge thy people with
righteousness,
And thy poor with judgment.*

The mountains shall bring peace
to the people,
And the little hills, by righteous-
ness.

*He shall judge the poor of the
people,
He shall save the children of the
needy,
And shall break in pieces the op-
pressor.*

They shall fear thee as long as the
sun endureth,
And so long as the moon, through-
out all generations.

*He shall come down like rain upon
the mown grass,
As showers that water the earth.*

In his days shall the righteous
flourish,
And abundance of peace, so long
as the moon endureth.

*He shall have dominion also from
sea to sea,
And from the River unto the ends
of the earth.*

They that dwell in the wilderness
shall bow before him;
And his enemies shall lick the dust.

*The kings of Tarshish and of the
isles shall bring presents:*

*The kings of Sheba and Seba shall
offer gifts.*

Yea, all kings shall fall down before
him;
All nations shall serve him.

*For he shall deliver the needy when
he crieth,
And the poor, that hath no helper.*

He shall have pity on the poor and
needy,
And the souls of the needy he shall
save.

*He shall redeem their soul from
deceit and violence;
And precious shall their blood be in
his sight:*

And he shall live; and to him shall
be given of the gold of Sheba:
Prayer also shall be made for him
continually;
And daily shall he be praised.

*There shall be a handful of corn in
the earth upon the top of the moun-
tains;
The fruit thereof shall shake like
Lebanon:
And they of the city shall flourish
like grass of the earth.*

His name shall endure forever;
His name shall be continued as
long as the sun:

*And men shall be blessed in
him;
All nations shall call him blessed.*

Blessed be the Lord God, the God
of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous things:

*And blessed be his glorious name
forever;
And let the whole earth be filled
with his glory.*

Evening

It is a good thing to give thanks
unto the Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy name,
O Most High;

*To show forth thy loving-kindness
in the morning,
And thy faithfulness every night,*

Upon an instrument of ten strings,
and upon the psaltery;
Upon the harp with a solemn sound.

*For thou, Lord, hast made me glad
through thy work:
I will triumph in the works of thy
hands.*

How great are thy works, O Lord!
Thy thoughts are very deep.

*A brutish man knoweth not;
Neither doth a fool understand this:*

When the wicked spring as the
grass,
And when all the workers of in-
iquity do flourish;

*It is that they shall be destroyed
forever.
But thou, O Lord, art on high for
evermore.*

For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
For, lo, thine enemies shall perish;
All the workers of iniquity shall be
scattered.

*But my horn hast thou exalted like
the horn of a wild ox:
I shall be anointed with fresh oil.*

Mine eye also shall see my desire
on mine enemies,
Mine ears shall hear my desire of
the wicked that rise up against me.

*The righteous shall flourish like
the palm tree:
He shall grow like a cedar in
Lebanon.*

Those that be planted in the house
of the Lord;
They shall flourish in the courts of
our God.

*They shall still bring forth fruit in
old age;
They shall be fat and flourishing:*

To show that the Lord is upright;
He is my rock, and there is no un-
righteousness in him.

Thirty-first Sunday

Morning

Truly God is good to Israel,
Even to such as are of a clean
heart.

*But as for me, my feet were almost
gone;
My steps had well nigh slipped.*

For I was envious at the foolish,
When I saw the prosperity of the
wicked.

*For there are no pangs in their
death;
But their strength is firm.*

They are not in trouble as other
men;
Neither are they plagued like other
men.

*Verily in vain have I cleansed my
heart,
And washed my hands in in-
nocency;*

For all the day long have I been
plagued,
And chastened every morning.

*If I had said, I will speak thus;
Behold, I had been faithless to the
generation of thy children.*

When I thought to know this,
It was too painful for me;

*Until I went into the sanctuary of
God,
And considered their latter end.*

Surely thou settest them in slip-
pery places:
Thou castest them down to de-
struction.

*How are they become a desolation
in a moment!
They are utterly consumed with
terrors.*

As a dream when one awaketh,
So, O Lord, when thou awakest,
thou shalt despise their image.

*For my heart was grieved,
And I was pricked in my reins:*

So foolish was I, and ignorant;
I was as a beast before thee.

*Nevertheless I am continually with
thee:
Thou hast holden my right hand.*

Thou shalt guide me with thy
counsel,
And afterward receive me to
glory.

*Whom have I in heaven but
thee?
And there is none upon earth that
I desire besides thee.*

My flesh and my heart faileth;
But God is the strength of my
heart and my portion forever.

*For, lo, they that are far from thee
shall perish:
Thou hast destroyed all them that
go a whoring from thee.*

But it is good for me to draw near
unto God:
I have made the Lord God my
refuge,
That I may tell of all thy works.

Evening

Oh sing unto the Lord a new
song:

Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

*Sing unto the Lord, bless his
name;
Show forth his salvation from day
to day.*

Declare his glory among the hea-
then,
His marvelous works among all
people.

*For great is the Lord, and greatly
to be praised:
He is to be feared above all gods.*

For all the gods of the nations are
idols;
But the Lord made the heavens.

*Honor and majesty are before him:
Strength and beauty are in his
sanctuary.*

Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of
the peoples,
Give unto the Lord glory and
strength.

*Give unto the Lord the glory due
unto his name:
Bring an offering, and come into
his courts.*

Oh worship the Lord in the beauty
of holiness:
Fear before him, all the earth.

*Say among the heathen, the Lord
reigneth:
The world also is established that
it cannot be moved:
He shall judge the people right-
eously.*

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the
earth be glad;
Let the sea roar, and the fullness
thereof;

*Let the field be joyful, and all that
is therein;
Then shall all the trees of the wood
rejoice*

Before the Lord; for he cometh,
For he cometh to judge the earth:

*He shall judge the world with
righteousness,
And the people with his truth.*

Thirty-second Sunday

Morning

I cried unto God with my voice,
Even unto God with my voice; and
he gave ear unto me.

*In the day of my trouble I sought
the Lord:
My hand was stretched out in the
night, and slacked not;
My soul refused to be comforted.*

I remembered God, and was troubled:
I complained, and my spirit was
overwhelmed.

*Thou holdest mine eyes waking:
I am so troubled that I cannot
speak.*

I have considered the days of old,
The years of ancient times.

*I call to remembrance my song in
the night:
I commune with mine own heart;
And my spirit maketh diligent
search.*

Will the Lord cast off forever?
And will he be favorable no more?

*Is his mercy clean gone forever?
Doth his promise fail for ever-
more?*

*Hath God forgotten to be gra-
cious?*

Hath he in anger shut up his tender
mercies?

*And I said, This is my infir-
mity;
But I will remember the years of
the right hand of the Most High.*

I will remember the works of the
Lord;
For I will remember thy wonders
of old.

*I will meditate also of all thy
work,
And talk of thy doings.*

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctu-
ary:

Who is a great god like unto God?

*Thou art the God that doest won-
ders:
Thou hast declared thy strength
among the people.*

Thou hast with thine arm redeemed
thy people,
The sons of Jacob and Joseph.

*The waters saw thee, O God;
The waters saw thee, they were
afraid:*

The depths also were troubled.
The clouds poured out water;

*The skies sent out a sound:
Thine arrows also went abroad.*

The voice of thy thunder was in the
heaven;
The lightnings lightened the world:
The earth trembled and shook.

*Thy way was in the sea,
And thy path in the great waters,
And thy footsteps were not known.*

Thou leddest thy people like a
flock,
By the hand of Moses and Aaron.

Evening

Sing aloud unto God our strength:
Make a joyful noise unto the God
of Jacob.

*Take a Psalm, and bring hither
the timbrel,
The pleasant harp with the psal-
tery.*

Blow the trumpet at the new moon,
At the full moon, on our feast
day.

*For it is a statute for Israel,
And a law of the God of Jacob.*

He appointed it in Joseph for a
testimony,
When he went out over the land of
Egypt,
Where I heard a language that I
knew not.

*I removed his shoulder from the
burden:
His hands were freed from the
basket.*

Thou calledst in trouble, and I de-
livered thee;
I answered thee in the secret place
of thunder;
I proved thee at the waters of
Meribah.

*Hear, O my people, and I will
testify unto thee:
O Israel, if thou wouldst hearken
unto me!*

There shall no strange god be in
thee;
Neither shalt thou worship any
foreign god.

*I am the Lord thy God,
Which brought thee out of the land
of Egypt:
Open thy mouth wide, and I will
fill it.*

But my people would not hearken
to my voice;
And Israel would none of me.

*So I let them go after the stubborn-
ness of their heart,
That they might walk in their own
counsels.*

Oh that my people would hearken
unto me,
That Israel would walk in my
ways!

*He would feed them also with the
finest of the wheat;
And with honey out of the rock
would I satisfy thee.*

Thirty-third Sunday

Morning

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and
hear me;
For I am poor and needy.

*Preserve my soul; for I am holy:
O thou my God, save thy servant
that trusteth in thee.*

Be merciful unto me, O Lord;
For unto thee do I cry all the day
long.

*Rejoice the soul of thy servant;
For unto thee, O Lord, do I lift
up my soul.*

For thou, Lord, art good, and
ready to forgive,
And plenteous in mercy unto all
them that call upon thee.

*Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer;
And attend unto the voice of my
supplications.*

In the day of my trouble I will call
upon thee;
For thou wilt answer me.

*Among the gods there is none like
unto thee, O Lord;
Neither are there any works like
unto thy works.*

All nations whom thou hast made
shall come and worship before thee,
O Lord;
And they shall glorify thy name.

*For thou art great, and doest won-
drous things:
Thou art God alone.*

Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will
walk in thy truth:
Unite my heart to fear thy name.

*I will praise thee, O Lord my God,
with my whole heart;
And I will glorify thy name for
evermore.*

For great is thy mercy toward
me;
And thou hast delivered my soul
from the lowest hell.

*Thou, O Lord, art a God merci-
ful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in
mercy and truth.*

Oh turn unto me, and have mercy
upon me;
Give thy strength unto thy serv-
ant,
And save the son of thy hand-
maid.

*Show me a token for good,
That they which hate me may see it,
and be ashamed,
Because thou, Lord, hast helped
me, and comforted me.*

Evening

How long, O Lord? wilt thou forget
me forever?
*How long wilt thou hide thy face
from me?*

*How long shall I take counsel in
my soul,
Having sorrow in my heart all the
day?*

How long shall mine enemy be
exalted over me?
Consider and hear me, O Lord my
God:

Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the
sleep of death;

*Lest mine enemy say, I have pre-
vailed against him;
Lest mine adversaries rejoice when
I am moved.*

But I have trusted in thy mercy;
My heart shall rejoice in thy salva-
tion.

*I will sing unto the Lord,
Because he hath dealt bountifully
with me.*

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion
More than all the dwellings of
Jacob.

*Glorious things are spoken of thee,
O city of God.*

I will make mention of Rahab and
Babylon as among them that know
me:
Behold, Philistia, and Tyre, with
Ethiopia:
This one was born there.

*Yea, of Zion it shall be said,
This one and that one was born
in her;
And the Most High himself shall
establish her.*

The Lord shall count, when he
writeth up the people,
This one was born there.

*As well the singers as the players
shall say
All my fountains are in thee.*

Thirty-fourth Sunday

Morning

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever:

With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up forever;

Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

I have made a covenant with my chosen,

I have sworn unto David my servant:

Thy seed will I establish forever,

And build up thy throne to all generations.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord;

Thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord?

Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto the Lord?

A God greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints,

And to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

O Lord God of hosts,

Who is a strong Lord, like unto thee?

And thy faithfulness is round about thee.

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: When the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:

The world and the fullness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south, thou hast created them:

Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm;

Strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne:

Mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:

They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day;

And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength;

And in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

For the Lord is our defense;

And the Holy One of Israel is our King.

Evening

I have found David my servant; With my holy oil have I anointed him:

With whom my hand shall be established;

Mine arm also shall strengthen him.

The enemy shall not exact from him,

Nor the son of wickedness afflict him.

And I will beat down his foes before him,

And plague them that hate him.

35th Sunday

The Psalter

But my faithfulness and my mercy
shall be with him;
And in my name shall his horn be
exalted.

*I will set his hand also on the
sea,
And his right hand on the rivers.*

He shall cry unto me, Thou art my
Father,
My God, and the Rock of my salva-
tion.

*I also will make him my firstborn,
The highest of the kings of the
earth.*

My mercy will I keep for him for
evermore;
And my covenant shall stand fast
with him.

*His seed also will I make to endure
forever,
And his throne as the days of
heaven.*

If his children forsake my law,
And walk not in my judgments;

*If they break my statutes,
And keep not my command-
ments;*

Then will I visit their transgression
with the rod,
And their iniquity with stripes.

*But my loving-kindness will I not
utterly take from him,
Nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.*

My covenant will I not break,
Nor alter the thing that is gone out
of my lips.

*Once have I sworn by my holiness:
I will not lie unto David:*

*His seed shall endure forever,
And his throne as the sun before
me.*

*It shall be established forever as
the moon,
And as a faithful witness in
heaven.*

Thirty-fifth Sunday

Morning

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling
place
In all generations.

*Before the mountains were brought
forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the
earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlast-
ing, thou art God.*

Thou turnest man to destruction,
And sayest, Return, ye children of
men.

*For a thousand years in thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is
past,
And as a watch in the night.*

Thou carriest them away as with a
flood; they are as a sleep:
In the morning they are like grass
which groweth up.

*In the morning it flourisheth, and
groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down, and
withereth.*

For we are consumed by thine an-
ger,
And by thy wrath are we troubled.

*Thou hast set our iniquities before
thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy
countenance.*

For all our days are passed away
in thy wrath:
We spend our years as a tale that is
told.

The Psalter

36th Sunday

*The days of our years are threescore years and ten,
And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years;*

Yet is their strength labor and sorrow;

For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

*Who knoweth the power of thine anger?
Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.*

So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

*Return, O Lord; how long?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.*

Oh satisfy us early with thy mercy,
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

*Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.*

Let thy work appear unto thy servants,

And thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;

Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Evening

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;

Let the multitude of isles be glad.

Clouds and darkness are round about him:

Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him,
And burneth up his enemies round about.

*His lightnings lightened the world:
The earth saw, and trembled.*

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord,
At the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

*The heavens declare his righteousness,
And all the people see his glory.*

Let all them be put to shame that serve graven images,
That boast themselves of idols:
Worship him, all ye gods.

*Zion heard and was glad,
And the daughters of Judah rejoiced,
Because of thy judgments, O Lord.*

For thou, Lord, art most high above all the earth:

Thou art exalted far above all gods.

*O ye that love the Lord, hate evil:
He preserveth the souls of his saints;*

He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous,
And gladness for the upright in heart.

*Be glad in the Lord, ye righteous;
And give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.*

Thirty-sixth Sunday

Morning

Ⓞ Lord God to whom vengeance belongeth,
Thou God to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself.

Lift up thyself, thou Judge of the earth:

Render to the proud their reward.

Lord, how long shall the wicked,
How long shall the wicked triumph?

*They utter and speak hard things:
All the workers of iniquity boast themselves.*

And they say, The Lord shall not see,
Neither shall the God of Jacob regard it.

*Understand, ye brutish among the people;
And ye fools, when will ye be wise?*

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?

He that formed the eye, shall he not see?

*He that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he correct,
Even he that teacheth man knowledge?*

The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man,

That they are vanity.

*Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord,
And teachest out of thy law;*

That thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity,
Until the pit be digged for the wicked.

*For the Lord will not cast off his people,
Neither will he forsake his inheritance.*

But judgment shall return unto righteousness;

And all the upright in heart shall follow it.

Unless the Lord had been my help,

My soul had almost dwelt in silence.

When I said, My foot slippeth;
Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.

In the multitude of my thoughts within me

Thy comforts delight my soul.

Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee,

Which frameth mischief by a law?

*They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous,
And condemn the innocent blood.*

But the Lord hath been my defense,

And my God the rock of my refuge.

And he shall bring upon them their own iniquity,

And shall cut them off in their own wickedness;

The Lord our God shall cut them off.

Evening

Oh sing unto the Lord a new song;
For he hath done marvelous things:
His right hand, and his holy arm,
hath gotten him the victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation:

His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:

Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.

The Psalter

37th Sunday

Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp;
With the harp and the voice of melody.

*With trumpets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.*

Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;

*Let the floods clap their hands;
Let the hills sing for joy together
Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth.*

He shall judge the world with righteousness,
And the peoples with equity.

*Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:
Sing forth the honor of his name:
Make his praise glorious.*

Say unto God, How terrible are thy works!
Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

*All the earth shall worship thee,
And shall sing unto thee;
They shall sing to thy name.*

Thirty-seventh Sunday

Morning

Hear my prayer, O Lord,
And let my cry come unto thee.

*Hide not thy face from me in the day of my distress:
Incline thine ear unto me;
In the day when I call answer me speedily.*

For my days are consumed like smoke,
And my bones are burned as a fire-brand.

*My heart is smitten and withered like grass,
For I forget to eat my bread.*

By reason of the voice of my groaning
My bones cleave to my skin.

*But thou, O Lord, shalt endure forever;
And thy remembrance unto all generations.*

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion;
For it is time to favor her,
Yea, the set time is come.

*For thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
And have pity upon her dust.*

So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord,
And all the kings of the earth thy glory.

*When the Lord shall build up Zion;
He shall appear in his glory;*

He will regard the prayer of the destitute,
And not despise their prayer.

*This shall be written for the generation to come;
And the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.*

For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary;
From heaven did the Lord behold the earth;

*To hear the groaning of the prisoner;
To loose those that are appointed to death;*

To declare the name of the Lord in
Zion,
And his praise in Jerusalem;

*When the people are gathered
together,
And the kingdoms, to serve the
Lord.*

He weakened my strength in the
way;
He shortened my days.

*I said, O my God, take me not
away in the midst of my days:
Thy years are throughout all gen-
erations.*

Of old hast thou laid the founda-
tion of the earth;
And the heavens are the work of
thy hands.

*They shall perish, but thou shalt
endure;
Yea, all of them shall wax old like
a garment;
As a vesture shalt thou change
them, and they shall be changed:*

But thou art the same,
And thy years shall have no end.

*The children of thy servants shall
continue,
And their seed shall be established
before thee.*

Evening

The Lord reigneth; let the people
tremble:
He sitteth between the cherubim;
let the earth be moved.

*The Lord is great in Zion;
And he is high above all the peo-
ple.*

*Let them praise thy great and ter-
rible name:
For it is holy.*

*The king's strength also loveth
judgment;
Thou dost establish equity;
Thou executest judgment and right-
eousness in Jacob.*

Exalt ye the Lord our God,
And worship at his footstool:
For he is holy.

*Moses and Aaron among his
priests,
And Samuel among them that call
upon his name;*

They called upon the Lord, and he
answered them.
He spake unto them in the pillar
of cloud:

*They kept his testimonies,
And the ordinance that he gave them.*

Thou answeredst them, O Lord our
God:
Thou wast a God that forgavest
them,
Though thou tookest vengeance of
their doings.

*Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his holy hill;
For the Lord our God is holy.*

I will sing of mercy and judgment:
Unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.

*I will behave myself wisely in a
perfect way:
Oh when wilt thou come unto me?*

I will walk within my house with a
perfect heart.
I will set no wicked thing before
mine eyes:

*I hate the work of them that turn
aside;
It shall not cleave unto me.*

A froward heart shall depart from
me:

I will know no evil thing.

Thirty-eighth Sunday

Morning

Bless the Lord, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his
holy name.

*Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:*

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;

*Who redeemeth thy life from de-
struction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-
kindness and tender mercies;*

Who satisfieth thy mouth with
good things,
So that thy youth is renewed like
the eagle's.

*The Lord executeth righteous acts,
And judgments for all that are
oppressed.*

He made known his ways unto
Moses,
His acts unto the children of Israel.

*The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in
mercy.*

He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger for-
ever.

*He hath not dealt with us after our
sins,
Nor rewarded us according to our
iniquities.*

For as the heaven is high above
the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them
that fear him.

*As far as the east is from the
west,
So far hath he removed our trans-
gressions from us.*

Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear
him.

*For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.*

As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flour-
isheth.

*For the wind passeth over it, and
it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know
it no more.*

But the mercy of the Lord is from
everlasting to everlasting upon
them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto chil-
dren's children;

*To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his
precepts to do them.*

The Lord hath prepared his throne
in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.

*Bless the Lord, ye his angels,
That excel in strength, that do his
commandments,
Harkening unto the voice of his
word.*

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts,
Ye ministers of his, that do his
pleasure.

*Bless the Lord, all his works,
In all places of his dominion:
Bless the Lord, O my soul.*

Evening

The Lord reigneth; he is clothed
with majesty;

The Lord is clothed with strength;
he hath girded himself therewith:
The world also is established, that
it cannot be moved.

*Thy throne is established of old:
Thou art from everlasting.*

The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
The floods have lifted up their voice;
The floods lift up their waves.

*More than the voices of many
waters,
The mighty billows of the sea,
Is the Lord mighty on high.*

Thy testimonies are very sure:
Holiness becometh thy house,
O Lord, for evermore.

*When Israel went out of Egypt,
The house of Jacob from a people
of strange language;*

Judah became his sanctuary,
And Israel his dominion.

*The sea saw it, and fled;
The Jordan was driven back.*

The mountains skipped like rams,
And the little hills like lambs.

*What aileth thee, O thou sea, that
thou fleddest?
Thou Jordan, that thou wast
driven back?*

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like
rams;
And ye little hills, like lambs?

*Tremble, thou earth, at the presence
of the Lord,
At the presence of the God of Jacob,*

Which turned the rock into a pool
of water,
The flint into a fountain of waters.

Thirty-ninth Sunday

Morning

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

*O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and
majesty:*

Who coverest thyself with light as
with a garment;

Who stretchest out the heavens like
a curtain;

Who layeth the beams of his
chambers in the waters;

*Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of
the wind;*

Who maketh winds his messengers;
Flames of fire his ministers;

*Who laid the foundations of the
earth,
That it should not be moved forever.*

Thou coveredst it with the deep as
with a garment;
The waters stood above the moun-
tains.

*At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they
hasted away*

(The mountains rose, the valleys
sank down)

Unto the place which thou hadst
founded for them.

*Thou hast set a bound that they
may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover
the earth.*

He sendeth forth springs into the
valleys;

They run among the hills;

*They give drink to every beast of
the field;*

The wild asses quench their thirst.

By them the fowls of the heaven
have their habitation;

They sing among the branches.

*He watereth the mountains from
his chambers:*

*The earth is filled with the fruit
of thy works.*

The Psalter

39th Sunday

He causeth the grass to grow for
the cattle,
And herb for the service of man;

*That he may bring forth food out
of the earth,
And wine that maketh glad the
heart of man,*

And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread that strengtheneth
man's heart.

*The trees of the Lord are filled
with sap,
The cedars of Lebanon, which he
hath planted;*

Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir trees are
her house.

*The high mountains are for the
wild goats;
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.*

He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.

Evening

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

*O Lord my God, thou art very
great;
Thou art clothed with honor and
majesty:*

Thou makest darkness, and it is
night,
Wherein all the beasts of the forest
creep forth.

*The young lions roar after their
prey,
And seek their meat from God.*

The sun ariseth, they get them
away,
And lay them down in their dens.

*Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labor until the evening.*

O Lord, how manifold are thy
works!

In wisdom hast thou made them all.
The earth is full of thy riches.

*Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
Wherein are things creeping innu-
merable,
Both small and great beasts.*

There go the ships;
There is leviathan, whom thou hast
formed to play therein.

*These wait all upon thee,
That thou mayest give them their
meat in due season.*

That thou givest unto them, they
gather;
Thou openest thy hand, they are
filled with good.

*Thou hidest thy face, they are
troubled;
Thou takest away their breath,
they die,
And return to their dust.*

Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they
are created;
And thou renewest the face of the
earth.

*The glory of the Lord shall endure
forever;
The Lord shall rejoice in his
works:*

He looketh on the earth, and it
trembleth;
He toucheth the hills, and they
smoke.

*I will sing unto the Lord as long
as I live:
I will sing praise to my God while
I have my being.*

My meditation of him shall be
sweet:

I will be glad in the Lord.

Fortieth Sunday

Morning

Oh give thanks unto the Lord, call
upon his name;
Make known among the people his
deeds.

*Sing unto him, sing psalms unto
him;
Talk ye of all his wondrous works.*

Glory ye in his holy name:
Let the heart of them rejoice that
seek the Lord.

*Seek the Lord and his strength;
Seek his face evermore.*

Remember his marvelous works
that he hath done,
His wonders, and the judgments of
his mouth,

*O ye seed of Abraham his serv-
ant,
Ye children of Jacob, his chosen
ones.*

He is the Lord our God:
His judgments are in all the
earth.

*He hath remembered his covenant
forever,
The word which he commanded to
a thousand generations,*

The covenant which he made with
Abraham,
And his oath unto Isaac,

*And confirmed the same unto
Jacob for a law,
To Israel for an everlasting cove-
nant,*

Saying, Unto thee will I give the
land of Canaan,
The lot of your inheritance;

*When they were but a few men in
number,*

*Yea, very few, and strangers in
it.*

When they went from one nation to
another,
From one kingdom to another peo-
ple.

*He suffered no man to do them
wrong;
Yea, he reprov'd kings for their
sakes,*

Saying, Touch not mine anointed
ones,
And do my prophets no harm.

*And he called for a famine upon
the land;
He brake the whole staff of bread.*

He sent a man before them;
Joseph was sold for a servant:

*His feet they hurt with fetters:
He was laid in chains of iron,*

Until the time that his word came
to pass,
The word of the Lord tried him.

*The king sent and loosed him;
Even the ruler of peoples, and let
him go free.*

He made him lord of his house,
And ruler of all his substance;

*To bind his princes at his pleas-
ure,
And teach his elders wisdom.*

Israel also came into Egypt;
And Jacob sojourn'd in the land of
Ham.

*And he increased his people
greatly,
And made them stronger than their
adversaries.*

That they might keep his statutes,
And observe his laws.
Praise ye the Lord.

The Psalter

41st Sunday

Evening

The Lord said unto my lord, Sit
thou at my right hand,
Until I make thine enemies thy
footstool.

*The Lord shall send forth the rod
of thy strength out of Zion:
Rule thou in the midst of thine
enemies.*

Thy people offer themselves will-
ingly
In the day of thy power, in the
beauties of holiness.

*Out of the womb of the morning
Thou hast the dew of thy youth.*

The Lord hath sworn, and will not
repent:
Thou art a priest forever
After the order of Melchizedek.

*The Lord at thy right hand
Shall strike through kings in the
day of his wrath.*

He shall judge among the heathen,
He shall fill the places with dead
bodies;
He shall wound the heads over
many countries.

*He shall drink of the brook in the
way:
Therefore shall he lift up the head.*

I cried with my voice unto the
Lord;
With my voice unto the Lord did I
make supplication.

*I pour out my complaint before him;
I show before him my trouble.*

When my spirit was overwhelmed
within me,
Thou knewest my path.

*In the way wherein I walked
Have they hidden a snare for me.*

Look on my right hand, and see;
For there is no man that knoweth
me:

*Refuge hath failed me;
No man careth for my soul.*

I cried unto thee, O Lord;
I said, Thou art my refuge,
My portion in the land of the liv-
ing.

*Attend unto my cry;
For I am brought very low:*

Deliver me from my persecutors;
For they are stronger than I.

*Bring my soul out of prison,
That I may praise thy name:*

The righteous shall compass me
about;
For thou shalt deal bountifully with
me.

Forty-first Sunday

Morning

Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for
he is good;
For his mercy endureth forever.

*Let the redeemed of the Lord say
so,
Whom he hath redeemed from the
hand of the enemy,*

And gathered out of the lands,
From the east and from the west,
From the north and from the south.

*They wandered in the wilderness
in a solitary way;
They found no city to dwell in.*

Hungry and thirsty,
Their soul fainted in them.

*Then they cried unto the Lord in
their trouble,
And he delivered them out of their
distresses,*

Yet setteth he the poor on high
from affliction,
And maketh him families like a
flock.

*The righteous shall see it, and re-
joice;
And all iniquity shall stop her
mouth.*

Whoso is wise will observe these
things;
Even they shall understand the
loving-kindnesses of the Lord.

Evening

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy
statutes;
And I shall keep it unto the end.

*Give me understanding, and I
shall keep thy law;
Yea, I shall observe it with my
whole heart.*

Make me to go in the path of thy
commandments;
For therein do I delight.

*Incline my heart unto thy testi-
monies,
And not to covetousness.*

Turn away mine eyes from behold-
ing vanity,
And quicken thou me in thy way.

*Confirm unto thy servant thy word,
Which tendeth unto the fear of thee.*

Turn away my reproach which I
fear;
For thy judgments are good.

*Behold, I have longed after thy
precepts:
Quicken me in thy righteousness.*

Let thy mercies also come unto me,
O Lord,
Even thy salvation, according to
thy word.

*So shall I have an answer for him
that reproacheth me;
For I trust in thy word.*

And take not the word of truth
utterly out of my mouth;
For I have hoped in thy judg-
ments.

*So shall I keep thy law continually
Forever and ever.*

And I will walk at liberty;
For I seek thy precepts.

*I will also speak of thy testimonies
before kings,
And will not be ashamed.*

And I will delight myself in thy
commandments,
Which I have loved.

*I will lift up my hands also unto
thy commandments, which I have
loved;
And I will meditate in thy stat-
utes.*

Forty-third Sunday

Morning

Praise ye the Lord.
I will praise the Lord with my
whole heart,
In the assembly of the upright, and
in the congregation.

*The works of the Lord are great,
Sought out of all them that have
pleasure therein.*

His work is honorable and glori-
ous;
And his righteousness endureth
forever.

*He hath made his wonderful works
to be remembered:*

*The Lord is gracious and full of
compassion.*

He hath given meat unto them that
fear him:
He will ever be mindful of his cov-
enant.

*He hath showed his people the
power of his works,
That he may give them the heritage
of the heathen.*

The works of his hands are truth
and justice;
All his commandments are sure.

*They stand fast forever and ever;
They are done in truth and up-
rightness.*

He hath sent redemption unto his
people;
He hath commanded his covenant
forever:
Holy and reverend is his name.

*The fear of the Lord is the begin-
ning of wisdom;
A good understanding have all
they that do his commandments:
His praise endureth forever.*

Praise ye the Lord.
Blessed is the man that feareth the
Lord,
That delighteth greatly in his com-
mandments.

*His seed shall be mighty upon
earth:
The generation of the upright shall
be blessed.*

Wealth and riches shall be in his
house;
And his righteousness endureth
forever.

*Unto the upright there ariseth light
in the darkness:
He is gracious, and full of com-
passion, and righteous.*

A good man showeth favor and
lendeth;
He will guide his affairs with dis-
cretion.

*For he shall never be moved;
The righteous shall be in everlast-
ing remembrance.*

He shall not be afraid of evil
tidings:
His heart is fixed, trusting in the
Lord.

*He hath dispersed, he hath given
to the poor;
His righteousness endureth for-
ever:
His horn shall be exalted with
honor.*

The wicked shall see it, and be
grieved;
He shall gnash with his teeth, and
melt away:
The desire of the wicked shall
perish.

Evening

Unto thee do I lift up mine eyes,
O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

*Behold, as the eyes of servants look
unto the hand of their master,
As the eyes of a maid unto the
hand of her mistress;*

So our eyes look unto the Lord our
God,
Until he have mercy upon us.

*Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have
mercy upon us;
For we are exceedingly filled with
contempt.*

Our soul is exceedingly filled
With the scorning of those that are
at ease,
And with the contempt of the
proud.

*If it had not been the Lord who
was on our side,
Let Israel now say,
If it had not been the Lord who
was on our side,
When men rose up against us;*

Then they had swallowed us up
alive,
When their wrath was kindled
against us:

*Then the waters had overwhelmed
us,
The stream had gone over our soul;
Then the proud waters had gone
over our soul.*

Blessed be the Lord,
Who hath not given us as a prey to
their teeth.

*Our soul is escaped as a bird out
of the snare of the fowlers:
The snare is broken, and we are
escaped.*

Our help is in the name of the
Lord,
Who made heaven and earth.

Forty-fourth Sunday

Morning

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us,
But unto thy name give glory,
For thy mercy, and for thy truth's
sake.

*Wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is now their God?*

But our God is in the heavens:
He hath done whatsoever he
pleased.

*Their idols are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands.*

They have mouths, but they speak
not;
Eyes have they, but they see not;

*They have ears, but they hear not;
Noses have they, but they smell not;*

They have hands, but they handle
not;
Feet have they, but they walk not;
Neither speak they through their
throat.

*They that make them are like unto
them;*

Yea, every one that trusteth in them.

O Israel, trust thou in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.

*O house of Aaron, trust ye in the
Lord:*

He is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the
Lord:

He is their help and their shield.

*The Lord hath been mindful of us;
he will bless us:*

He will bless the house of Israel;

He will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the
Lord,

Both small and great.

*The Lord increase you more and
more,*

You and your children.

Blessed are ye of the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.

*The heavens are the heavens of the
Lord;*

*But the earth hath he given to the
children of men.*

The dead praise not the Lord,
Neither any that go down into
silence;

But we will bless the Lord

*From this time forth and for ever-
more.*

Praise ye the Lord.

The Psalter

45th Sunday

Evening

They that trust in the Lord
Are as mount Zion, which cannot
be moved, but abideth forever.

*As the mountains are round about
Jerusalem,
So the Lord is round about his
people
From this time forth and for ever-
more.*

For the scepter of wickedness shall
not rest upon the lot of the right-
eous;
Lest the righteous put forth their
hands unto iniquity.

*Do good, O Lord, unto those that
be good,
And to them that are upright in
their hearts.*

But as for such as turn aside unto
their crooked ways,
The Lord shall lead them forth
with the workers of iniquity.
Peace be upon Israel.

*When the Lord brought back those
that returned to Zion,
We were like unto them that
dream.*

Then was our mouth filled with
laughter,
And our tongue with singing:

*Then said they among the heathen,
The Lord hath done great things
for them.*

The Lord hath done great things
for us,
Whereof we are glad.

*Turn again our captivity, O Lord,
As the streams in the South.*

They that sow in tears shall reap
in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth,
bearing seed for sowing,
Shall doubtless come again with
joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

Forty-fifth Sunday

Morning

I love the Lord, because he hath
heard
My voice and my supplications.

*Because he hath inclined his ear
unto me,
Therefore will I call upon him as
long as I live.*

The sorrows of death compassed
me,
And the pains of hell gat hold upon
me:
I found trouble and sorrow.

*Then called I upon the name of
the Lord:
O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my
soul.*

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous;
Yea, our God is merciful.

*The Lord preserveth the simple:
I was brought low, and he saved
me.*

Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
For the Lord hath dealt bounti-
fully with thee.

*For thou hast delivered my soul
from death,
Mine eyes from tears,
And my feet from falling.*

I will walk before the Lord
In the land of the living.
I believed, therefore have I spoken:

*I was greatly afflicted:
I said in my haste,
All men are liars.*

What shall I render unto the Lord
For all his benefits toward me?

*I will take the cup of salvation,
And call upon the name of the
Lord.*

I will pay my vows unto the Lord
Now in the presence of all his
people.

*Precious in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of his saints.*

O Lord, truly I am thy servant:
I am thy servant, the son of thy
handmaid;
Thou hast loosed my bonds.

*I will offer to thee the sacrifice of
thanksgiving,
And will call upon the name of the
Lord.*

I will pay my vows unto the
Lord
Now in the presence of all his peo-
ple,

*In the courts of the Lord's house,
In the midst of thee, O Jerusa-
lem.
Praise ye the Lord.*

Evening

Out of the depths have I cried unto
thee, O Lord.

*Lord, hear my voice:
Let thine ears be attentive
To the voice of my supplications.*

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark in-
iquities,
O Lord, who could stand?

*But there is forgiveness with thee,
That thou mayest be feared.*

*I wait for the Lord, my soul doth
wait,
And in his word do I hope.*

*My soul waiteth for the Lord
More than watchmen wait for the
morning;
Yea, more than watchmen for the
morning.*

O Israel, hope in the Lord;
For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with him is plenteous redemp-
tion.

*And he will redeem Israel
From all his iniquities.*

Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor
mine eyes lofty;
Neither do I exercise myself in
great matters,
Or in things too wonderful for me.

*Surely I have stilled and quieted
my soul;
Like a weaned child with his
mother,
Like a weaned child is my soul
within me.*

O Israel, hope in the Lord
From this time forth and for ever-
more.

Forty-sixth Sunday

Morning

Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for
he is good;
For his mercy endureth forever.

*Let Israel now say,
That his mercy endureth forever.*

Let the house of Aaron now say,
That his mercy endureth forever.

*Let them now that fear the Lord
say,
That his mercy endureth forever.*

Out of my distress I called upon the
Lord:
The Lord answered me and set me
in a large place.

The Psalter

46th Sunday

*The Lord is on my side; I will not
fear:
What can man do unto me?*

It is better to trust in the Lord
Than to put confidence in man.

*It is better to trust in the Lord
Than to put confidence in princes.*

The Lord is my strength and
song;
And he is become my salvation.

*The voice of rejoicing and salva-
tion is in the tents of the right-
eous:
The right hand of the Lord doeth
valiantly.*

The right hand of the Lord is ex-
alted:
The right hand of the Lord doeth
valiantly.

*I shall not die, but live,
And declare the works of the Lord.*

The Lord hath chastened me sore;
But he hath not given me over unto
death.

*Open to me the gates of righteous-
ness:
I will enter into them, I will praise
the Lord.*

This is the gate of the Lord;
The righteous shall enter into it.

*I will praise thee; for thou hast
heard me,
And art become my salvation.*

The stone which the builders re-
jected
Is become the head of the corner.

*This is the Lord's doing;
It is marvelous in our eyes.*

This is the day which the Lord hath
made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.

*Save now, we beseech thee, O Lord:
O Lord, we beseech thee, send now
prosperity.*

Blessed be he that cometh in the
name of the Lord:
We have blessed you out of the
house of the Lord.

*Thou art my God, and I will
praise thee:
Thou art my God, I will exalt
thee.*

Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for
he is good;
For his mercy endureth forever.

Evening

Lord, remember for David
All his affliction;

*How he sware unto the Lord,
And vowed unto the Mighty One
of Jacob:*

Surely I will not come into the
tabernacle of my house,
Nor go up into my bed;

*I will not give sleep to mine eyes,
Or slumber to mine eyelids;*

Until I find out a place for the
Lord,
A habitation for the Mighty One of
Jacob.

*Lo, we heard of it in Ephrathah:
We found it in the field of the
wood.*

We will go into his tabernacles;
We will worship at his footstool.

*Arise, O Lord, into thy resting
place;
Thou, and the ark of thy strength.*

Let thy priests be clothed with
righteousness;
And let thy saints shout for joy.

*For thy servant David's sake
Turn not away the face of thine
anointed.*

The Lord hath sworn unto David
in truth;
He will not turn from it:
Of the fruit of thy body will I set
upon thy throne.

*If thy children will keep my
covenant
And my testimony that I shall
teach them,
Their children also shall sit upon
thy throne for evermore.*

For the Lord hath chosen Zion;
He hath desired it for his habita-
tion.

*This is my resting place forever:
Here will I dwell; for I have de-
sired it.*

I will abundantly bless her pro-
vision:
I will satisfy her poor with bread.

*Her priests also will I clothe with
salvation;
And her saints shall shout aloud
for joy.*

There will I make the horn of David
to bud:
I have ordained a lamp for mine
anointed.

Forty-seventh Sunday

Morning

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the name of the Lord;

*Praise him, O ye servants of the
Lord,
Ye that stand in the house of the
Lord,
In the courts of the house of our
God.*

Praise ye the Lord; for the Lord is
good:
Sing praises unto his name; for it is
pleasant.

*For the Lord hath chosen Jacob
unto himself,
And Israel for his own possession.*

For I know that the Lord is great,
And that our Lord is above all
gods.

*Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that
hath he done,
In heaven and in earth, in the seas
and in all deeps;*

Who causeth the vapors to ascend
from the ends of the earth;
Who maketh lightnings for the
rain;
Who bringeth forth the wind out
of his treasuries;

*Who smote the firstborn of Egypt,
Both of man and beast;*

Who sent signs and wonders into
the midst of thee, O Egypt,
Upon Pharaoh, and upon all his
servants;

*Who smote many nations,
And slew mighty kings,*

Sihon king of the Amorites,
And Og king of Bashan,
And all the kingdoms of Canaan.

*And gave their land for a heritage,
A heritage unto Israel his people.*

Thy name, O Lord, endureth for-
ever;
Thy memorial, O Lord, throughout
all generations.

*For the Lord will judge his peo-
ple,
And repent himself concerning his
servants.*

The Psalter

48th Sunday

The idols of the heathen are silver
and gold,
The work of men's hands.

*They have mouths, but they speak
not;*

Eyes have they, but they see not;

They have ears, but they hear not;
Neither is there any breath in their
mouths.

*They that make them shall be like
unto them;*

*Yea, every one that trusteth in
them.*

O house of Israel, bless ye the Lord:
O house of Aaron, bless ye the
Lord:

*O house of Levi, bless ye the Lord:
Ye that fear the Lord, bless ye the
Lord.*

Blessed be the Lord out of Zion,
Which dwelleth at Jerusalem.
Praise ye the Lord.

Evening

Hear my prayer, O Lord; give ear
to my supplications:
In thy faithfulness answer me, and
in thy righteousness.

*And enter not into judgment with
thy servant;*

*For in thy sight shall no man
living be justified.*

For the enemy hath persecuted my
soul;
He hath smitten my life down to
the ground:
He hath made me to dwell in dark-
ness, as those that have been long
dead.

*Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed
within me;
My heart within me is desolate.*

I remember the days of old;
I meditate on all thy works;
I muse on the work of thy hands.

*I spread forth my hands unto
thee:*

*My soul thirsteth after thee, as a
weary land.*

Make haste to answer me, O Lord;
my spirit faileth:

Hide not thy face from me,
Lest I be like unto them that go
down into the pit.

*Cause me to hear thy loving-
kindness in the morning;*

For in thee do I trust:

Cause me to know the way wherein
I should walk;

For I lift up my soul unto thee.

*Deliver me, O Lord, from mine
enemies:*

I flee unto thee to hide me.

Teach me to do thy will;
For thou art my God:

Thy Spirit is good;

Lead me in the land of uprightness.

Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's
sake:

In thy righteousness bring my soul
out of trouble.

Forty-eighth Sunday

Morning

O Lord, thou hast searched me,
and known me.

*Thou knowest my downsitting and
mine uprising;*

*Thou understandest my thought
afar off.*

Thou searchest out my path and
my lying down,
And art acquainted with all my
ways.

*For there is not a word in my tongue,
But, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.*

Thou hast beset me behind and before,
And laid thine hand upon me.

*Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.*

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

*If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.*

If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

*Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.*

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me,
And the light about me shall be night;

*Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee,
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.*

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:

*Marvelous are thy works;
And that my soul knoweth right well.*

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
How great is the sum of them!

*If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:
When I awake, I am still with thee.*

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God:
Depart from me therefore, ye bloodthirsty men.

*For they speak against thee wickedly,
And thine enemies take thy name in vain.*

Search me, O God, and know my heart:

Try me, and know my thoughts;

*And see if there be any wicked way in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting.*

Evening

Blessed be the Lord my strength,
Which teacheth my hands to war,
And my fingers to fight:

*My goodness, and my fortress,
My high tower, and my deliverer;*

My shield, and he in whom I take refuge;
Who subdueth my people under me.

*Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him?
Or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?*

Man is like to vanity:

His days are as a shadow that passeth away.

Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down:

Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

Cast forth lightning, and scatter them;

Send out thine arrows, and discomfit them.

*Stretch forth thy hand from above;
Rescue me, and deliver me out of great waters,*

The Psalter

49th Sunday

Out of the hand of aliens;
Whose mouth speaketh vanity,
And whose right hand is a right
hand of falsehood.

*I will sing a new song unto thee,
O God:
Upon a psaltery of ten strings will
I sing praises unto thee.*

Thou art he that giveth salvation
unto kings;
Who delivereth David his servant
from the hurtful sword.

*Rescue me, and deliver me out of
the hand of aliens,
Whose mouth speaketh vanity,
And whose right hand is a right
hand of falsehood.*

When our sons shall be as plants
grown up in their youth,
And our daughters as corner stones
hewn after the fashion of a palace;

*When our garners are full, af-
fording all manner of store,
And our sheep bring forth thou-
sands and ten thousands in our
fields;*

When our oxen are well laden;
When there is no breaking in, and
no going forth,
And no outcry in our streets:

*Happy is the people that is in such
a case;
Yea, happy is the people whose
God is the Lord.*

Forty-ninth Sunday

Morning

I will extol thee, my God, O King;
And I will bless thy name forever
and ever.

*Every day will I bless thee;
And I will praise thy name for-
ever and ever.*

Great is the Lord, and greatly to
be praised;
And his greatness is unsearchable.

*One generation shall praise thy
works to another,
And shall declare thy mighty
acts.*

Of the glorious majesty of thine
honor,
And of thy wondrous works, will I
meditate.

*And men shall speak of the might
of thy terrible acts;
And I will declare thy greatness.*

They shall utter the memory of thy
great goodness,
And shall sing of thy righteous-
ness.

*The Lord is gracious, and full of
compassion;
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.*

The Lord is good to all;
And his tender mercies are over all
his works.

*All thy works shall praise thee, O
Lord;
And thy saints shall bless thee.*

They shall speak of the glory of thy
kingdom,
And talk of thy power;

*To make known to the sons of men
his mighty acts,
And the glorious majesty of his
kingdom.*

Thy kingdom is an everlasting
kingdom,
And thy dominion endureth
throughout all generations.

*The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that be
bowed down.*

The eyes of all wait for thee;
And thou givest them their food in
due season.

*Thou openest thine hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every
living thing.*

The Lord is righteous in all his ways,
And holy in all his works.

*The Lord is nigh unto all them
that call upon him,
To all that call upon him in truth.*

He will fulfill the desire of them
that fear him;
He also will hear their cry and will
save them.

*The Lord preserveth all them that
love him;
But all the wicked will he destroy.*

My mouth shall speak the praise of
the Lord;
And let all flesh bless his holy name
forever and ever.

Evening

God is my King of old,
Working salvation in the midst of
the earth.

*Thou didst divide the sea by thy
strength:
Thou brakest the heads of the
dragons in the waters.*

Thou brakest the heads of levia-
than in pieces;
Thou gavest him to be food to the
people inhabiting the wilderness.

*Thou didst cleave fountain and
flood:
Thou driedst up mighty rivers.*

The day is thine, the night also is
thine:
*Thou hast prepared the light and
the sun.*

*Thou hast set all the borders of the
earth:*

*Thou hast made summer and win-
ter.*

Remember this, that the enemy
hath reproached, O Lord,
And that a foolish people hath
blasphemed thy name.

*Oh deliver not the soul of thy turtle-
dove unto the wild beast:*

*Forget not the life of thy poor for-
ever.*

Have respect unto the covenant;
For the dark places of the earth
are full of the habitations of vio-
lence.

*Oh let not the oppressed return
ashamed:*

*Let the poor and needy praise thy
name.*

Arise, O God, plead thine own
cause:

Remember how the foolish man re-
proacheth thee all the day.

*Forget not the voice of thine ad-
versaries:*

*The tumult of those that rise up
against thee ascendeth continually.*

O Lord God of hosts, hear my
prayer,
Give ear, O God of Jacob.

*O Lord of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in
thee.*

Fiftieth Sunday

Morning

Praise ye the Lord;
For it is good to sing praises unto
our God;
For it is pleasant, and praise is
comely.

*The Lord doth build up Jerusalem;
He gathereth together the outcasts
of Israel.*

He healeth the broken in heart,
And bindeth up their wounds.

*He counteth the number of the
stars;
He calleth them all by their names.*

Great is our Lord, and mighty in
power;
His understanding is infinite.

*The Lord lifteth up the meek:
He casteth the wicked down to the
ground.*

Sing unto the Lord with thanks-
giving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto
our God,

*Who covereth the heavens with
clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon
the mountains.*

He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.

*He delighteth not in the strength
of the horse:
He taketh no pleasure in the legs
of a man.*

The Lord taketh pleasure in them
that fear him,
In those that hope in his mercy.

*Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.*

For he hath strengthened the bars
of thy gates;
He hath blessed thy children within
thee.

*He maketh peace in thy borders;
He filleth thee with the finest of the
wheat.*

He sendeth forth his command-
ment upon earth;
His word runneth very swiftly.

*He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoarfrost like
ashes.*

He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?

*He sendeth out his word, and
melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and
the waters flow.*

He showeth his word unto Jacob,
His statutes and his ordinances
unto Israel.

*He hath not dealt so with any
nation;
And as for his ordinances, they
have not known them.
Praise ye the Lord.*

Evening

O God, the heathen are come into
thine inheritance;

*Thy holy temple have they defiled;
They have laid Jerusalem in
heaps.*

The dead bodies of thy servants
have they given to be food unto the
birds of the heavens,
The flesh of thy saints unto the
beasts of the earth.

*Their blood have they shed like
water round about Jerusalem;
And there was none to bury them.*

We are become a reproach to our
neighbors,
A scoffing and derision to them that
are round about us.

*How long, O Lord? wilt thou be
angry forever?
Shall thy jealousy burn like fire?*

Remember not against us the iniquities of our forefathers:
Let thy tender mercies speedily meet us;
For we are brought very low.

*Help us, O God of our salvation,
for the glory of thy name;
And deliver us, and forgive our
sins, for thy name's sake.*

Wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is their God?
Let the avenging of thy servants' blood that is shed
Be known among the nations before our eyes.

*Let the sighing of the prisoner
come before thee:
According to the greatness of thy
power preserve thou those that are
appointed to die;*

So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture
Will give thee thanks forever:
We will show forth thy praise to all generations.

Fifty-first Sunday

Morning

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel,
Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock;
Thou that sittest between the cherubim, shine forth.

*Before Ephraim and Benjamin
and Manasseh, stir up thy might,
And come to save us.*

Turn us again, O God;
And cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

*O Lord God of hosts,
How long wilt thou be angry
against the prayer of thy people?*

Thou hast fed them with the bread of tears,
And givest them tears to drink in large measure.

*Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbors;
And our enemies laugh among themselves.*

Turn again, O God of hosts;
And cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

*Thou broughtest a vine out of Egypt:
Thou didst drive out the heathen,
and plantedst it.*

Thou preparedst room before it,
And it took deep root, and filled the land.

*The hills were covered with the shadow of it,
And the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.*

It sent out its boughs unto the sea,
And its branches unto the River.

*Why hast thou broken down its hedges,
So that all they that pass by the way do pluck it?*

The boar out of the wood doth waste it,
And the wild beasts of the field feed on it.

*Turn again, we beseech thee, O God of hosts:
Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine,*

And the stock which thy right hand planted,
And the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

*It is burned with fire, it is cut down:
They perish at the rebuke of thy
countenance.*

Let thy hand be upon the man of
thy right hand,
Upon the son of man whom thou
madest strong for thyself.

*So will we not go back from thee:
Quicken thou us, and we will call
upon thy name.*

Turn again, O Lord God of hosts;
Cause thy face to shine, and we
shall be saved.

Evening

The Lord reigneth; let the people
tremble:
He sitteth between the cherubim;
let the earth be moved.

*The Lord is great in Zion;
And he is high above all the peoples.*

Let them praise thy great and
terrible name:
For it is holy.

*The king's strength also loveth
judgment;
Thou dost establish equity;
Thou executest judgment and right-
eousness in Jacob.*

Exalt ye the Lord our God,
And worship at his footstool:
For he is holy.

*Moses and Aaron among his
priests,
And Samuel among them that call
upon his name;*

They called upon the Lord, and he
answered them.
He spake unto them in the pillar
of cloud:

*They kept his testimonies,
And the ordinance that he gave
them.*

Thou answeredst them, O Lord our
God:

Thou wast a God that forgavest
them,
Though thou tookest vengeance of
their doings.

*Exalt ye the Lord our God,
And worship at his holy hill;
For the Lord our God is holy.*

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord,
all ye lands.

*Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with
singing.*

Know ye that the Lord, he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we
are his;
We are his people, and the sheep
of his pasture.

*Enter into his gates with thanks-
giving,
And into his courts with praise:*

Give thanks unto him, and bless his
name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy
endureth forever,
And his truth unto all generations.

Fifty-second Sunday

Morning

Give ear, O my people, to my law:
Incline your ears to the words of
my mouth.

*I will open my mouth in a parable;
I will utter dark sayings of old,*

Which we have heard and known,
And our fathers have told us.

*We will not hide them from their
children,
Telling to the generation to come
the praises of the Lord,
And his strength, and his won-
drous works that he hath done.*

For he established a testimony in Jacob,
And appointed a law in Israel,

*Which he commanded our fathers,
That they should make them known
to their children;*

That the generation to come might know them, even the children that should be born;
Who should arise and tell them to their children,

*That they might set their hope in God,
And not forget the works of God,
But keep his commandments,*

And might not be as their fathers, A stubborn and rebellious generation,

*A generation that set not their heart aright,
And whose spirit was not steadfast with God.*

Marvelous things did he in the sight of their fathers,
In the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan.

*He divided the sea, and caused them to pass through;
And he made the waters to stand as a heap.*

In the daytime also he led them with a cloud,
And all the night with a light of fire.

*He clave rocks in the wilderness,
And gave them drink abundantly as out of the depths.*

He brought streams also out of the rock,
And caused waters to run down like rivers.

Yet went they on still to sin against him,

To rebel against the Most High in the desert.

And they tempted God in their heart
By asking food according to their desire.

*Yea, they spake against God;
They said, Can God prepare a table in the wilderness?*

Behold, he smote the rock, so that waters gushed out,
And streams overflowed;

*Can he give bread also?
Will he provide flesh for his people?*

Therefore the Lord heard, and was wroth;
And a fire was kindled against Jacob,
And anger also went up against Israel;

*Because they believed not in God,
And trusted not in his salvation.*

Yet he commanded the skies above,
And opened the doors of heaven;

*And he rained down manna upon them to eat,
And gave them food from heaven.*

Man did eat the bread of the mighty:
He sent them food to the full.

*And they remembered that God was their rock,
And the Most High God their Redeemer.*

Evening

Praise ye the Lord.
Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;
For his mercy endureth forever.

The Psalter

53d Sunday

*Who can utter the mighty acts of
the Lord,
Or show forth all his praise?*

Blessed are they that keep justice,
And he that doeth righteousness at
all times.

*Remember me, O Lord, with the fa-
vor that thou bearest unto thy people;
Oh visit me with thy salvation,*

That I may see the prosperity of
thy chosen,
That I may rejoice in the gladness
of thy nation,
That I may glory with thine in-
heritance.

*We have sinned with our fathers,
We have committed iniquity, we
have done wickedly.*

Our fathers understood not thy
wonders in Egypt;
They remembered not the multi-
tude of thy mercies,
But were rebellious at the sea, even
at the Red Sea.

*Nevertheless he saved them for his
name's sake,
That he might make his mighty
power to be known.*

He rebuked the Red Sea also, and
it was dried up:
So he led them through the depths,
as through a wilderness.

*And he saved them from the hand
of him that hated them,
And redeemed them from the hand
of the enemy.*

And the waters covered their ene-
mies;
There was not one of them left.

*Then believed they his words;
They sang his praise.*

Save us, O Lord our God,
And gather us from among the
heathen,

*To give thanks unto thy holy
name,
And to triumph in thy praise.*

Blessed be the Lord, the God of
Israel,
From everlasting even to ever-
lasting.

*And let all the people say, Amen.
Praise ye the Lord.*

Fifty-third Sunday

Morning

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise, O ye servants of the Lord,
Praise the name of the Lord.

*Blessed be the name of the Lord
From this time forth and for ever-
more.*

From the rising of the sun unto the
going down of the same
The Lord's name is to be praised.

*The Lord is high above all nations,
And his glory above the heavens.*

Who is like unto the Lord our
God,
That hath his seat on high,

*That humbleth himself to behold
The things that are in heaven and
in the earth?*

He raiseth up the poor out of the
dust,
And lifteth up the needy out of the
dunghill;

*That he may set him with princes,
Even with the princes of his peo-
ple.*

He maketh the barren woman to
keep house,
And to be a joyful mother of chil-
dren.
Praise ye the Lord.

*I will praise thee with my whole heart:
Before the gods will I sing praises unto thee.*

I will worship toward thy holy temple,
And praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth:
For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

*In the day that I cried thou answeredst me,
Thou strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.*

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord,
For they have heard the words of thy mouth.

*Yea, they shall sing of the ways of the Lord;
For great is the glory of the Lord.*

For though the Lord is high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly;
But the proud he knoweth from afar.

*Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me;
Thou shalt stretch forth thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies,
And thy right hand shall save me.*

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me:

Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever;
Forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Evening

Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth up,
Let Israel now say,

*Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth up:
Yet they have not prevailed against me.*

The plowers plowed upon my back;
They made long their furrows.

*The Lord is righteous:
He hath cut asunder the cords of the wicked.*

Let them be put to shame and turned backward,
All they that hate Zion.

*Let them be as the grass upon the housetops;
Which withereth before it groweth up;*

Wherewith the reaper filleth not his hand,
Nor he that bindeth sheaves, his bosom:

*Neither do they that go by say,
The blessing of the Lord be upon you;
We bless you in the name of the Lord.*

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord,
That walketh in his ways.

*For thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands:
Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.*

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine,
In the innermost parts of thy house;

*Thy children like olive plants,
Round about thy table.*

Behold, thus shall the man be blessed
That feareth the Lord.

*The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion:
And thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life.*

Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children.

Peace be upon Israel.

Readings for Special Days

First Reading

Christmas

The people that walked in darkness
have seen a great light.
They that dwell in the land of the
shadow of death, upon them hath the
light shined.

*Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou
hast increased their joy:
They joy before thee according to the
joy in harvest, as men rejoice when
they divide the spoil.*

For the yoke of his burden, and the
staff of his shoulder,
The rod of his oppressor, thou hast
broken as in the day of Midian.

*For unto us a child is born, unto us
a Son is given:
And the government shall be upon
his shoulder:*

And his name shall be called Wonder-
ful, Counselor,
Mighty God, Everlasting Father,
Prince of Peace.

*Of the increase of his government and
peace there shall be no end,
Upon the throne of David, and upon
his kingdom.*

To establish it and to uphold it with
justice and with righteousness
From henceforth and forever. The zeal
of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

*And there shall come forth a shoot
out of the stock of Jesse,
And a branch out of his roots shall
bear fruit;*

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest
upon him,
The spirit of wisdom and under-
standing;

*The spirit of counsel and might,
The spirit of knowledge and of the
fear of the Lord.*

And he shall not judge after the sight
of his eyes, [his ears
Neither decide after the hearing of

*But with righteousness shall he judge
the poor,
And decide with equity for the meek
of the earth;*

And he shall smite the oppressor with
the rod of his mouth
And with the breath of his lips shall
he slay the wicked.

*And righteousness shall be the girdle
of his waist,
And faithfulness the girdle of his loins.*

And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with
the kid;

*And the calf and the young lion and
the fating together;
And a little child shall lead them.*

And the cow and the bear shall feed;
Their young ones shall lie down
together;

And the lion shall eat straw like the
ox.

*And the sucking child shall play on
the hole of the asp,
And the weaned child shall put his
hand on the adder's den.*

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all
my holy mountain;
For the earth shall be full of the
knowledge of the Lord,
As the waters cover the sea.

Second Reading

Palm Sunday

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion;
Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem:

*Behold thy King cometh unto thee;
He is just and having salvation;*

Lowly, and riding upon an ass,
Even upon a colt, the foal of an ass.

*And he shall speak peace unto the
nations:*

*And his dominion shall be from sea
to sea,
And from the River to the ends of the
earth.*

3d Reading**Readings for Special Days****4th Reading**

Thou art fairer than the children of men;

Grace is poured into thy lips:
Therefore God hath blessed thee forever.

*Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O mighty one,
Thy glory and thy majesty.*

And in thy majesty ride on prosperously,
Because of truth and meekness and righteousness.

*Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever.
A scepter of equity is the scepter of thy kingdom.*

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
Get thee up into the high mountain.

*O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem
Lift up thy voice with strength;*

Lift it up, be not afraid;
Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God.

*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation;
That sayeth unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.*

Third Reading**Good Friday**

Who hath believed our report?
And to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

*For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant,
And as a root out of a dry ground:*

He hath no form nor comeliness,
And when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him.

*He is despised and rejected of men;
A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:*

And as one from whom men hide the face

He was despised, and we esteemed him not.

*Surely he hath borne our griefs
And carried our sorrows:*

Yet we did esteem him stricken,
Smitten of God and afflicted.

*But he was wounded for our transgressions,
He was bruised for our iniquities.*

The chastisement of our peace was upon him,
And with his stripes we are healed.

*All we like sheep have gone astray;
We have turned every one to his own way;*

And the Lord hath laid on him
The iniquity of us all.

*He was oppressed, yet he humbled himself
And opened not his mouth.*

As a lamb that is led to the slaughter,
And as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb;

So he opened not his mouth.
By oppression and judgment he was taken away;

And as for his generation, who among them considered,

That he was cut off out of the land of the living?

For the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked,

And with the rich in his death;

Although he had done no violence,
Neither was any deceit in his mouth,
Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him:

He hath put him to grief.

Fourth Reading**Easter**

Now is Christ risen from the dead,
And become the first fruits of them that slept.

Readings for Special Days

5th Reading

*For since by man came death,
By man came also the resurrection
of the dead.*

For as in Adam all die,
Even so in Christ shall all be made
alive.

*But some man will say, How are the
dead raised up?
And with what body do they come?*

All flesh is not the same flesh: but
there is one flesh of men,
Another flesh of beasts, another of
fishes, and another of birds.

*There are also celestial bodies and
bodies terrestrial:
But the glory of the celestial is one,
and the glory of the terrestrial is
another.*

There is one glory of the sun, and
another glory of the moon,
And another glory of the stars, for one
star differeth from another in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead.

It is sown in corruption;
It is raised in incorruption:

*It is sown in dishonor;
It is raised in glory:*

It is sown in weakness;
It is raised in power:

*It is sown a natural body;
It is raised a spiritual body.*

There is a natural body,
There is a spiritual body

*The first man Adam was made a
living soul;
The last Adam was made a quick-
ening spirit.*

Behold I show you a mystery;
We shall not all sleep, but we shall all
be changed,

*For this corruptible must put on
incorruption,
And this mortal must put on im-
mortality.*

Thanks be to God, which giveth us
the victory
Through our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Therefore, be ye steadfast, unmovable,
Always abounding in the work of the
Lord.*

Forasmuch as ye know that your labor
Is not in vain in the Lord.

Fifth Reading

The Nation

Hear, O Israel:
The Lord our God is one Lord:

*And thou shalt love the Lord thy God
With all thine heart, and with all thy
soul, and with all thy might.*

And these words, which I command
thee this day,
Shall be in thine heart:

*And thou shalt teach them diligently
unto thy children,
And thou shalt talk of them when
thou sittest in thy house;*

And when thou walkest by the way,
And when thou liest down, and when
thou risest up.

*And thou shalt bind them for a sign
upon thine hand,
And they shall be as frontlets be-
tween thine eyes.*

And thou shalt write them upon the
posts of thy house
And on thy gates.

*And it shall be, when the Lord thy
God shall have brought thee
Into the land which he sware unto
thy fathers,
To Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob,*

To give thee great and goodly cities,
Which thou buildest not,

*And houses full of good things
Which thou filledst not,*

And wells digged
Which thou diggedst not,

*Vineyards and olive trees
Which thou plantedst not,*

When thou shalt have eaten and be
full,

Beware lest thou forget the Lord.

*Behold the days come, saith the Lord,
That I will make a new covenant
with the house of Israel.*

I will put my law in their inward parts,
And in their heart will I write it.

*And I will be their God,
And they shall be my people.*

And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor,
And every man his brother, saying,
Know the Lord;

*For they shall all know me,
From the least unto the greatest,
Saith the Lord.*

Blessed be the Lord, the God of our fathers,
From everlasting even to everlasting.

Sixth Reading

Thanksgiving Day

Praise ye the Lord;
For it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

*Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God.*

Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

*He giveth to the beast his food
And to the young ravens which cry.*

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem,
Praise thy God, O Zion.

*For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates,
He hath blessed thy children within thee.*

He maketh peace in thy borders;
He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

*Happy art thou, O Israel;
Who is like unto thee, a people saved
by the Lord?*

And Israel dwelleth in safety,
And full of the blessing of the Lord.

*The eternal God is thy dwelling place,
And underneath are the everlasting arms.*

O give thanks unto the Lord;
Sing unto him, sing praises unto him,

*For the precious things of heaven,
for the dew,
And for the deep that coucheth beneath.*

And for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun,
And for the precious things put forth by the moon,

*And for the chief things of the ancient mountains,
And for the precious things of the everlasting hills,
And for the precious things of the earth and its fullness.*

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord;
Praise ye the Lord.

Seventh Reading

Missions

Arise, shine, for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

*For behold darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the peoples.*

But upon thee shall the Lord arise,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.

*And nations shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.*

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see.

They all gather themselves together,
they come to thee.

*Who are these that fly as a cloud,
And as doves to their windows?*

Readings for Special Days

8th Reading

Surely the isles shall wait for me
And the ships of Tarshish first,

*To bring thy sons from far,
Their silver and gold with them,*

Unto the name of the Lord thy God,
And to the Holy One of Israel,
For he hath glorified thee.

Thy gates also shall be open continually,

They shall not be shut day nor night;

That men may bring unto thee the
wealth of the nations
And their kings led with them.

*The glory of Lebanon shall come
unto thee,*

*The fir tree, the pine tree, and the
box together,*

To beautify the place of my sanctuary,
And that I may make the place of my
feet glorious.

*In the latter days it shall come to
pass*

*That the mountain of the Lord's
house shall be established in the top
of the mountains,*

And it shall be exalted above the hills.

And peoples shall flow to it,
And many nations shall go and say:

*Come and let us go up to the moun-
tain of the Lord*

*And to the house of the God of
Jacob:*

And he will teach us his ways,
And we will walk in his paths.

Eighth Reading

Education

Surely there is a mine for silver
And a place for gold which they refine.

*Iron is taken out of the earth,
And brass is molten out of the stone.*

Man setteth an end to darkness
And searcheth out to the furthest
bound
The stones of thick darkness, and of
the shadow of death:

*He putteth forth his hand upon the
flinty rock;*

*He overturneth the mountains by the
roots.*

He cutteth out channels among the
rocks;
And his eye seeth every precious thing.

*He bindeth the streams that they
trickle not;*

*And the thing that is hid bringeth he
forth to light.*

But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understand-
ing?

*Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the
living.*

The deep saith, It is not in me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.

*It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for
the price thereof.*

It cannot be valued with the gold of
Ophir,

With the precious onyx or sapphire.
Whence then cometh wisdom?

And where is the place of understand-
ing?

*Doth not wisdom cry,
And understanding put forth her
voice?*

In the top of high places by the way,
Where the paths meet, she standeth;

*Beside the gates, at the entry of the
city,*

*At the coming in of the doors, she
crieth aloud:*

Receive instruction, and not silver:
And knowledge rather than choice
gold.

*For wisdom is better than rubies;
And all things that may be desired
are not to be compared unto her.*

Behold the fear of the Lord, that is
wisdom,
And to depart from evil is under-
standing.

The Ritual

Baptism

[Let every adult person, and the parents of every child to be baptized, have the choice of either sprinkling, pouring, or immersion.]

[We will on no account whatever make a charge for administering Baptism.]

Order for the Administration of Baptism to Infants

The Minister, coming to the Font, which is to be filled with pure Water, shall use the following:

DEARLY BELOVED, forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin, and that our Saviour Christ saith, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God; I beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that having, of his bounteous mercy, redeemed *this child* by the blood of his Son, he will grant that *he*, being baptized with water, may also be baptized with the Holy Ghost, be received into Christ's holy Church, and become a *lively Member* of the same.

Then shall the Minister say:

Let us pray.

Almighty and Everlasting God, who of thy great mercy hast condescended to enter into covenant relations with man, wherein thou hast included children as partakers of its gracious benefits, declaring that of such is thy kingdom; and in thy ancient Church didst appoint divers baptisms, figuring thereby the renewing of the Holy Ghost; and by thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ gavest commandment to thy holy Apostles to go into all the world and disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: we beseech thee, that of thine infinite mercy thou wilt look upon *this child*: wash *him* and sanctify *him*; that *he*, being saved by thy grace, may be received into Christ's holy Church, and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in love, may so overcome the evils of this present world that finally *he* may attain to everlasting life, and reign

with thee, world without end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Merciful God, grant that all carnal affections may die in *him*, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in *him*. *Amen.*

Grant that *he* may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. *Amen.*

Grant that whosoever is dedicated to thee by our office and ministry may also be endued with heavenly virtues, and everlastingly rewarded through thy mercy, O blessed Lord God, who dost live and govern all things, world without end. *Amen.*

Almighty, Everliving God, whose most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of his most precious side both water and blood, regard, we beseech thee, our supplications. Sanctify this water for this Holy Sacrament; and grant that *this child*, now to be baptized, may receive the fullness of thy grace, and ever remain in the number of thy faithful and elect children, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister address the Parents or Guardians as followeth:

Dearlly Beloved, forasmuch as *this child* is now presented by you for Christian Baptism, you must remember that it is your part and duty to see that *he* be taught, as soon as *he* shall be able to learn, the nature and end of this Holy Sacrament. And that *he* may know these things the better, you shall call upon *him* to give reverent attendance upon the appointed means of grace, such as the ministry of the word, and the public and private worship of God; and further, you shall provide that *he* shall read the Holy Scriptures, and learn the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Catechism, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health, in order that *he* may be brought up to lead a virtuous and holy life, remembering always th

The Ritual

Baptism doth represent unto us that inward purity which disposeth us to follow the example of our Saviour Christ; that as he died and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die unto sin and rise again unto righteousness, continually mortifying all corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness.

Do you therefore solemnly engage to fulfill these duties, so far as in you lies, the Lord being your helper?

Ans. We do.

Then shall the People stand up, and the Minister shall say:

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by St. Mark. [Chap. 10. 13-16.]

They brought young children to Christ, that he should touch them. And his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Then the Minister shall take the Child into his hands, and say to the friends of the Child:

Name this child.

And then, naming it after them, he shall sprinkle or pour Water upon it, or, if desired, immerse it in Water, saying:

N., I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister offer the following Prayer, the People kneeling:

O God of infinite mercy, the Father of all the faithful seed, be pleased to grant unto *this child* an understanding mind and a sanctified heart. May thy providence lead *him* through the dangers, temptations, and ignorance of *his* youth, that *he* may never run into folly, *nor into the evils of an unbridled appetite.* We pray thee so to order the *course of his life* that, by good education, by holy examples, and by thy

restraining and renewing grace, *he* may be led to serve thee faithfully all *his* days; so that, when *he has* glorified thee in *his* generation, and *has* served the Church on earth, *he* may be received into thine eternal kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty and Most Merciful Father, let thy loving mercy and compassion descend upon *these*, thy *servant* and *handmaid*, the parents [or guardians] of *this child*. Grant unto *them*, we beseech thee, thy Holy Spirit, that *they* may, like Abraham, command *their* household to keep the way of the Lord. Direct *their* actions, and sanctify *their hearts*, words, and purposes, that *their* whole family may be united to our Lord Jesus Christ in the bands of faith, obedience, and charity; and that they all, being in this life thy holy children by adoption and grace, may be admitted into the Church of the firstborn in heaven, through the merits of thy dear Son, our Saviour and Redeemer. *Amen.*

Then may the Minister offer extemporary Prayer.

Then shall be said, all kneeling:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

Order for the Administration of Baptism to such as are of Riper Years

DEARLY BELOVED, forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin; and that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and they that are in the flesh cannot please God, but live in sin, committing many actual transgressions; and our Saviour Christ saith, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God: I beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that of his bounteous goodness he will grant to *these persons* that which by nature they cannot have; that *they*, being baptized with water, may also be

The Ritual

baptized with the Holy Ghost, and, being received into Christ's holy Church, may continue lively *Members* of the same.

Then shall the Minister say:

Let us pray.

Almighty and Immortal God, the aid of all that need, the helper of all that flee to thee for succor, the life of them that believe, and the resurrection of the dead: we call upon thee for *these persons*, that *they*, coming to thy Holy Baptism, may also be filled with thy Holy Spirit. Receive *them*, O Lord, as thou hast promised by thy well-beloved Son, saying, Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: so give now unto us that ask; let us that seek, find; open the gate unto us that knock; that *these persons* may enjoy the everlasting benediction of thy heavenly washing, and may come to the eternal kingdom which thou hast promised, by Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the People stand up, and the Minister shall say:

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by St. John. [Chap. 3. 1-8.]

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit.

Then the Minister shall speak to the Persons to be baptized on this wise:

Well Beloved, who have come hither desiring to receive Holy Baptism, you have heard how the Congregation hath prayed that our Lord Jesus Christ would vouchsafe to receive you, to bless you, and to give you the kingdom of heaven, and everlasting life. And our Lord Jesus Christ hath promised in his holy word to grant all those things that we have prayed for: which promise he for his part will most surely keep and perform.

Wherefore, after this promise made by Christ, you must also faithfully, for your part, promise in the presence of this whole Congregation, that you will renounce the devil and all his works, and constantly believe God's holy word, and obediently keep his commandments.

Then shall the Minister demand of each of the Persons to be baptized:

Quest. Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?

Ans. I renounce them all.

Quest. Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son our Lord; and that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; that he suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; that he rose again the third day; that he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; and from thence shall come again at the end of the world, to judge the quick and the dead?

And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic* Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and everlasting life after death?

Ans. All this I steadfastly believe.

Quest. Wilt thou be baptized in this faith?

Ans. Such is my desire.

* The one universal Church of Christ.

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Quest. Wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?

Ans. I will endeavor so to do, God being my helper.

Then shall the Minister say:

O Merciful God, grant that all carnal affections may die in *these persons*, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in *them*. Amen.

Grant that *they* may have power and strength to have victory, and triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. Amen.

Grant that *they*, being here dedicated to thee by our office and ministry, may also be endued with heavenly virtues, and everlastingly rewarded through thy mercy, O blessed Lord God, who dost live, and govern all things, world without end. Amen.

Almighty, Everliving God, whose most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of his most precious side both water and blood; and gave commandment to his disciples that they should go teach all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; regard, we beseech thee, our supplications; and grant that the *persons* now to be baptized may receive the fullness of thy grace, and ever remain in the number of thy faithful and elect children, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall the Minister ask the name of each Person to be baptized, and shall sprinkle or pour Water upon him (or, if he shall desire it, shall immerse him in Water), saying:

N., I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Then shall be said the Lord's Prayer, all kneeling:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us: and lead us not into

temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Then may the Minister conclude with ex-temporary Prayer.

Reception of Members

Form I

Those who are to be received into the Church as probationers shall be called forward by name, and the Minister, addressing the Congregation, shall say:

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN, that none may be admitted hastily into the Church, we receive persons who seek fellowship with us on profession of faith into a preparatory membership; in which proof may be made, both to themselves and to the Church, of the sincerity and depth of their convictions and of the strength of their purpose to lead a new life.

The persons here present desire to be so admitted. You will hear their answers to the questions put to them, and if you make no objection they will be received.

It is needful, however, that you be reminded of your own responsibility, as having previously entered this holy fellowship and now representing the Church into which they seek admission. Remembering their inexperience, and how much they must learn in order to become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, see to it that they find in you holy examples of life, and loving help in the true serving of their Lord and ours. I beseech you so to order your own lives that these new disciples may take no detriment from you, but that it may ever be to them a cause for thanksgiving to God that they were led into this fellowship.

Then, addressing the Persons seeking Admission, the Minister shall say:

Dearly Beloved, you have, by the grace of God, made your decision to follow Christ and to serve him. Your confidence in so doing is not to be based on any notion of fitness or worthiness in yourselves, but solely on the merits of

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our Lord Jesus Christ, and on his death and intercession for us.

That the Church may know your purpose, you will answer the questions I am now to ask you.

Have you an earnest desire to be saved from your sins?

Ans. I have.

Will you guard yourselves against all things contrary to the teaching of God's word, and endeavor to lead a holy life, following the commandments of God?

Ans. I will endeavor so to do.

Are you purposed to give reverent attendance upon the appointed means of grace in the ministry of the word, and the private and public worship of God?

Ans. I am so determined, with the help of God.

No objection being offered, the Minister shall announce that the Candidates are admitted, and shall assign them to classes.

Then shall the Minister offer extemporary Prayer.

Form II

On the day appointed, all that are to be received into the Church shall be called forward, and the Minister, addressing the Congregation, shall say:

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN, the Scriptures teach us that the Church is the household of God, the body of which Christ is the head; and that it is the design of the Gospel to bring together in one all who are in Christ. The fellowship of the Church is the communion that its Members enjoy one with another. The ends of this fellowship are, the maintenance of sound doctrine and of the ordinances of Christian worship, and the exercise of that power of godly admonition and discipline which Christ has committed to his Church for the promotion of holiness.

It is the duty of all men to unite in this fellowship; for only those who are "planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." Its more particular duties are, to promote peace and unity; to bear one another's burdens; to prevent each

other's stumbling; to seek the intimacy of friendly society among themselves; to continue steadfast in the faith and worship of the Gospel; and to pray and sympathize with each other. Among its privileges are, peculiar incitements to holiness from the hearing of God's word and sharing in Christ's ordinances; the being placed under the watchful care of Pastors; and the enjoyment of the blessings which are promised only to those who are of the Household of Faith.

Into this holy fellowship the *persons* before you, who *have* already received the Sacrament of Baptism, and *have* been properly recommended, *come* seeking admission. We now propose, in the fear of God, to question *them* as to *their* faith and purposes, that you may know that *they* are proper *persons* to be admitted into the Church.

Then, addressing the Applicants for Admission, the Minister shall say:

DEARLY BELOVED, you are come hither seeking the great privilege of union with the Church our Saviour has purchased with his own blood. We rejoice in the grace of God vouchsafed unto you in that he has called you to be his *followers*. You have heard how blessed are the privileges, and how solemn are the duties, of membership in Christ's Church; and before you are fully admitted thereto, it is proper that you do here publicly renew your vows, confess your faith, and declare your purpose, by answering the following questions:

Do you here, in the presence of God and of this Congregation, renew the solemn promise contained in the Baptismal Covenant, ratifying and confirming the same, and acknowledging *yourselves* bound faithfully to observe and keep that Covenant?

Ans. I do.

Have you saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Ans. I trust I have.

Do you believe in the Doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?

Ans. I do.

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Will you cheerfully be governed by the Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, hold sacred the Ordinances of God, and endeavor, as much as in you lies, to promote the welfare of your brethren and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom?

Ans. I will.

Will you contribute of your earthly substance, according to your ability, to the support of the Gospel and the various benevolent enterprises of the Church?

Ans. I will.

Then the Minister, addressing the Church, shall say:

Brethren, *these persons* having given satisfactory responses to our inquiries, have any of you reason to allege why *they* should not be received into membership in the Church?

No objections being alleged, the Minister shall say to the Candidates:

We welcome you to the communion of the Church of God; and, in testimony of our Christian affection and the cordiality with which we receive you, I hereby extend to you the right hand of fellowship: and may God grant that you may be a faithful and useful Member of the Church militant till you are called to the fellowship of the Church triumphant, which is "without fault before the throne of God."

Then shall the Minister offer extemporary Prayer.

The Lord's Supper

[Whenever practicable, let none but the pure, unfermented juice of the grape be used in administering the Lord's Supper.]

[Let persons who have scruples concerning the receiving of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper kneeling be permitted to receive it either standing or sitting.]

[No person shall be admitted to the Lord's Supper among us who is guilty of any practice for which we would exclude a Member of our Church.]

Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper

The Elder shall say one or more of these Sentences, during the reading of which the Persons appointed for that purpose shall receive the Alms for the Poor:

LET your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and

glorify your Father which is in heaven. [Matt. 5. 16.]

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. [Matt. 6. 19, 20.]

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. [Matt. 7. 12.]

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. [Matt. 7. 21.]

Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord; Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold. [Luke 19. 8.]

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. [2 Cor. 9. 6, 7.]

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. [Gal. 6. 10.]

Godliness with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. [1 Tim. 6. 6, 7.]

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life. [1 Tim. 6. 17-19.]

God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister. [Heb. 6. 10.]

The Lord's Supper

To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. [Heb. 13. 16.]

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? [1 John 3. 17.]

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again. [Prov. 19. 17.]

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. [Psa. 41. 1.]

Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor. [Deut. 15. 11.]

After which the Elder shall give the following Invitation, the People standing:

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Wherefore ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this Holy Sacrament to your comfort; and, devoutly kneeling, make your humble confession to Almighty God.

Then shall this general Confession be made by the Minister in the name of all those who are minded to receive the Holy Communion, both he and all the People devoutly kneeling, and saying:

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men, we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy Divine Majesty, provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; for thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past; and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honor and glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall the Elder say:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of thy great mercy hast promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto thee, have mercy upon us; pardon and deliver us from all our sins; confirm and strengthen us in all goodness; and bring us to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Collect:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then shall the Elder say:

We do not presume to come to this thy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy. Grant us, therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink his blood, that we may live and grow thereby; and that, being washed through his most precious blood, we may evermore dwell in him, and he in us. Amen.

Then the Elder shall offer the Prayer of Consecration, as followeth:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of thy tender mercy didst give thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption; who made there, by his oblation of himself once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; and did institute, and in his holy Gospel command us to continue, a perpetual memory of his precious death until his coming again: hear us, O merciful Father, we most humbly beseech thee, and grant that we, receiving these thy creatures of bread and wine, according to thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ's holy institution, in remembrance of his death and passion, may be partakers of his most

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blessed body and blood; who, in the same night that he was betrayed, took bread; (1) and when he had given thanks, he broke it, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me.

(1) *Here the Elder may take the plate of bread in his hand*

Likewise after supper he took (2) the cup; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins; do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me. Amen.

(2) *Here he may take the cup in his hand.*

Then shall the Minister receive the Communion in both kinds, and proceed to deliver the same to the other Ministers, if any be present; after which he shall say:

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto thee, O Lord, holy Father, Almighty. Everlasting God.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high Amen

The Minister shall then proceed to administer the Communion to the People in order, kneeling, into their uncovered hands; and when he delivereth the Bread, he shall say:

The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee; and feed on him in thy heart by faith, with thanksgiving.

And the Minister that delivereth the Cup shall say:

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful.

[If the Consecrated bread or wine shall be all spent before all have communed, the Elder may Consecrate more by repeating the Prayer of Consecration.]

[When all have communed, the Minister shall return to the Lord's table and place upon it what remaineth of the Consecrated elements, covering the same with a fair linen cloth.]

Then shall the Elder say the Lord's Prayer; the People kneeling, and repeating after him every petition:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever Amen.

After which shall be said as followeth.

O Lord our heavenly Father, we thy humble servants desire thy Fatherly goodness mercifully to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; most humbly beseeching thee to grant, that, by the merits and death of thy Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in his blood, we and thy whole Church may obtain forgiveness of our sins, and all other benefits of his passion. And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto thee; humbly beseeching thee that all we who are partakers of this Holy Communion may be filled with thy grace and heavenly benediction. And although we be unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer unto thee any sacrifice, yet we beseech thee to accept this our bounden duty and service; not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offenses, through Jesus Christ our Lord; by whom, and with whom, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory be unto thee, O Father Almighty, world without end. Amen.

Then shall be said or sung:

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men! We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty!

O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesus Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father Amen.

Matrimony

Then the Elder, if he see it expedient, may put up an extemporary Prayer; and afterward shall let the People depart with this Blessing:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always. *Amen.*

N. B.—If the Elder is straitened for time in the usual administration of the Holy Communion, he may omit any part of the service except the Invitation, the Confession, and the Prayer of Consecration; and in its administration to the Sick he may omit any part of the service except the Confession, the Prayer of Consecration, and the usual sentences in delivering the Bread and Wine, closing with the Lord's Prayer, *extempore* supplication, and the Benediction.

Matrimony

Form for the Solemnization of Matrimony

[The parts in brackets throughout may be used or not at discretion.]

At the day and time appointed for the Solemnization of Matrimony, the persons to be married—having been qualified according to law—standing together, the Man on the right hand and the Woman on the left, the Minister shall say:

DEARLY BELOVED, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the presence of these witnesses, to join together this man and this woman in holy Matrimony; which is an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocence, signifying unto us the mystical union that exists between Christ and his Church; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence, and first miracle that he wrought, in Cana of Galilee, and is commended by Saint Paul to be honorable among all men; and therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God.

Into which holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. Therefore if any can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

[And also speaking unto the persons that are to be married, the Minister shall say:

I require and charge you both, that

if either of you know any impediment why you may not be lawfully joined together in Matrimony, you do now confess it. for be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their Matrimony lawful.]

If no impediment be alleged, then shall the Minister say unto the Man:

M., wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

The Man shall answer

I will.

Then shall the Minister say unto the Woman:

N., wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love, honor, and keep him, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

The Woman shall answer:

I will.

[Then the Minister shall cause the Man with his right hand to take the Woman by her right hand, and to say after him as followeth:

I, M., take thee, *N.*, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my faith.

Then shall they loose their hands, and the Woman, with her right hand taking the Man by his right hand, shall likewise say after the Minister:

I, N., take thee, *M.*, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my faith.]

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Then shall the Minister pray thus:

O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life: send thy blessing upon these thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in thy name; that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant between them made, and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to thy laws, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

[If the parties desire it, the Man shall here hand a Ring to the Minister, who shall return it to him, and direct him to place it on the third finger of the Woman's left hand. And the Man shall say to the Woman, repeating after the Minister:

With this ring I thee wed, and with my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.]

Then shall the Minister join their right hands together, and say:

Forasmuch as M. and N. have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have pledged their faith either to other, and have declared the same by joining of hands; I pronounce that they are husband and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. *Amen.*

And the Minister shall add this blessing:

God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully with his favor look upon you, and so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace that ye may so live together in this life that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. *Amen.*

Then shall the Minister offer the following Prayer:

O God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, bless this man and this woman, and sow the seed of eternal

life in their hearts, that whatsoever in thy holy word they shall profitably learn, they may indeed fulfill the same. Look, O Lord, mercifully on them from heaven, and bless them: as thou didst send thy blessings upon Abraham and Sarah to their great comfort, so vouchsafe to send thy blessings upon this man and this woman, that they, obeying thy will, and always being in safety under thy protection, may abide in thy love unto their lives' end, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Almighty God, who at the beginning didst create our first parents, Adam and Eve, and didst sanctify and join them together in marriage, pour upon these persons the riches of thy grace, sanctify and bless them, that they may please thee both in body and soul, and live together in holy love unto their lives' end. *Amen.*

Here the Minister may use extemporary Prayer.

Then the Minister shall repeat the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

Burial of the Dead

[We will on no account whatever make a charge for burying the dead.]

Form for Burial of the Dead

The Minister, going before the Corpse, shall say:

I AM the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. [John 11. 25, 26.]

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall

Burial of the Dead

behold, and not another. [Job 19. 25-27.]

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. [1 Tim. 6. 7; Job 1. 21.]

In the House or Church may be read one or both of the following Psalms, or some other suitable portion of the Holy Scriptures:

Psalm 39:

I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me. I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue, Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee. Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish. I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it. Remove thy stroke away from me; I am consumed by the blow of thine hand. When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

Psalm 90:

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever-

lasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Then may follow the reading of the Epistle, as follows:

1 Corinthians 15. 41-58:

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written.

The Ritual

The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

At the grave, when the Corpse is laid in the Earth, the Minister shall say:

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower: he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art *justly displeased?*

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful

Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers, but spare us, Lord most holy; O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from thee.

Then, while the Earth shall be cast upon the Body by some standing by, the Minister shall say:

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of the world the soul of the departed, we therefore commit *his* body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed and made like unto his own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.

Then shall be said:

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors.

Then shall the Minister say:

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Then the Minister may offer this Prayer:

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity: we give thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And we beseech thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and

Burial of the Dead

bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Collect :

O Merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die, and whosoever liveth and believeth in him shall not die eternally: we meekly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that when we shall depart this life we may rest in him; and at the general resurrection on the last day may be found acceptable in thy sight, and receive that blessing which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, re-

ceive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this, we beseech thee, O Merciful Father, through Jesus Christ our Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*



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